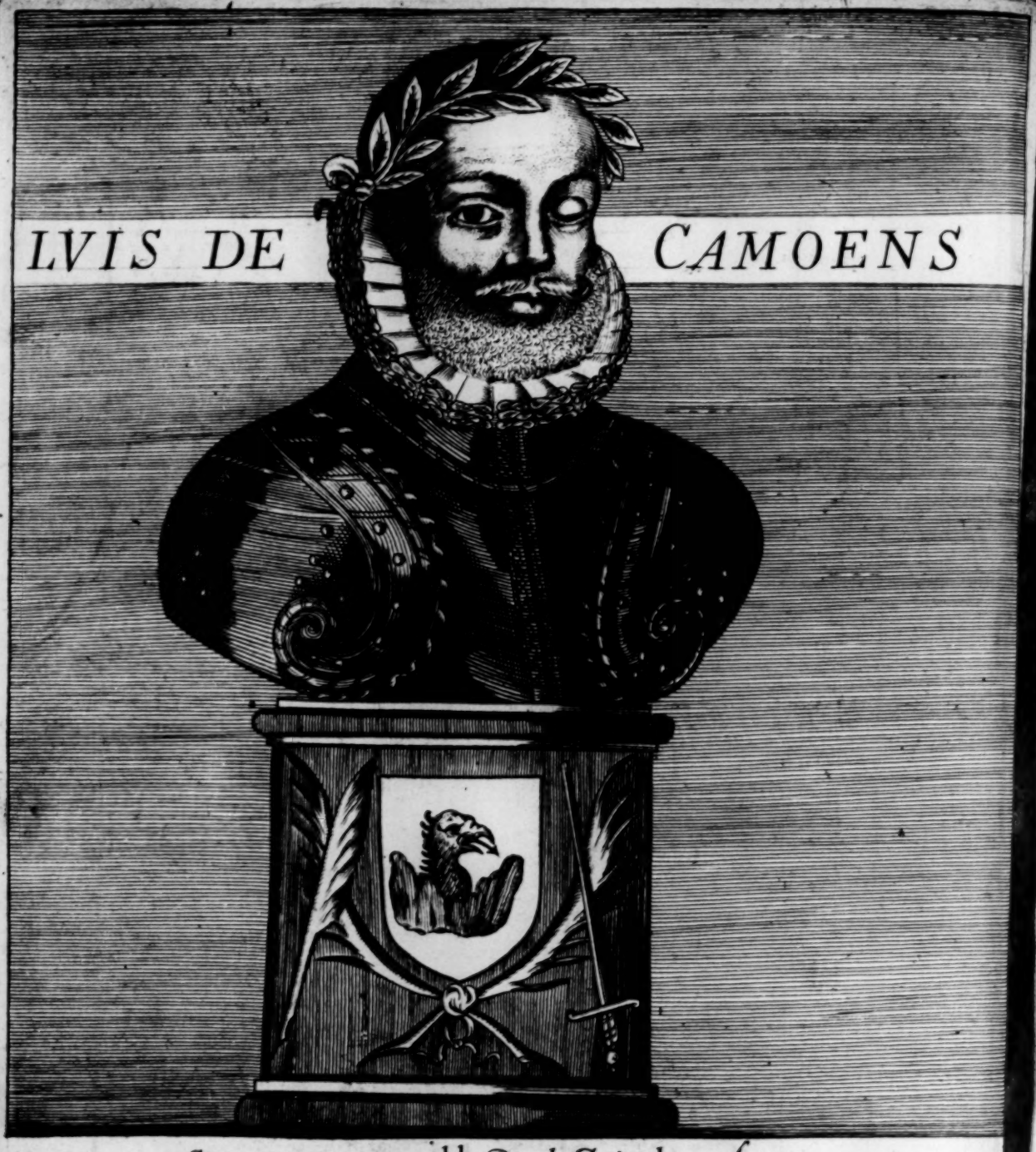
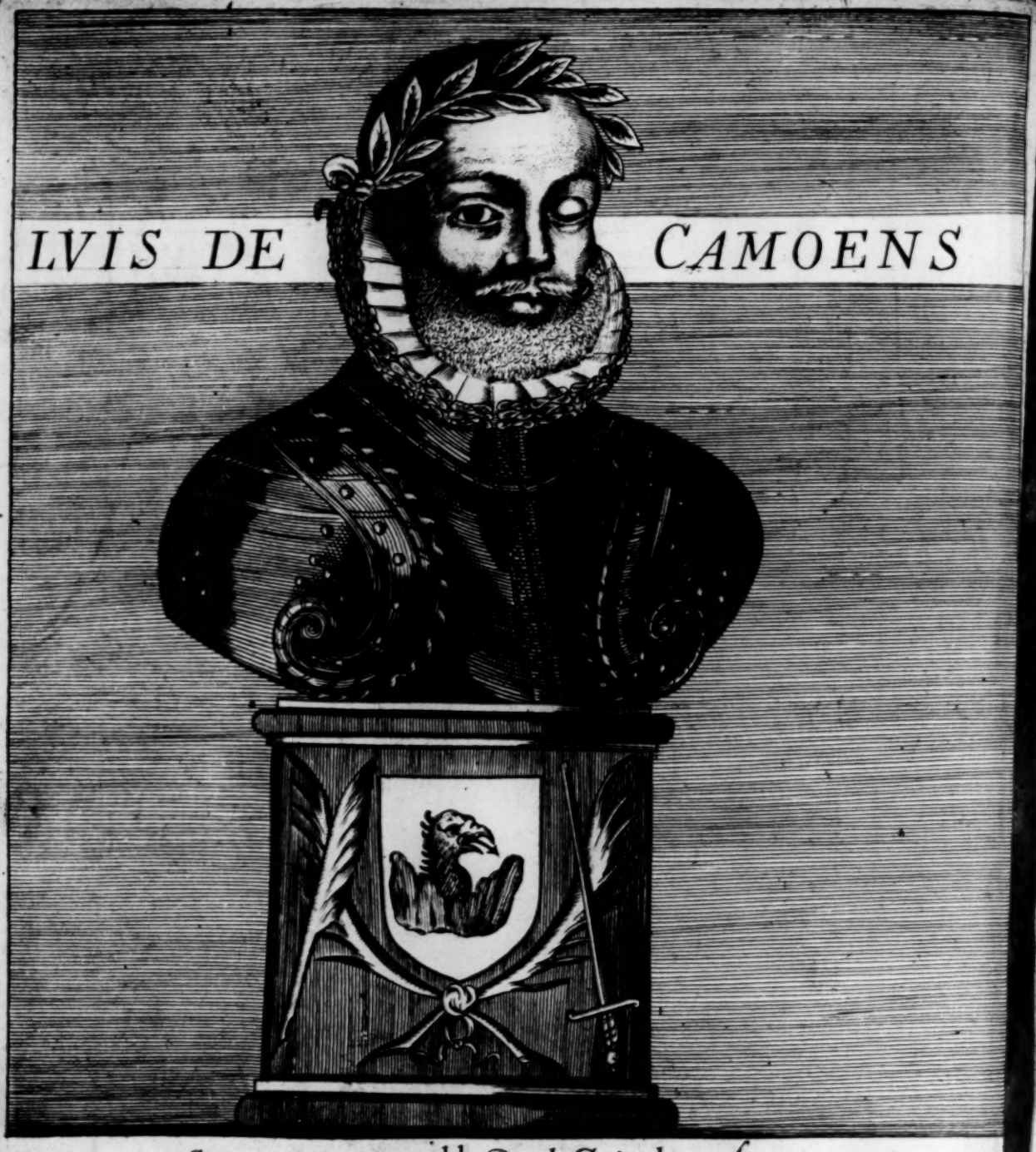


SPAINE *gaue me* noble *Birth*: Coimbra, *Arts*:
LISBON, *a* high-plac't loue, *and* Courtly *parts*:
AFFRICK, *a Refuge when the* Court *did frowne*:
WARRE, *at an* Eye's *expence, a faire renowne*
TRAVAYLE, *experience, with noe* short *sight*
Of India, *and the* World; *both which I write*
INDIA *a* life, *which I gaue* there for *Lost*
On Mecons waues *(a wreck and Exile) tost*
To boot, this POEM, *held up in* one hand
Whilst with the other *I swam safe to land.*
TASSO, *a* sonet; *and (what's greater yit)*
The honour to giue Hints *to such a* witt
PHILIP a Cordiall, *(the ill* Fortune *see!)*
To cure *my Wants when those had new* kill'd *mee*
My Country (Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayse
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze *on Bayes.*



SPAINE *gaue me* noble *Birth*: Coimbra, *Arts*:
LISBON, *a* high-plac't loue, *and* Courtly *parts*:
AFFRICK, *a Refuge when the* Court *did frowne*:
WARRE, *at an* Eye's *expence, a faire renowne*
TRAVAYLE, *experience, with noe* short *sight*
Of India, *and the* World; *both which I write*
INDIA *a* life, *which I gaue* there for *Lost*
On Mecons waues *(a wreck and Exile) tost*
To boot, this POEM, *held up in* one hand
Whilst with the other *I swam safe to land.*
TASSO, *a* sonet; *and (what's greater yit)*
The honour to giue Hints *to such a* witt
PHILIP a Cordiall, *(the ill* Fortune *see!)*
To cure *my Wants when those had new* kill'd *mee*
My Country (Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayse
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze *on Bayes.*

THE LUSIAD,

OR,

PORTUGALS Historicall Poem:

WRITTEN

In the PORTINGALL Language

BY

LUIS DE CÄMOENS;

AND

Now newly put into ENGLISH

BY

RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;

HORAT.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's-Arms in St *Pauls* Church-yard, M. DC. LV.

Z65.0315

R.D.T.

To the Right Honorable

WILLIAM

EARL of

STRAFFORD, &c.

My good Lord,

I Can *not* tell how your Lordſhip may take it, that in ſo *uncourted* a *language*, as *that* of PORTUGALL, ſhould be found extant a *Poet* to rival your beloved TASSO, How *himſelf* took it, I *can*; for he was heard to ſay (his great JERUSALEM being *then* an *Embrio*) HE FEARED NO MAN BUT CAMOENS: Notwithſtanding which, he beſtow'd a *Sonet* in his praiſe. But, admitting the TUSCAN Superiour; yet, as *He* (with ſome anger) of GUARINI, when he ſaw, by the unqueſtionable *Verdict* of all ITALY, ſo famous a LAUREATE as *himſelf* by that man's PASTOR FIDO outſtript in the *Dramatick* way of *Poetry*; SE NON HAVUTO VISTO IL MIO AMINTA ——(becauſe indeed the *younger*, for a *Liſt* in this kind, was *beholding* to the *Elder*): So, and for the ſame cauſe,

cauſe, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon *Him* with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELL'D IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himſelf accountable to *his* potent friend LOLLIO for the *profits* of thoſe vacant hours, which *he* paſt in his *proper Villa*, whilſt LOLLIO lay *Ledger* in ROME about that which was the great *Domeſtick glory* of the ROMAN NOBILITIE of thoſe Times;

Hor. lib. 3. Epiſt. 2.

Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum Tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi:

Whilſt thou (Great LOLLIO) in ROME doſt plead,
I, in PRÆNESTE, have all HOMER Read:

How much more obliged am *I* to bring unto your Lordſhip this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the ſecond *life*, or rather *Being*, it hath from me in the *Engliſh-Tongue*) is ſo truly a *Native* of YORKSHIRE, and *holding* of your *Lordſhip*, that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I ſlept not once out of *theſe Walls?*

And, if the ſame HORACE proceed;

Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore, dicit:

Who, what is *Right*, what *not*, what *brave*, what *baſe*,
Clearer and *better* then the STOICKS, ſays:)

Whether this *Poet* alſo (however *diſ-figur'd* in the *tranſlating*, yet ſtill reteining the old *materials*, both *Politicall* and *Moral*, on a *truer* and more *Modern Frame* of *Story* and *Geography* then *that* of HOMER

—— *Et, quamvis plebeio tectus Amictu,*
Indocilis privata loqui)

Shall

ſhall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to your Lordſhip, whoſe *devoted* (ſince he turn'd *Engliſh-man*) he *is*, by the *title* I have already mentioned, and by as many more, as I am

MY LORD,

From your Lordſhips Park of Tankerſley *May* 1. 1655.

Your Lordſhips

humble ſervant

RICHARD FANSHAW.

Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON: pag. 48.

MUltos, inquit *Eumolpus*, O juvenes, *carmen* decepit. Nam ut quiſque verſum pedibus inſtruxit, ſenſumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit ſe continuò in *Helliconem* veniſſe. Sic forenſibus Miniſteriis excercitati, frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refugerunt: credentes facilius *Poema* extrui poſſe, quam *controverſiam* ſententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæterum neque generoſior ſpiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens poteſt, niſi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugiendum eſt ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) utilitate, & ſumendæ voces à plebe ſummotæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.* Præterea curandum eſt, ne ſententiæ emineant extra corpus rationis expreſſæ, ſed intexto Veſtibus colore niteant. HOMERUS teſtis, & *Lyrici*, Romanuſque VIRGILIUS, & HORATII curioſa fælicitas. Cæteri enim aut non viderunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut verſum timuerunt calcare. Ecce *belli civilis* ingens opus! quiſquis attigerit, niſi plenus literis, ſub onere labetur. Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendendæ ſunt (quod longè melius hiſtorici faciunt) ſed per ambages Deorumque miniſteria, & fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides: Tanquam ſi placet hic impetus etſi nondum recepit ultimam manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat:
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua ſidus currit utrumque:
Nec ſatiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulſa carinis
Jam peragrabantur. Siquis Sinus abditus ultra,
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,
Hoſtis erat: fatisque in triſtia bella paratis
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgò nota placebant
Gaudia: non uſu plebeio trita voluptas.
Æs Ephyræum laudabat miles: in udâ
Quæſitus tellure nitor certaverat oſtro:
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera feres,
Atque Arabum populus ſua deſpoliaverat arva.
Ecce aliæ clades, & læſæ vulnera pacis.
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera: & ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur: ne deſit bellua dente
Ad mortes pretioſa: fames premit advena claſſes:

Tygris

Out of the Satyr of *Petronius Arbiter*, pag 48.

YOung men, young men, (*ſaid* Eumolpus) *this ſame thing called* Poetry *hath deceived many: for if a man have but ſet a Verſe upon it's feet, and ſwathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words, he thinks himſelf preſently over head and eares in* Helicon. *Therefore, thoſe who have got the practice of pleading or declaiming in publike, have frequently fled to the tranquility of verſifying, as to a gentler port: believing it eaſier to compile a* Poem, *than an* Argument *embeliſh'd with little ſparkling Sentences. But neither doth a more generous ſpirit affect a tympany, nor a mind conceive, or can be delivered of this birth, that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning: There muſt be a flying all cheapneſs (as I may ſay) of words, and ſuch language cull'd out as is above the common people. This is* to hate the lay vulgar, and to make them know their diſtance. *Moreover there muſt be a Care that the* Sentences *do not hang out like taſſels from the body of the matter, but ſhine woven thereinto like gold into a ſilken-garment; witneſs* HOMER, *and the* Lyricks, *and Roman* VIRGIL, *and* HORACE *his curious felicity. For others either ſaw not the way of* Poetry, *or* (ſeeing) *feared to tread it. Behold a great Task,* THE CIVIL WAR? *Whoever will touch that burthen* (*unleſs abounding with* letters) *ſhall ſink under it. For not* things done *ſhould be comprehended in verſe,* (*which is much better performed by* Hiſtorians) *but the free ſpirit muſt throw it ſelf headlong in digreſſions, and in perſonatings of Gods, and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention: that it may ſeem rather an ebullition of ſome prophetick truths, amidſt a world of pleaſant extravagancies, from a breaſt inflamed with fury; than a depoſition, as of ſworn witneſſes to* tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth: *As for example, this* rapture, *though it have not received the laſt hand.*

Now conquering Rome *did all the world controle,*
From Eaſt *to* Weſt, *from* one *to* th'other *pole:*
Yet was not ſatisfied. The plough'd-up Sea
With braZen keels, was made her commom way.
If any nook *were hid, if any* Land
(*Which yellow* Gold *afforded*) *lay beyand,*
It was a foe, *and* covetous *anger ſeiZ'd*
Whatever *wealth. No* vulgar *pleaſure pleas'd:*
No worn plebeian *joy. The* Soldiers *diſht*
Their meat in Silver: and (*from Rivers fiſht*)
The Purple *of the* Land *rivall'd the* Sea's.
Here Lybian ſtones, *there* ſilks (*the* new diſeaſe)
And their perfumed fields, ARABIANS fleece.
Lo other ſpoils *and* wounds *of injur'd* Peace!
In woods is ſought the Mauritanian *beaſt,*
And AFRICKS *fartheſt* Hammon *hunted, leaſt*

That

Tigris, & auratâ gradiens vectatur in aulâ,
Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruorem.
Heu pudet effari, perituraque prodere fata!
Perſarum ritu male pubeſcentibus annis
Sunt puêre viros, exectaque viſcera ferro
In venerem fregêre: atque ut fuga mobilis ævi
Circumſcripta mora properantes differat annos:
Quærit ſe natura, nec invenit: omnibus ergo
Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore greſſus
Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina veſtis,
Quæque virum quærunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris
Citrea menſa, greges ſervorum, oſtrumque renidens
Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum:
Quæ turbant cenſum, hoſtile, ac male nobile lignum
Turba ſepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis
Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.
Ingenioſa gulâ eſt: Siculo ſcarus æquore merſus
Ad menſam vivus perducitur: inde Lucrinis
Eruta littoribus condunt conchylia cænas:
Ut renovent per damna famem: jam Phaſidos unda
Orbata eſt avibus, multoque in littore cantum
Solæ deſertis aſpirant frondibus auræ.
Nec minor in campo furor eſt: emptique Quirites
Ad prædam ſtrepitumque lucri ſuffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus: venalis curia Patrum:
Eſt favor in pretio: ſenibus quoque libera virtus
Exciderat: ſparſiſque opibus converſa poteſtatas:
Ipſaque majeſtas auro corrupta jacebat.
Pellitur à populo victus Cato: triſtior ille eſt
Qui vicit, faſceſque pudet rapuiſſe Catoni.
Namque hoc dedecus eſt populi, morumque ruina.
Non homo pulſus erat, ſed in uno victa poteſtas,
Romanumque decus: quare tam perdita Roma
Ipſa ſui merces erat, & ſine vindice præda.
Præterea gemino deprenſam gurgite prædam,
Fænoris ingluvies, uſuſque exederat æris.
Nulla eſt certa domus: nullum ſine pignore corpus:
Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,
Intra membra furens, hiris latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miſeris; detritaque commodo luxu
Vulneribus reparantur: inops audacia tuta eſt.
Hoc merſam cæno Romam, ſomnoque jacentem
Quæ poterant artes ſanâ ratione movere,
Ni furor, & bellum, furoque excita libido?
Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
Armorum ſtrue diverſâ fatalis Enyo.
Craſſum Parthus habet: Libyco jacet æquore Magnus:
Julius ingratam perfudit ſanguine Romam.
Et, quaſi non poſſet tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,
Divicit cineres: hos gloria reddit honores.

That Monſter ſhould be wanting, which is ſlain
Becauſe his tooth ſells deare, inſtead of Graine.
Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,
To be led ſtalking in a gilded Court:
And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.
I bluſh to ſpeak, and broach Fates violent flood.
In Perſian guize (yeares ripening to their harm)
They grub man up, and with a knife diſarme
The apt for Venus wars: and, whiles this checks
Time's horſe in his full ſpeed, loſt nature ſeeks
And cannot find her ſelf: ſo all approve
Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move
Broke to a pace: Love-locks and Cloaths which ſpeak
All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break
Numidian ground! a Citrian board comes out
On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about
A Troop of waiters ſtand: and, drown'd in wine,
Upon the floore wallows an herd of Swine.
A Tree which did a Patrimony coſt,
Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boaſt
A new Nobility, did counterfeit
With ſpots the cheaper gold: On which were ſet
By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd
His Arms aſide) the ſpoyls of all the world.
His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive
In Corſick Seas, roſe at his Board alive;
There Oyſters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,
Onely for Sawce to lure his hunger back.
Now Phaſian waves are of their birds bereft:
And the dumb banks (ſave winds) have nothing left
To ſing amongſt the widowed leaves. As dire
Is the field's fury: The baſe Romans hire
Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold:
A venal people: venal Senate ſold
Favour: even Age let her free vertue fall,
And right by bribes was juſtled to the wall:
And Majeſty lay flat, with gold ſought out,
Cato himſelf repuls'd was by the rout.
He that o'recame more ſad, who bluſht to ſee
That Cato ſhould have fewer votes than he.
For 'twas the people's, and the times diſgrace:
'Twas not a man, but virtue loſt the place,
And the old Roman honor: here then lyes
Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandiſe.
Beſides now uſe on uſe, mens principals
So ſwell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls
His houſe his own. None unincag'd: but debt
Like to a lingering diſeaſe, doth fret
Into their barking bowels, being paſt
They cry to Arms: and wealth with ryot drayn'd
Muſt heal with wounds: ſafe WANT ſets on fire.

Eſt locus exciſo penitùs demerſus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter, magnæque Dicharchidos arva,
Cocytâ perfuſus aquâ, nam ſpiritus extra
Qui furit effuſus funeſto ſpargitur æſtu.
Non hæc Autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Ceſpite lætus ager: non verno perſona cantu
Mollia diſcordi ſtrepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed chaos, & nigro ſquallentia pumice ſaxa
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupreſſu;
Has inter ſedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
Buſtorum flammis & canâ ſparſa favillâ:
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce laceſſit.
Rerum humanarum, divinarumque poteſtas,
Fors cui nulla placet nimium ſecura poteſtas,
Quæ nova ſemper amas & mox poſſeſſa relinquis:
Ecquid Romano ſentis te pondere victam?
Nec poſſe ulteriùs perituram extollere molem?
Ipſa ſuas vires odit Romana juventus,
Et quas ſtruxit opes, male ſuſtinet, aſpice latè
Luxuriam ſpoliorum & cenſum in damna furentem.
Ædificant auro ſedeſque ad ſydera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ ſaxis: mare naſcitur arvis,
Et permutatâ rerum ſtatione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt, profeſſa dehiſcit
Molibus inſanis tellus, jam montibus hauſtis
Antra gemunt: & dum varios lapis invenit uſus,
Inferni manes cœlum ſperare jubentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vultum
Romanoſque cie, ac noſtris da funera regnis,
Jampridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,
Nec mea Tiſiphone ſitientes perluit artus,
Ex quo ſullanus bibit enſis & horrida tellus
Extulit in lucem nutritas ſanguine fruges.
Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram
Conatus, rupto tellurem ſolvit hiatu.
Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:
O genitor, cui Cocyti, penetralia parent
Si modo vera mihi fas eſt impune profari,
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamma medullas.
Omnia quæ tribui Romanis arcibus, odi;
Muneribuſque meis iraſcor: deſtruet iſtas
Idem, qui poſuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi
Quippe cremare viros, & ſanguine paſcere luxum.
Cerno equidem geminâ jam ſtratos morte Philippos,
Theſſaliæque rogos, & funera gentis Iberæ.
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes perſonat aures.
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia clauſtra
Actiacoſque Sinus, & Apollonis arma frementis.
Pande age terrarum ſitientia regna tuarum;

Atque

Caſt in this ſleep, *and rowling in this* mire
What reaſons can make Rome, *but* war *and* blood?
Which till th'are felt, are never underſtood.
Fortune *had rais'd three* Captains, *all which feel*
In ſeveral ways Enyo's *mortal ſteel.*
In Aſia Craſſus; Affrick Pompey *ſlain:*
Ungrateful Rome *great* Julius *blood did ſtain*
And Earth, *to poize her* load *by portions juſt,*
(*Greatneſs found this reſpect*) *divides their* duſt.
A wide-mouth'd vault *deſcends to* Hell's *black-hall,*
'Twixt great Dicarchis *fields, and* Naples *wall,*
Lav'd with Cocytus *ſtreams, whence all the heath*
About is blaſted with a Sulph'rous *breath:*
Where Autumn *is the mother of no* fruits.
Out of the Summers *Turf no glad* herb *ſhoots,*
No tender ſprigs, *inſpir'd by* vernal *ſongs,*
Are heard to warble with melodious tongues:
But Chaos, *and rocks ſweating with black dew,*
Delight in Canopies *of fatal* hue.
Here Pluto *roſe in funeral flames and ſmoke,*
And with theſe words light Fortune *did provoke;*
Divine-*and*-humane-*things*-*commanding*-Power,
Fortune, *that likeſt no height that's too* ſecure,
That lov'ſt new *things, and* (*gain'd*) *diſcard'ſt them ſtraight,*
Shrink'ſt thou not yet beneath the Roman *weight,*
Unable longer to ſupport the Tower
Of Romes *recoyling Greatneſs? Their own Power*
The Roman youth *abhor, nor bear the piles*
Of wealth they rais'd. See their vaſt Lux *of* ſpoyles,
And riches *curs'd into a puniſhment!*
They build in Gold, and to the Firmament
Exalt their ſeats. Here Seas *with* ſtones *expel,*
There let them in with Sluces, *and rebel*
Againſt inverted Nature. *Not I'ſcape:*
The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps doth gape;
The Mountains *ſhovell'd down: the* caves *now groan*
There, whilſt for ſeveral uſes *they dig ſtone.*
Th' Infernal *Ghoſts are bid to hope for day:*
Then Fortune *turn thy ſmiles to dreadful fray:*
Poſſeſs with rage the Roman *breaſts, and throng*
Our Realms with funerals. Methinks 'tis long
Since theſe black *jaws have been with Gore imbrew'd,*
Since my Tiſiphone *hath bath'd in* blood
Her thirſty *limbs: ſince* Sylla's *ſword was drunke,*
And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunke.
This ſaid, and ſtriving to give her *his hand,*
With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land:
Then Fortune *thus from fickle boſome ſays,*
O Sire, *whom all on that ſide* Styx *obeys,*
If without danger I the truth may tell,
Thy wiſh is granted thee: nor to rebel

Atque animas arceſſe novas. Vix navita Porthmeus
Sufficiet ſimulacra virum traducere cimba,
Claſſe opus eſt. Tuque ingenti ſatiare ruina
Pallida Tiſiphone, confiſaque vulnera mande.
Ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.
Vix dum finierat, quum fulgure rupta coruſco
Intremuit nubes, eliſoſque abſcidit ignes.
Subſedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto
Telluris, pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.
Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna
Auſpiciis patuere Deum, namque ora crueuto
Deformis Titan vultus caligine texit.
Civiles acies jam tum ſpirare putares.
Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,
Et lucem ſceleri ſubduxit. rupta tonabant
Verticibus laſſis montis juga, nec vaga paſſim
Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.
Armorum ſtrepitu cœlum furit & tuba Martem
Sideribus tranſmiſſa ciet; jamque Ætna voratur
Ignibus inſolitis, & in æthera fulmina mittit.
Ecce inter tumulos atque oſſa carentia buſtis
Vmbrarum facies diro ſtridore minatur.
Fax ſtellis comitata novis incendia ducit;
Sanguineoque recens deſcendit Juppiter imbre.
Hæc oſtenta brevi ſolvit Deus. Exuit omnes
Quippe moras Cæſar, vindictæque actus amore
Gallica projecit, civilia ſuſtulit arma.
Alpibus aeriis, ubi Graio nomine pulſæ
Deſcendunt rupes, & ſe patiuntur adiri,
Eſt locus Herculeis aris ſacer; hunc nive dura
Claudit hiems, canoque ad ſydera vertice tollit:
Cœlum illinc cecidiſſe putes. non ſolis adulti
Manſueſcit radiis, non verni temporis aura:
Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemiſque pruinis
Totum ferre poteſt humeris minitantibus orbem.
Hæc ubi calcavit Cæſar juga milite læto,
Optavitque locum, ſummo de vertice montis
Heſperiæ campos late proſpexit, & ambas
Intentans cum voce manus ad ſidera, dixit:
Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Tellus
Armis læta meis, olimque onerata triumphis:
Teſtor ad has acies invitum arceſſere Martem,
Invitas me ferre manus, ſed vulnere cogor,
Pulſus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum ſanguine vinco,
Dum Gallos iterum Capitolia noſtra petentes
Alpibus excludo: vincendo, certior exul:
Sanguine Germano, ſexagintaque triumphis,
Eſſe nocens cœpi, quanquam quos gloria terret,
Aut qui ſunt, qui bella volunt? mercedibus emptæ,
Ac viles operæ; quorum eſt mea Roma noverca,

Have I leſs mind then thou: *or boyles thy womb*
With a leſs rage. All I beſtow'd on Rome
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight:
The God *that rais'd theſe walls, the* ſame *ſhall ſlight.*
The ſweet of burning Towns, *of ſucking* blood,
Is by me *alſo fully underſtood.*
I ſee Philippi *with two* Chiefs *there ſlain:*
Theſſalian *tombs: and funerals of* Spain.
The claſh of Arms *now ſtrikes my trembling eare:*
The groans of Libya: *and her* Nile *I heare:*
And Actian *waves: and* SOL *cry,* on. *Expand*
The thirſty Kingdoms of thy ſilent Land:
And get more Furys *help. A* boat's *too ſmall*
For Charon *to waft o're his* ſouls *withal:*
It asks a FLEET: *and pale* Tiſiphone
With the great ruine do thou *gorged be:*
With ragged tuſhes chaw the tender wounds:
The mangled world *deſcends to* Stygian *ſounds:*
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when (cleft with lightning ſheen)
Trembles a cloud, and darts ſqueez'd, *fire between.*
The King of Shades *into* earth's *boſome ſunk:*
And from his Brother's *thunder frighted, ſhrunk.*
Forthwith the fates of men, *and ills to come*
Heaven *ſhows by* ſignes: *for the deformed* Sun
Veils with a miſt his bluſhing *face, as far*
From giving count'nance to a civil war.
The Moon *at full (to leave them groaping) pops*
Her light out too. The palſey'd Mountain-tops
(*Supported with weak necks*) *come thund'ring down.*
Nor wand'ring Rivers *run in channels known,*
To dye a natural *death.* Armies *appeare*
In th' Ayre, *and* Trumpets (*even in his own ſpheare*)
Alarum Mars. *Now hotter* Ætna *burns,*
And thunderbolts *for* thunderbolts *returns.*
Lo! 'Mongſt the Tombs *and diſinterred bones,*
The Gaſtly ſhadows *ſend up baleful groans!*
A blazing-Star *draws an unuſual train:*
And a new Jove *deſcends in* bloody *rain:*
Heav'n *ſoon theſe* ſignes *expounds: for* Cæſar *drove*
With his own *ſpeed, and ſweet revenges love,*
Threw down the Gallick, Civil *Arms took up.*
On cloudy Alps, *where, winding to the top,*
The rocks made paſſable by Græcian *hands,*
A Temple *ſacred to* Alcides *ſtands.*
'Tis thatch'd with cruſted Snow, *and blends its gray*
Head to the Stars: *how like the* milky way!
It thaws not with the Sun's *Meridian rayes,*
Nor with the Spring's *warm breath: but pav'd with lays*
Of Ice and feathered Rain, *the* Heaven *it beares:*
For it both threatens *and* ſupports *the* ſpheares.
When He (*the* Soldier *glad*) *theſe* cliffs *did tread,*

And

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc ſine vindice dextram
Vinciet ignavus. victores ite ferentes,
Ite mei comites, & cauſam dicite ferro.
Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
Impendet clades. reddenda eſt gratia vobis:
Non ſolus vici. quare, quia pœna trophæis
Imminet, & ſordes meruit victoria noſtra,
Judice fortuna cadat alea ſumite bellum,
Et tentate manus, certe mea cauſſa peracta eſt.
Inter tot fortes armatus neſcio vinci.
Hæc ubi perſonuit, de cœlo Delphicus ales
Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus auras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte ſiniſtra
Inſolita voces flamma ſonuere ſequenti.
Ipſe nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe
Crevit & aurato præcinxit fulgure vultus.
Fortior ominibus movit Mavortia ſigna
Cæſar; & inſolito greſſu, prior occupat hauſtus.
Prima quidem glacies, & cana juncta pruina
Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit:
Sed poſtquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,
Et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,
Incaluere nives, mox flumina montibus altis
Vndabant modo nata: ſed hæc quoque juſſa putares.
Stabant & vincta fluctus ſtupuere pruina:
Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.
Tum vero malefida prius veſtigia luſit,
Decepitque pedes. paſſim turmæque virique,
Armaque congeſta ſtrue deplorata jacebant.
Ecce etiam rigido concuſſæ flamine nubes
Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine cœlum:
Ipſæ jam nubes ruptæ ſuper arma cadebant,
Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.
Victa erat ingenti Tellus nive, victaque cœli
Sidera, victa ſuis hærentia flumina ripis:
Nondum Cæſar erat: ſed magnam nixus in haſtam
Horrida ſecuris frangebat greſſibus arva:
Qualis Caucaſea decurrens arduus arce
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,
Quum ſe verticibus magni demiſit Olympi,
Et perituroruṁ disjecit tela Gigantum.
Dum Cæſar tumidas iratus deprimit arces:
Interea volucer motis conterrita pennis
Fama volat, ſummique petit juga celſa Palati:
Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia ſigna:
Jam claſſes fluitare mari, totaſque per Alpes
Fervere Germano perfuſas ſanguine turmas.
Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella
Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulſata tumultu

And touch'd his wiſhes, from the Mountains head
Stretching his voice, (*the* Latian *fields ſurvey'd*)
And both his hands *to* Heav'n, *thus* Cæſar *ſaid.*
All powerful Jove, *and thou* Saturnian *Land*
Triumphant *oft*, ſafe *always* by my *hand*,
Witneſs I come unwilling *to this warre*,
Unwilling *Claſh : but ſuch my proud wrongs are*,
Expuls'd my Country, *whilſt I paint with blood*
The Rhine, *whilſt I the* Galls *the* Alps *exclude*,
Threat'ning again the Capitoll. *Exil'd*
Farther *by conquering* more: *the* Germanes *foyl'd*,
And ſixty triumphs *are my* crime. *But who*
Denounce this war? Blind with our beams a crew
Of trading Soules *ſtep-children to my Rome*,
But they (*I think*) *ſhall know too* upon whom
Nor ſhall mechanick *hands bind* theſe *with cords.*
Go mine: *Go* victors: *plead the* Cauſe *with* Swords.
We all *are in one fault : one ſhame threats* all:
You *conquer'd* too. *If* puniſhment *muſt fall*
On them that beat, *if* this *our* triumph *be*,
Let the Dye *fall, and* Fortune *judge for* me.
Take up the war they throw you : try your force :
If overcome, my *caſe can be no worſe.*
But arm'd, *and with* ſuch *men*, that *ne're can hap.*
This ſaid, the Delphick *bird her wings did clap*,
(*An* Omen *good*) *and in a* wood *beſide*
A Bay-tree *crackling in ſtrange fire was 'ſpy'd.*
APOLLO'S *ſelf ſhone brighter then he us'd*,
And had a golden glory *circumfus'd.*
Stronger then Omens, *Cæſar did advance*,
And with unwonted pace firſt ſnatch'd a Lance.
Firſt bound with ice, and candyed with the driffe
The earth was quiet with dull horror ſtiffe :
But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,
And trembling horſes the waves fetters brake,
The heat ſnows melted; ſtreight new rivers *burſt*
Out of the hills : theſe *alſo ſtreight were forc't*
To make a ſtand : whilſt (*lo*) new *ice appeares*,
And liquid late make work for Pioneers.
Then firſt deceiv'd the feet the ſlipp'ry ground,
And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round,)
In heaps deplor'd: big clouds *with tempeſt's ſtroke*,
Their burthens threw. Nor blaſts *with* whirle-winds *broke*,
Were wanting there, or vollyes of groſs haile.
The concrete *raine fell ratling on the Mayle*,
Like ſhowres of Arrows from a Parthian *bow.*
The Earth *was overcome with a deep ſnow :*
The Lamps of heaven *o'recome; with Chriſtal bit*
The Rivers *overcome*; Cæſar *not yet :*
But leaning on his ſpeare, That would not yield,
With ſecure ſteps he *brake the horrid field :*

Pectora per dubias ſcinduntur territa cauſas.
Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.
Et patria eſt Pontus, jam tutior eſt magis arma
Qui tentata velit: fatiſque jubentibus actus.
Quantum quiſque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipſe
Hos inter motus populus, miſerabile viſu,
Quo mens icta jubet, deſertâ ducitur urbe.
Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillatique Quirites
Rumoris ſonitu mærentia tecta relinquunt
Ille manu trepidâ natos tenet, ille penates
Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.
Limen, & abſentem votis interficit hoſtem.
Sunt qui conjugibus mærentia pectora jungant,
Grandevoſque patres: oneriſque ignara juventus
Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia ſecum
Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia ducit.
Ac velut ex alto quum magnus inhorruit Auſter,
Et pulſas evertit aquas non arma miniſtris,
Non regimen prodeſt: ligat alter pondera pinûs,
Alter tuta ſinu tranquillaque littora quærit:
Hic dat vela fugæ Fortunæque omnia credit.
Quid tam parva queror? Gemino cum conſule Magnus
Ille tremor Ponti, ſævi quoque terror Hydaſpis
Et piratarum ſcopulus: modo quem ter ovantem
Juppiter horruerat; quem fracto in gurgite Pontus,
Et veneratus erat ſubmiſſâ Boſphorus undâ
Proh pudor! Imperii deſerto nomine fugit,
Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.
Tergo tanta lues Divûm quoque numina vidit;
Conſenſitque fugæ cæli timor, Ecce per orbem
Mitis turba Deûm, terras exoſa furentes
Deſerit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulſata lacertos
Abſcondit galeâ victum caput, atque relicto
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it ſyncera Fides, & crine ſoluto
Juſtitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, ſedes Erebi quà rupta dehiſcit,
Emergit latè Ditis chorus horrida Erynnys,
Et Bellona minax, facibuſque armata Megæra:
Læthumque Inſidiæque, & lurida mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis
Sanguineum latè tollit caput, oraque mille
Vulneribus confoſſa cruentâ caſſide velat.
Hæret detritus lævâ Mavortius umbo,
Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagranti
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.
Sentit terra Deos, miratque ſydera pondus
Quæſivêre ſuum, namque omnis regia cæli
In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dione

As when Alcmena's *ſon marched apace,*
Down Caucaſus: *or with an angry face*
When Jove *deſcended the* Olympian *hill,*
With Giants *blood* Phlegrean *plains to fill.*
Mean while ſwift Fame *is born with frighted wings,*
And perching on the Capitol, *ſad things*
Tells the affrighted Romans: *that the* Maine
Is ſwarm'd with ſhips: The Alps *of a light flame*
With Troops, yet reeking with Sicambrian *gore,*
Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, *and* War *is drawn before*
Their eyes from head to foot: which makes them erre,
And ſee their danger *double through their* feare.
This *flyes by* land, *this* by, *and that* to Sea,
So for no *land his* native *changes* he.
He's ſafeſt now, the Chance of war that tryes,
And follows fates inſtinct: He fartheſt flyes
Whoſe feare is longeſt winged: (*A grief to ſay!*)
The people led by wild amazement, ſtray
They know not whither: Rome *delights in flight;*
And ſcar'd Quirites *their ſad manſions quite;*
At the bare *rumour of* approaching *Arms,*
Thoſe *claſp with trembling hand their tender* barnes:
Theſe *in their boſomes hold their* Houſhould-Gods:
And hurry from their deſolate aboads:
And in their prayers *kill the* abſent *Foe:*
There are that to their wives *ſad boſomes grow,*
And bedrid parents: youths *impatient heat*
Takes onely her, *on whom his ſoul is ſet.*
Some all, and to the war *unwiſely ſweep*
The prey, *for which 'tis made.* ——

—— *As when the* deep
Is plough'd up by Northwinds, *and her* roul'd *hills*
Are knock'd *together: And the* Seamen's *skills*
Avail not now, one *binds the ſplitting maſt,*
Another *to the quiet ſhore doth haſt,*
A third *to Sea and* Fortune *truſts with all.*
What talk I of ſmall things? the Generall
With both *the* Conſuls *The* great Pompey, He
Terror of dire Hydaſpes, *and the* Sea,
The Pyrates rock, *whom* (*thrice triumphing late*)
Jove *trembled at, leſt he ſhould ſhake his ſtate:*
Whom Pontus (*having cruſh'd it's* watry *braves*)
And Boſphorus *ador'd with crouching waves:*
(*Oh ſhame*) *deſerting the* State's *rudder, fled:*
That fickle Fortune *might t'have ſeen be ſed*
Ev'n Pompey's *back. A* flight *authoriz'd ſo,*
Involv'd the Gods, *and* Heaven *his back did ſhow:*
See a mild troop of Gods (*loathing the rage*
That regins *in mortals*) *take a pilgrimage,*
From a damn'd crew of Earthlings: *And firſt* Peace
(*Beating her ſnowy Arms*) *her* vanquiſh'd *face*

Cæſaris acta ſui ducit. comes additur illi
Pallas, & ingentem quatiens Mavortius haſtam:
Magnaque cum Phœbo ſoror, & Cyllenia proles
Excipit, ac totis ſimilis Tyrinthius actis.
Infremuere tubæ, ac ſciſſo Diſcordia crine
Extulit ad ſuperos Stygium caput. hujus in ore
Concretus ſanguis, contuſaque lumina flebant.
Stabant ærati ſcabra rubigine dentes;
Tabo lingua fluens, obſeſſa draconibus ora
Atque intertorto laceratam pectore veſtem
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis Apennini,
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora poſſet
Aſpicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas:
Atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:
Sumite nunc gentes accenſis mentibus arma;
Sumite, & in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur quicunque latet; non fœmina ceſſet,
Non puer, aut ævo jam deſolata ſenectus.
Ipſa tremat Tellus, laceratæque tecta rebellent.
Tu legem Marcelle tene: tu concute plebem
Curio, tu fortem ne ſupprime Lentule Martem.
Quid porro tu Dive tuis cunctaris in armis?
Non frangis portas? non muris oppida ſolvis,
Theſauroſque rapis? neſcis tu Magne tueri
Romanas acies? Epidauria mœnia quære,
Theſſalicoſque ſinus humano ſanguine tingue.
Factum eſt in terris, quicquid Diſcordia juſſit.

Hides with a cask, *and flying from the* light,
Seeks the huſht manſions of eternal Night:
With Her pure FAITH, *and* JUSTICE, (*her* ſword *broke*)
And CONCORD *in a rent and mourning Cloak.*
On th'other ſide where Hell's *wide jaws reſpire,*
Grim Pluto's *train ſprings rife:* Erinnys *dire,*
And fierce Bellona, *and flame-girt* Megeare,
And Death, *and* Fraud, *and multiplying* Peare.
Amongſt whom Rage, *like* Bacchus (*his* reines *broke*)
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloake
A thouſand ugly faces digg'd with wounds
With heavy ſhafts: a Martial Target *ſounds*
Worn with his left, *and from his* right hand *hurl'd*
A blazing fire-brand terrifies the world.
The ſtars are poſ'd: light-headed Atlas *reels;*
Wond'ring to miſs the weight that poys'd heaven's *wheels.*
The factious Gods come down on earth *to ſide.*
And Venus *firſt her* Cæſar *juſtify'de,*
Pallas *with* her, *and* Mars *that ſhakes a whole*
Oak for a ſpeare; and with his Siſter, SOL:
And ATLAS GRANDSON *and* Alcides (*found*
Like him *in all his acts*) *The trumpets ſound,*
And DISCORD *with torn hair, her* Stygian *head*
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes *ſhed*
Inſtead of tears a blotted ſhow'r of blood:
Two tire *of brazen* grinders *ruſty ſtood:*
Her tongue *o'reflows with gore: her ſnaky locks*
Hang down over her face: and through her Frocks
Wide-gaping Rent, thruſting a bloody hand
About her head *ſhe toſt a flaming brand.*
She *leaving Hell, and where ſad rivers joyne,*
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine:
From whence each realm and ſea ſhe might command,
And view the Troops *that roule on every Land:*
Then burſt into theſe words, with fury warm,
Arm all the world *with fell intentions: arm:*
Shoot flames in midſt of Towns (who e're he be
That ſtands a Newter, *is the* Victor's *fee.)*
Fight Boys, *fight* Maids, *fight* Old men *neer your end.*
Quake Earth, *and ſhattered* ſtones *rebel.* —— *Defend*
The laws Marcellus. —— *Do thou* Curio *preach*
Up tumults. — Lentulus *do not impeach*
Thy Martial ſpirits working. —— *What mak'ſt* thou
Julius *the while* freezing *in* Armour? *now*
Enter the gates, or ſcale the walls, and break
The Roman Fisk. —— Pompey *art thou too weak*
To keep Rome's *Towers? to* EPIDAMNUM *paſs*
The Ominous Scene, *and dye* Theſſalian *graſs*
With Roman *blood. To all that* DISCORD *ſaid,*
EARTH *cry'd 'Tis done: and her command obey'd.*

The Tranſlator's *POSTSCRIPT.*

HEre PETRONIUS breaks *off* abruptly, *thereby* as well as in many *imperfect places* of his *own Copy*, proving as good as his word, that he had *not added thereto the laſt hand.* In which thing alone I have tranſlated him to the life, for neither have I added *mine* to the *Engliſh*: onely making ſo much uſe thereof, as to ſhew the *Rule* and *Model*, which (*indubitably*) guided our CAMOENS in the raiſing his GREAT BUILDING, and which (except *himſelf*) that I know of, no POET ever *followed* that *wrought in great*, whether *ancient*, or *modern.* For (to name no more) the *Greek* HOMER, the *Latin* VIRGIL, *our* SPENCER, and even the *Italian* TASSO (who had a *true*, a *great*, and *no obſolete ſtory*, to work upon) are in effect wholly *fabulous*: and LUCAN (though *worthily* admired) is as much cenſured by *ſome* on the other ſide, for ſticking too cloſe to *truth.* As FABIUS for one; —— *LUCAN full of flame and vigour, and moſt perſpicuous in his Sentences*: yet (*that I may ſpeak what I think*) *rather to be reckoned amongſt the* ORATORS *then the* POETS. And SERVIUS for another, with leſs manners in his expreſſion; *That which I ſaid, that the* Art *of Poetry is forbidden to ſet down a naked ſtory, is certain: for* LUCAN *deſerved not to be in the number of* POETS, *becauſe he ſeems to have compiled a* HISTORY, *rather then a* POEM. Amounting to the ſame which is *objected* above in the *Introduction* to this *Eſſay* (which glanceth *particularly* at LUCAN) and *mended* (as the *Author* thereof conceived) by the *Eſſay* it ſelf, which is of a *mixt nature* between *Fable* and *Hiſtory.*

TORQVATO TASSO. in his 6 Part. fol. 47.

VAsco, te cui felici ardite Antenne
Incontro al *Sol*, che ne riporta il *giorno*,
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne:
Non piu di *Te* per aſpro mar ſoſterme
Quel, che fece a CICLOPE oltraggio, & ſcorno:
Ne *chi* turbo *l'Arpie* nel ſuo ſoggiorno,
Ne diè piu bel *Subjetto*. a Colte *penne*.
Et hor *quella* del colto, e buon LUIGI
Tant' oltre ſtende il glorioſo volo
Che j tuoi ſpalmati *Legni* andar men lunge.
Ond' a *quelli*, a cui S'alza il noſtro *polo*,
Et a chi ferina incontra j ſuoi veſtigi,
Per *lui* del corſo *tuo* la fama aggiunge.

VAsco, *whoſe bold and happy ſhips againſt*
The Riſing Sun (*who fraights them home with day*)
Diſplay'd their wings, and back again advanc't
To where *in Seas all Night he ſteeps his Ray*:
Not more then Thou *on rugged Billows felt*,
He *that bor'd out the Eye of* POLYPHEME;
Nor He *that ſpoyl'd the* HARPYES *where they dwelt*,
Afforded Learned Pens *a fairer* Theam.
And this *of Learn'd and honeſt* CAMOENS
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,
That thy breath'd Sailes *went a leſs Journey*, *Whence*
To Thoſe *on whom the* Northern Pole *ſhines bright*,
And Thoſe *who ſet* their *feet to* ours, *The boaſt*
Of thy Long Voyage *Travails at his Coſt.*

PRINCE HENRY
OF
PORTUGALL
HONI·SOIT·QVI·MA
CEU

VASCO DE
GAM

THE LVSIAD OF Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. 1.

Armes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the *Weſtern Luſitanian* ſhore
Paſt ev'n beyond the *Trapobanian*-Iſle,
Through *Seas* which never *Ship* had ſayld before;
Who (brave in *action*, patient in long *Toyle*,
Beyond what ſtrength of *humane* nature bore.)
'Mongſt *Nations*, under *other Stars*, acquir'd
A *modern Scepter* which to *Heaven* aſpir'd.

2.

Likewiſe thoſe *Kings* of *glorious memory*,
Who ſow'd and propagated where they paſt
The Faith with the *new Empire* (making dry
The *Breaſts* of Asia, and laying waſte
Black Affrick's vitious Glebe; And *Thoſe* who by
Their deeds at *home* left not their names defac't,
My *Song* ſhall ſpread where ever there are *Men*,
If *Wit* and *Art* will ſo much guide my *Pen*.

3.

Ceaſe *man of* TROY, and ceaſe thou *Sage of* GREECE,
To boaſt the *Navigations* great *ye* made;
Let the high Fame of ALEXANDER ceaſe,
And TRAIAN's Banners in the EAST diſplay'd:
For to a *Man* recorded in this *Peece*
NEPTUNE his *Trident* yielded, MARS his *Blade.*
Ceaſe *All*, whoſe Actions *ancient Bards* expreſt:
A brighter *Valour* riſes in the *Weſt.*

4.

And you (*my* TAGUS's *Nymphs*) ſince ye did raiſe
My *Wit* t'a more then ordinary flame;
If I in *low*, yet *tuneful* Verſe, the praiſe
Of your ſweet *River* always did proclame:
Inſpire me *now* with *high* and *thund'ring* lays;
Give me them *cleer* and *flowing* like *his* ſtream:
That to *your* Waters PHEBUS may ordaine
They do not envy *thoſe* of HYPPOCRENE.

5.

Give me a *mighty Fury*, Nor rude *Reeds*
Or ruſtick *Bag-Pipes* ſound, But ſuch as *War*'s
Lowd Inſtrument (the noble *Trumpet*) breeds,
Which fires the *Breaſt*, and ſtirs the *blood* to *jars.*
Give me a *Poem* equal to the *deeds*
Of your brave *Servitors* (Rivals of MARS)
That I may ſing them through the UNIVERSE,
If, whom *That* held not, can be held in *Verſe.*

6.

And *you*, a preſent *Pawn* to PORTUGALE
Of the old *Luſitanian-Libertie*;
Nor the leſs certain *Hope* t'extend the Pale
One day, of *narrow* CHRISTIANITIE:
New *Terrour* of the *mooriſh Arſenale*:
The foretold *Wonder* of our *Centurie*:
Giv'n to the World *by* GOD, the World to win,
To give *to* GOD much of the World agin.

7.

You, fair and tender *Bloſſom* of that *Tree*
Belov'd by *Him*, who dy'd on *One* for *Man*,
More then whatever *Weſtern* MAIESTIE
Is ſtyl'd MOST CHRISTIAN, or CÆSAREAN.
Behold it in your *Shield*! where you may ſee
ORIQUES *Battaile*, which ALPHONSO wan,
In which CHRIST gave for *Arms*, for *you* t'emboſs,
The ſame which *He himſelf* bore on the *Croſs.*

You

8.

You (pow'rful *King*), whoſe *Empire* vaſt the *Sun*
Viſits the *firſt* as ſoon as he is born,
And eyes it when his Race is *half-way* run,
And leaves it *loath* when his tyr'd Steeds *adjourn.*
You, who we look ſhould clap a yoak upon
The bruitiſh ISHMAELITE, become your ſcorn;
On th'*Eaſtern* TURK, and GENTIL who ſtill lies
Sucking the *ſtream* which water'd PARADISE.

9.

That *Majeſtie* which in th's *Brow* appears
(This *tender* one) ſuſpend for a ſmall time,
Already ſuch, as in your perfect years
When FAME's immortal *Temple* you ſhall climbe
Thoſe *milder* eys, with which you baniſh *Feares*,
Bend to the *ground*: on *which*, by num'rous *Ryme*,
You'l ſee in *me* a Paſſion overgrown,
To make the *Portugal-Atchievemenes* known.

10.

You'l ſee a ſtrange love to my *Native-ſoyle*,
Not mov'd with *Vile* but high *immortal Meed*:
For, to be compted is a Meed not vile
The *Trumpet* of the *Neſt* where I was bred.
By *That*, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl
You'l ſee, of whom you are the *Sov'raign Head*:
And judge, which is the greater *Honour* Then
To be *King* of the *World*, or of *ſuch Men.*

11.

Hear *me*, I ſay, for not for Actions *vaine*,
Fantaſtick, *Fabulous*, ſhall you behold
Yours prais'd, though *forraigne Muſes* (to obtaine
Name to *themſelves*) have ev'n *feign'd names* extold.
Your Subjects *true* Acts are ſo great, they *ſtaine*
And *credit* all the *Lyes* of *others* told.
Stain RHODOMONT, that puffe ROGERO too,
And MAD ORLANDO, grant their deeds were true.

12.

For *Theſe*, I give you a fierce NUNNIO
Who *King* and *Country* propt, almoſt alone.
An EGAS, a *Don* FUAS, whoſe worths to ſhow
I wiſh my *Voice* could reach great HOMER's tone.
For the *twelve Peers*, I other *twelve* beſtow
That paſt to ENGLAND, and MAGRIZZO one.
Th'*illuſtrious* GANIA in the Reare I name,
Who rob'd the *wandring Trojan* of his Fame.

13.

Then (if to Match with CHARLS THE GREAT of FRANCE,
Or one you ſeek to rival CÆSAR's name)
The *firſt* ALPHONSO ſee, who with his *Lance*
Eclipſes whatſoe're *outlandiſh* Fame!
And *Him*, who by ſucceſsful Valiance
Reſcu'd and ſnatcht his *Realm* from *civil* Flame!
The *ſecond* JOHN, unconquer'd by the ſword!
The *Fourth* and *Fift* ALPHONSO, and the *Third*!

14.

Nor ſhall my Verſes in Oblivion leave
Thoſe CHIEFS, who, in the *Kingdoms* of the *Morn*,
Their name in *Armes* unto the *ſtarres* did heave,
By whom your ever-conqu'ring *Flag* was born:
Matchleſs PACHECO: TWO ALMEYDA's brave,
Whom weeping TAGUS will for ever mourn:
Terrible ALBURQUERQUE: CASTRO bold:
And more, whom *death* had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilſt I *Theſe* do ſing, and dare not *you*,
Great *King* (for I aſpire not to that height)
Take *you* your *Kingdomes* reynes your Hand into,
And furniſh matter for a loftier flight,
Whilſt your new *worth* may meet a *Vein* as new.
Your num'rous *Fleets*, and *Armies* pond'rous weight,
Let the *World* groan with, and their *terrour* ſeize
The AFFRICK-*Land*'s, and ORIENTAL-*Seas*.

16.

On you with fixed eys looks the cold MOORE,
In *whom* he reads his ruine prophecy'de:
The barb'rous GENTILE (viewing *you*) is ſure
You'l yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.
The ſilver THETYS offers you in dow're
All her *blew Realm*, and doth the ſame provide.
Took with your *Face* (where *love* is mixt with *Awe*)
She ſeeks to buy you for her *Son-in-Law*.

17.

In you, out of their Bliſsful Bow'rs *Above*
Your *Grandſires* ſouls (both famous in their way,
The *one* in golden *peace*, which *Angels* love,
T'other in bloody *War*) themſelves ſurvay.
In you they hope their *glories* ſhall improve,
Their *Vertues* be recoynd with leſs *Allay*:
And wide they ſit, to keep for *you* a roome
In *Heav'n*'s eternal *Temple* 'gainſt you come.

18.

But now, becauſe your time creeps ſlowly an
To rule your People, who much wiſh it ſo;
Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,
That up with *you* this Infant-*muſe* may grow;
And you ſhall ſpye ploughing the *Ocean*
Your ARGONAUTS, that they may alſo know
You ſee them toſt upon the angry *Brine:*
And uſe your ſelf to be invok'd betime.

19.

They now went ſayling in the OCEAN vaſt,
Parting the ſnarling Waves with crooked Bills:
The whiſpring *Zephyre* breath'd a gentle Blaſt,
Which ſtealingly ſhe ſpreading *Canvas* fills:
With a white foam the *Seas* were overcaſt,
The dancing *Veſſels* cutting with their *Keels*
The Waters of the *Conſecrated* DEEP,
Where PROTHEUS's Flocks their *Rendezvouſes* keep.

20.

When in the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS the *Deities*,
That have of humane things the Government,
Convene in glorious *Councel*, to adviſe
On future matters of the ORIENT.
Treading in Cluſters the *Diaphane* skyes
Thorough the *Milky way* their courſe they bent,
Aſſembled at the THUNDERER'S command
By *Him* That bears the *Caduceian Wand.*

21.

They leave the *patronage* of the *Seav'n ſpheres*
Which by the HIGHEST POW'R to *them* was giv'n:
The HIGHEST POW'R, who with an eye-brow ſteers
The *Earth*, the raging *Ocean*, and the *Heav'n.*
There, in a moment, every one appears;
Thoſe, where BOOTES's *waine* is ſlowly driv'n,
Thoſe, who inhabit *South*, and where the *Sun*
Is born, and where his golden *Race* is *don.*

22.

With an auſtere and high *Majeſtick* grace
Upon a *Chriſtal* Throne, with *ſtars* imboſt,
Sublime THE FATHER ſate (worthy that place)
By whom the Bolts, dire VULCAN forg'd, are toſt.
An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,
Able to breathe new life in a pale *Ghoſt:*
A Scepter in his *Hand*, and his *Head* crown'd
With one ſtone, brighter then a *Diamownd.*

On

23.

On glitt'ring *chairs* (imbroyd'red richly o're
With infinite of *Pearles* and fineſt *Gould*)
The other *Deities* were placed low'r,
As *Reaſon* and the Herald *Order* would:
The *Seniours* firſt, to honor them the more,
And after *them* thoſe who were not ſo ould:
When thus the moſt high JOVE the ſilence brake,
With ſuch a voice as made OLYMPUS ſhake.

24

Eternal dwellers of the *Tow'r divine*,
And *Impirean*-Hall with *ſtarred* Vault;
If the much *Vertue* of the valiant Line,
Of LUTUS be not worn out of your Thought;
You needs muſt know what the *great* FATES deſign
To crown the former Wonders *Thoſe* have wrought,
That they ſhall darken with their *evening-Glory*
Th' *Aſſyrian*, *Perſian*, *Greek*, and *Roman* ſtory.

25.

Your ſelves were witneſſes, with what a poor
And naked Army it was giv'n to *Them*
To take from the well-fix't, and num'rous MOOR
All that ſweet TAGUS waters with his ſtream.
Then 'gainſt the ſtout *Caſtilian-Warriour*
Heav'n ſtill beheld them with a fav'ring beam:
And ſtill in fine with glory and Renown
The *hanging Trophies* did *their Churches* crown.

26.

I ſpeak not (*Gods*) of that more ancient name
Which with the *Queen of Nations* they did get
When (led by VIRIATUS) ſo great fame
They wan, whilſt They and *hoſtile* ROME were met.
I paſs their other *Claſh* with that proud *Dame*
(Which 'tis impoſſible you ſhould forget)
When a *Bandito* did their *Truncheon* bear,
Who feign'd himſelf *inſpir'd* by a *tame Deare:*

27.

See *now*, how truſting to uncertain Waves
In a fraile Barke, through ways untrod before
(Fearleſs of horrid *Boreas*, and the Braves
Of the fierce *Southern wind*) they throw at more!
How (having yoak't before that *Sea* which laves
AFFRICK's *North*-ſide, and yoakt her *Southern-ſhore*)
They bend their purpoſe and their forces turn
To win the *Cradle* of the budding MORN.

To

28.

To *Them* is promis'd by eternal FATE
(Whose high *decrees* no *Power* can ere revoke)
To be perpetual *Porters* of that *Gate*
Through which the *Sun* first guides his silver spoke.
They've spent at Sea the bitter Winter's date;
The men are haraſt, and with Travaile broke.
'Tis now high time (as it appears to *me*)
To shew them that new Land where they would be.

29

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)
So many *dangers* in this Voyage past;
Tost through so many *Seas* and *Clymates* been;
Of so sharp adverse *Winds* felt many a Blast;
I purpose now they shall as friends be in
The AFFRICK-*Land* refresh't with some Repast;
And, having victual'd there their wearied *Fleet*,
Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus JOVE: when in their course of *Parliament*
The *Gods* reply'd in order as they Sate,
And to and fro by way of Argument
Upon the matter calmly did debate.
Then FATHER BACCHUS stiffly did dissent
From what great JOVE propos'd; As knowing, that
His Fame ith' EAST must suffer an eclipse
Should *there* arive the *Lusitanian*-ships.

31.

He of the FATES had understood, from SPAIN
How that a *warlike People* was to come
Thorough the middle of the OCEAN,
Which all the *Indian-Coast* should overcome,
And which, with *modern* Victories, should stain
All *old* ones, whether *forraign*, or their *own*.
It griev'd him sore, those *Actions* should be drown'd
Which still in NYSA made his name resound.

32.

He looks on INDIA as his old *Acqueſt*,
From whom nor *Time*, nor *deeds* by *others* don,
Had rob'd the stile of CONQ'ROUR OF THE EAST,
By All That taste the streams of *Helicon*.
But now he fears *that* Glorie's neer it's *West*,
In the black Water of *Oblivion*
To set, should their desired Port obtain
The valiant PORTINGALLS That Plough the *Main*.

Faire

33.

Fair VENUS holds up the contrary Theam
Affected to the *Luſitanian-Nation*,
For the much likeneſs ſhe obſerv'd in Them
To her old ROME, for which ſhe had ſuch paſſion,
In their great hearts, in the propitious beam
Of their to-AFFRICK-fatal conſtellation,
And in the charming muſick of their *Tongue*,
Which *ſhe* thinks *Latine* with ſmall *droſs* among.

34

Theſe things did CYTHEREA move: But more
Becauſe from FATE of truth ſhe heard it ſed
That at thoſe LANDS her *Altars* ſhould adore
Where this Victorious *People* ſhould be ſpred.
So *one*, to keep what was *his* own *before*,
T'other, to gain *new* honors to her head,
Conteſt and ſtickle for their *ſeveral* ends,
And *Both* are backt and favour'd by their Frends.

35.

As when the fierce *South-wind*, and fiercer *North*,
Have got into the thickeſt of a WOOD,
Breaking the Boughs to force a paſſage forth
Through matted ſhades, impetuous and wood;
The Air *that* yells, and all the *mountain* roar'th,
The *Leaves* are ſcattred, and the ſtrong *Rocks* mov'd:
Such was the tumult which amongſt the GODS
Was raiſed then in the *Supream Aboads*.

36.

But MARS, who, with more cordialneſs did take
Then any of the reſt, the GODDES's part;
Whether it were for old *Affection*-ſake,
Or for this valiant *People*'s *own* deſart
(His look confeſt him vext before he ſpake)
Amongſt the GODS upon his feet did ſtart.
His heavy *Target*, at his ſhoulder hung,
(Diſpleas'd, and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37.

Lifting a little up his Helmet-ſight
(Twas Adamant) with confidence enough
To give his Vote himſelf he placed right
Before the Throne of JOVE, arm'd, valiant, tough:
And (giving with the butt end of his Pyke
A great thump on the floor of pureſt ſtuffe)
The *Heav'ns* did tremble, and APOLLO's light
It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he ſaid; O *Sire*, whoſe will (whate're)
All which thou haſt created muſt obay:
It *Theſe*, who ſeek another *Hemiſphere*,
Thou wouldſt not have to periſh in the way,
Whoſe deeds and Valour once thou heldſt ſo deare,
And did'ſt of old ordain what they aſſay:
Then hear no more (ſince thou'rt a *Judge* upright)
Reaſons, from one who ſees by a falſe light.

39.

For if ſound *Reaſon* did not plainly ſhow
It ſelf here vanquiſht by exceſs of *Feare*,
'Twere prop'rer BACCHUS ſhould *his* pains beſtow
For LUSUS's Race, who was his *Minion* deare.
But let this ſpleen of his at preſent goe;
"Tis an *ill ſtomach* riſing at *good cheare*:
"And *envy* never found the way in fine
"To do *Man* right, or what the GOD's deſigne.

40.

And *Thou* (the Father of great *Conſtancy*)
From the determination thou haſt tooke
Recoyle not. "It is imbecility
"When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.
But ſince in ſpeed the winged MERCURY
Outſtrips the *Winds*, a *Shaft*, the ſwifteſt *Brooke*.
Let *Him* now ſhew them to ſome *Countrey*, where
They may refreſh, and news of INDIA heare.

41.

The pow'rful *Father* having ſaid the ſame,
Gave with a nod the SOVERAIGN *Aſſent*
To that which MARS ſaid here with greater flame,
And over *All* his holy Nectar ſprent.
Streight through *the milky way*, by which they came,
The GODS to their reſpective *Stations* went,
Making a low obeyſance to the *Throne*
As they paſt by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilſt this in the HIGH-COURT is paſſing now
And beautiful OF HEAV'N Omnipotent;
The *warlike People* the ſalt *Ocean* plough
Leaving the *South*, and face the *Orient*,
'Twixt MADAGASCAR's Iſle, where all things flow,
And ETHIOPIA's barren Continent.
'Twas in that month, when SOL the *Fiſhes* fryes
To which fear'd BRONTES turn'd two DEITIES.

43

So pleaſantly they went before a Wind
As thoſe That now had got the *Heav'n* to frend.
Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind:
No Clowd, nor ought that danger might portend.
The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,
Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,
NEPTUNE diſclos'd *new Iſles* which he did play
About, and with his billows danc't *the Hay.*

44.

VASCO DE GAMA (a moſt valiant *Guide*,
Born and pick't out for that great *Enterpriſe*,
Of a high Soul, and ſtrongly fortify'de,
Who FORTUNE to him by his *Boldneſs* tyes)
Stands *off*, to leave this *Land* upon one ſide,
Thinking, that uninhabited it lies;
And *on* his courſe determines to proceed:
But otherwiſe the matter did ſucceed.

45.

For ſtreight, out of that *Iſle* which ſeem'd moſt neer
Unto the *Continent*, Behold a number
Of little *Boats* in companie appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea ſunder!
The *men* are rapt with joy, and, with the meer
Exceſs of it, can onely *look*, and *wonder*.
What Nation's this (within themſelves they ſay)?
What Rites? what Laws? what King do they obay?

46.

Their coming, thus: in *Boats*, with finns; nor flat,
But apt t'o're-ſet (as being pincht and long)
And then they'd ſwim like Rats. The *Sayles*, of Mat
Made of *Palm-leaves*, wove curiouſly and ſtrong.
The Mens *Complexion*, the ſelf-ſame with *that*
HEE gave the *Earth's* burnt parts (from *Heaven* flung,)
Who was more *brave*, then wiſe; That this is True
The PO doth know, and LAMPETUSA rue.

47

The *Cloaths*, they came in, were a Cotton-*Plad*
With divers *Colours* ſtrip'd, and *white* the ground;
Which *ſome* caſt queintly under one *arm*, had;
Others, about their *Middles* ſtreightly bound;
All elſe from the waſte *up* remain'd unclad:
Their *weapons*, *Skeyns*, and crooked *Faulchions*: Round
Terbants upon their heads; and, as they row'd,
Reſounded *Timbrels* in an *antick Mode.*

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, *Theſe* made ſigne
To thoſe of LUSITANIA to ſtay:
But the ſwift *Prows* already did incline
To come to Anchor in the *Iſland*'s Bay.
Land-men, and *Sea-men* in this work *All* joyne,
As all their labours ſhould have end that day.
They haule the Roapes; *ſtrike*, *ſtrike*, the crew reſounds:
The ſalt Sea (ſtricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49

They were not Anchor'd, when the uncouth Folke
Already by the Cordage did aſcend.
Their jovial countenances *wellcome* ſpoke,
To whom the Lordly *Chiefe* did (courteous) bend.
Bids ſtreight the Boards be ſpread, the Bottles ſmoke,
With that rich juice which is the *Poet*'s frend.
Ours pow'r it into Bowles, and All *They* fill
The burnt by PHAETHON ſpare not to ſwill.

50.

They ask (and ſtill the cheerie Bowle goes round)
In the *Arabick-language*, WHENCE THE FLEET?
Who, and of *whence*, the *men*; and WHITHER BOUND,
And through what Seas *It* came where now they ſee't?
Hereto the valiant LUSITANIANS found
Such anſwers as were proper, and diſcreet:
We are the PORTUGHESES of the WEST,
We go to ſeek the Countreys of the EAST.

51.

All the great OCEAN have we ſail'd, and croſt,
To the *Antartick* from the *Artick* Strand
Gone all the Round of AFFRICK's ſpacious Coaſt;
We have felt many a *Clyme*, ſeen many a *Land*.
We ſerve a potent *King*, who hath ingroſt
His *Peoples* loves ſo, that, at his command,
With cheerful faces, not vaſt *Seas* alone,
But we would paſs the Lake of ACHERON.

52.

And 'tis by *that comand* we travel now
To ſeek the *Eaſtern Land* which INDIES laves:
By *that* this diſtant *Ocean-Sea* we plough,
Where none but *Monſters* ſayl'd the horrid Waves.
But now 'tis reaſon, *We* ſhould likewiſe know
(If *Truth* have found a Harbour in your Caves)
Who *you* are? what this *Land* in which you dwell?
Or, if of INDIA you can Tydings tell?

53

We are (one of the *Iſle* replying ſaid)
Strangers unto this *People*, *Law*, and *Place*;
The *Natives* being ſuch, as *Heav'n* hath made
Without the light of *Reaſon*, or of *Grace.*
We have a *Law* of TRUTH, which was convay'd
To *Us* from that *New-light* of ABRAM's Race,
Who houlds the *World* now in ſubjection due,
By *Father*, GENTILE; and, by *Mother*, JEW.

54.

This little Iſle (a barren healthleſs Nook)
Of all theſe Parts is the moſt noted *Scale*
For ſuch as at QUILOA's Traffick look,
Or to MOMBASSA, and SOFALA, ſayle.
Which makes Us here ſome inconvenience brook,
To gather, for a mortal life, and frayle:
And (to inform you in one word of All)
This little Iſle Men MOZAMBIQUE call.

55.

And now (ſince you come ſeeking through long toyle
INDIAN-HYDASPES, and the *Spicy Strand*)
You ſhall have ſuch a *Pilot* from this Iſle,
As through the waves the way doth underſtand.
'Twere alſo good, you here repos'd a while,
And took in *freſh proviſions* from the Land;
And that *our Governour* did come Aboard,
To ſee what elſe may need for Him t'afford.

56.

This the *Barbarian*, and retreated then
Into his Boates with all his companie,
Departing from the *Captaine*, and his Men,
With demonſtrations of due Courteſie.
Mean time APOLLO in the Sea did pen
The golden *day*, and down to ſleep doth lye
Leaving his *Siſter* ſo much Torch to burn
As may ſuffice the *World* till he return.

57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,
Blithely they paſs the Night in the tyr'd *Fleet*;
To think that in a Country ſo remote
The news ſo long deſired they ſhould meet.
Within themſelves they ruminate, and noate
The mens odd faſhion, and admire to ſee't,
Or how a People of their damned way
Could take ſuch root, and bear ſo vaſt a ſway.

The

58.

The ſilver *Moon*'s reverberated Ray
Trembled upon the *Chryſtal Element*;
Like *Flow'rs* in a great *Meade*, at middle *May*,
The *ſtars* were in the azure *Firmament*.
The furious *Winds* all huſht and ſleeping lay
In drowzy *Hyperborean* Caves dark-pent
Yet thoſe of the Armada do not ſleep,
But in their turns accuſtom'd watches keep.

59.

And when AURORA left her Spicy Bed,
Shaking her deawy locks the Earth upon;
And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red
Tranſparent Curtains of the waking *Sun*,
To work go *All*; over the Decks to ſpred
The ſhadowing *Sailes*, and all their Streamers d'on,
To entertain with feaſting and with joy
(Advancing in his Barge) the *Iſle*'s VICE-ROY.

60.

Merrily ſayling he advanc't, to ſee
The *Luſitanian-Frigates* in the Road,
With freſh proviſions from the Land: For *Hee*
Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,
Which, from their *mountains* neer the CASPIAN SEA,
The fruitful *Lands* of ASIA overflow'd;
And, by permiſſion of the POW'R DIVINE,
Uſurpt the *Empire* of GREAT CONSTANTINE.

61.

The *Captaine*, with a meen benevolent,
Receives the MOORE, and all his company.
Things of great price he doth to *Him* preſent,
For ſuch Occaſions carryed purpoſely:
Gives him *Preſerves*, and gives him of that queint
Unuſual liquor which gives jollity.
The MOORE receives it *all* in courteous part,
But what he *Eats* and *Drinks* moſt glads his heart.

62.

The nimble *Luſitanian* Mariners
Upon the ſhrowds in admiration hung,
To ſee a *mode* ſo different from theirs,
And barb'rous gibbriſh of that *broken Tongue*.
No leſs confus'd the ſubtle MOORE appears,
Eying their *colour*, *habit*, and *ſhips* ſtrong.
Then, asking all things; This, amongſt the reſt,
If happily they came from TURKIE, preſt.

Moreover,

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee
The *Books* of their *Religion*, *Law*, and *Faith*:
To see, if with his *own* the same agree
Or *that* of CHRIST (as he suspects) he saith.
And (that he *All* may note, and *All* may see)
He prays the *Captain*, shew him what he hath
Of *Armes*, which by his *Nation* used are
When with their Enemies they go to War.

64.

To *whom* the valiant *Captaine* made reply
By one well versed in that *Bastard-Tongue*:
Illustrious Lord, I shall to thee descry
My *Self*, my *Faith*, and th' *Armes* I bring along.
Neither of *Turkish-blood* nor *breed*, am I;
Nor of a *Countrey* that delights in wrong.
In fair and warlike EUROPE was I born,
I seek the famous *Kingdoms* of the MORN.

65.

We worship HIM, who is by *every* Nature,
(*Invisible*, and *visible*) obay'd,
HIM, who the *Hemispheres*, and *every* Creature,
(Insensible, and sensible) hath made:
Who gave Us *his*, and took on Him *our* feature:
Whom to a shameful death *his own* betray'd:
And *who* from HEAV'N to *Earth* came down in fine,
That *Man*, by HIM from *Earth* to HEAV'N might climbe.

66.

Of this GOD-MAN sublime, and infinit,
The *Books* which thou desir'st I have not brought,
For that in *Books* we need not bring that Writ,
Which (written in our *Hearts*) we have by rote.
For th' *Arms*, whereof thou hast desir'd to git
A sight, with all *my* heart I do allow't,
To see them as a *Friend*; For well I know,
Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a *Foe*.

67.

This having said; the ready-*Officers*
He doth command to shew the *Magazeen*.
Out come the *Backs*, and *Breasts*, glitt'ring and terse;
Fine *Mayles*, safe *Coats*, with quilted plates between;
Bucklers, where various Imagerie appeares;
Ball, Lead, and Iron; *Muskets* of Steel sheen;
Strong *Bows*, and *Quivers* with barbd *Arrows* wedg'd;
Sharp *Partesans*; and *Halberts* double edg'd.

The

68.

The *morter-pieces* come; and with *them* came
(Confounding where they light) *Granadoes* dire;
Yet would he not permit the ſons of Flame
Unto the dreadful *Cannon* to give fire.
For *valiant ſpirits* (which are ſtill the ſame
With *generous*) to boaſt their utmoſt Ire,
To few, and timid *ſoules*, cannot indure
"To be a LYON among *Sheep*, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the MOORE from what he heard and view'd,
(All which he did obſerve attentively)
Conceiv'd within his Breaſt a certain *feud*,
A root of *Envy*, and *Malignity*;
Yet no ſuch thing his outward geſtures ſhew'd:
But, with a ſmiling hollow Courteſie,
He with himſelf reſolves to treat them faire,
Till he his purpoſe may by deeds declare.

70.

Pilots the *Captain* at his hands doth pray,
His *Ships* as far as INDIA to guide:
Aſſuring him they ſhall with ample pay
For all their pains therein be ſatisfy'de.
The MOORE conſents; but ſtill the poyſon lay
Cloſe, where it was, invenoming his ſide:
For, had he pow'r of blaſting with his breath,
Inſtead of *Pilots*, he would give him death.

71.

So great the *hate* was, and ſo great the *ſpight*,
Which to the *ſtrangers* ſuddainly he took;
Knowing they follow that *unerring light*,
The SON OF DAVID holds out in *his* BOOK.
"O the deep ſecrets of that INFINITE
"Into the which no mortal eye can look!
"That *They*, whom THOU to be thy *friends* haſt choſe
"Should never be without perfidious *Foes*.

72.

The trech'rous MOORE, when he his fill had ſeen,
Departeth from the *Frigates* with his *Crew*
(As falſe in heart, as flatt'ring in his meen)
And feign'd Regards on all the *Sea-men* threw.
Through the ſhort Traverſe of the *humid Green*
The Boats had quickly cut, when, wellcom'd to
The ſhore, and met by an obſequious Train,
To his known *Houſe* they wait him back again.

The

73.

The famous THEBAN from th'*æthereal Hall*
(*He*, in his Thigh, whom JOVE his Father bore)
Seeing this meeting with the PORTINGALL
Is an abomination to the MORE;
Hath in his Brain a *Stratagem*, which ſhall
(He hopes) deſtroy him quite upon that ſcore.
Now whilſt this plot is forging in his head,
Unto himſelf theſe angry words he ſed;

74.

Is it already then by FATE ordain'd,
That ſo great *Victories*, and ſo renown'd,
Shall by the men of PORTUGAL be gain'd
On *warlike* People, and on *Indian* Ground?
And I (ſon of the HIGHEST, unprofan'd
With *carnal* mixture, and in whom are found
Such rare *Indowments*) muſt *I* ſuffer FATE
To a meer man *my* honors to tranſlate?

75.

Unto the ſon of PHILIP it is true
Such pow're the GODS did in thoſe parts afford,
'Twas one with *Him*, to *See*, and to *ſubdue*,
And MARS himſelf did homage to his *Sword*.
But can it be indur'd, that to ſo *Few*
FATE ſuch ſtupendious puiſſance ſhould accord,
That *that* of MACEDON, of ROME, and MINE,
The LUSITANIAN GLORY ſhould *out-ſhine*?

76.

It muſt not, nor it ſhall not. For before
This *Swabber* ſhall arrive the wiſhed Land,
I'l ſpin him ſuch a Webb on yonder ſhore,
That he ſhall never ſee the *Eaſtern*-ſtrand.
I'l down to *Earth*, and ſpur th'inraged MORE:
"The Iron cooles that ſuffer'd is to ſtand.
"And who ſo means a buſineſs ſure to make,
"He by the foretop muſt occaſion take.

77.

Thus ſaying (vext, and little leſs then mad)
Upon the *Affrick*-ſhore he did deſcend,
Where, in a humane ſhape and viſage clad,
To neighb'ring PRASSUS he his courſe doth bend.
The ſhape he took on him (thereby his bad
And falſe *deſigne* the better to commend)
Was of a MOORE in MOZAMBIQUE known,
Old, wiſe, and with the GOVERNOUR all one.

And

78.

And (entring to his *Patron* when he ſpy'de
The fitteſt ſeaſon to infuſe his guile)
He tells him; *Theſe*, who in the Harbour ride,
Are men That live by robberie and ſpoyle:
That *Fame*, from *Nations* rang'd on the Sea-ſide,
With *hue and crye* purſu'd them to their *Iſle*,
Of whom theſe *Vagabonds* a *Bootie* made
When they had anchor'd with pretence of *Trade*.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)
Theſe bloody CHRISTIANS (as I underſtand)
With *Flames* and *Pyracies* have fill'd the *Sea*,
As well as with their *Robberies* the *Land*;
And that they have it in deſigne, how *Wee*
May be reduc't too to their proud command:
How they may rob *us* of our *goods*, and *lives*,
And take for *Slaves* our *children*, and our *Wives*.

80.

And *this* I *know*, to morrow by day-breake
To come on ſhore for water they intend,
Arm'd, with their *Captaine*: Can Men plainer ſpeake?
"They miſchief mean, to feare it, who pretend.
Thou, arm'd with *thine*, the ſame advantage take;
Them in cloſe *ambuſh* quietly attend:
Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,
Will come with eaſe to fall into thy ſnares.

81.

And, ſhould it ſo fall out, that by this feat
They ſhould not wholly be deſtroy'd, and ſlain;
Another *Plot* (the which will give thee great
Content, I'm ſure) I have within this Brain.
Send them a *Pilot*, skill'd ſo in deceit,
And how to lay an undiſcerned Train,
That he may lead them blinded, where they may
Be kill'd, wreckt, ſever'd, or quite loſe their way.

82.

This ſaid by *Him*, who plaid ſo well the MOORE
Whom *years* and *Fraud* made wiſe to obviate Harmes;
Thanking him much for his advice mature,
About his Neck the ZEQUE throws his armes.
And from that inſtant bids his *Bands* be ſure
To be all ready for the *Morn's* Allarmes.
That ſo, when land the LUSITANIAN ſhou'd,
He may convert their *water* into *blood*.

82.

Farther (t'effect that other falſe device)
A *Mooriſh Pilot* he did ready git,
Subtle, diſſembling, and in miſchief wiſe,
To whom ſo great a Truſt he might commit.
Him, through ſuch *Seas*, where ſuch and ſuch *Coaſt* lyes,
He bids to guide the *Luſitanian Fleet*,
That, ſhould the danger in one place be paſt,
It may be ſure to periſh at the laſt.

84

Now viſited th'*Apollinean* Ray.
The *Nabathêan* mountains with a ſmile,
When GAMA with his *men* themſelves aray
To go and fetch *freſh-water* from the *Iſle*.
Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,
As he had known of the intended guile;
And in a ſort he did ſo: "For the *Wiſe*
"Have a *divining* ſoul that never lyes.

85.

Moreover for the *Pilot* he had ſent
To land before, in need whereof he ſtood;
To which the ſound of *Warlike Inſtrument*
Was all the anſwer he had underſtood.
For *this*, As likewiſe, to be confident
Of a falſe *Nation* being never good,
He went as well provided as he could
With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen MOORS (pickeering on the Strand
To keep them from the Fountain's thirſted draught,
With Buckler on one *Arm*, and dart in *hand*,
Another with bent *Bow*, and poyſon'd *Shaft*)
Stay for the valiant PORTINGALLS to land,
In ſecret Ambuſh others hid with craft:
And ſend (to make them think the buſineſs ſure)
A ſmall *Forlorn*, as *Faulkners* throw their *Lure*.

87.

On the white Beaches the black *Warriours* prance,
Waving and vap'ring all the *Levell* o're;
And with heav'd *Target*, and with threat'ned *Lance*,
Dare the bold PORTINGALLS to come on ſhore.
The noble people have not patience
To ſee the *doggs* grin at them any more.
But ſpring in *Covey*, with ſuch equal haſt
One could not ſay which landed firſt, or laſt.

So

88.

So a brisk *Lover* in the bloody PLACE
(His beauteous Miſtreſs *by* in a *Balcon*)
Seeks out the *Bull*, and (planted face to face)
Curvets, runs, whiſtles, waves, and toles him on;
But the ſtern *Bruite*, ev'n in a moment's ſpace
(His horned Brow low'd to the Earth) doth run
Bellowing about like mad; and (his eys ſhut)
Diſmounts, ſtrikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

89.

Loe, from the *ſhips* the Flames out of the hard
And furious *Cannon* roll'd, to Heaven riſe!
The *Bullets* murther, whom the *Sound* but ſcar'd:
The hiſſing Aire, ſtruck, bandies back the noiſe.
The MOORS hearts melt in them, they are ſo fear'd;
And the ſame paſſion chills their blood to Ice.
Now *He*, That lay in hidden ambuſh, flyes:
And *He*, That ventur'd the Incounter, dyes.

90.

The *Luſitanian* People reſt not here:
But, following their ſucceſs, deſtroy and ſlay.
The *Wall-leſs-Town*, and *timber-Houſes* there,
They waſte with *fire*, and flat with *Cannon* lay.
His *ſally* now the MOOR repents full deer,
For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.
Now he blaſphemes the *War*, curſes *ill luck*,
Th'old *devil*, and the dam that gave him ſuck.

91.

The flying MOORS their Javelins backward threw
Faintly, through feare, and haſte of their Retreat.
The Flint, the Stake, the Stone *in folio* flew.
"*Anger* makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat.
Now, to the *Victor* leaving the *Iſle* too,
Unto the *Continent* they frighted get.
The *Sea*'s ſmall Arm, that doth their *Iſle* imbrace,
They cut and traverſe in a little ſpace.

92.

Some leap with their beſt goods into the Boats;
Some with their natural Oars ſwim to the ſhore;
This ſinks into the crooked waves, then floats;
That puffs the Sea out, he new drank before.
The ſhowred Bullets from the Cannon-Throats
The bruitiſh peoples brittle *Veſſels* tore.
Thus did the PORTINGALLS in fine chaſtiſe
The falſhood of malicious Enemies.

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return
With the rich ſpoils and booty of the War.
Water they may have now to ſerve their turn
At their own time without controle, or bar.
The MOORS (freſh ſmarting with their loſſes) burn
With greater malice then before by far:
And, ſeeing ſo much unrevenged ſhame,
Set their whole *Reſt* upon the *After-game.*

94.

The *Governour* of that infamous Land
To ſue for Peace (as if repenting) ſent.
Nor do the LUSITANIANS underſtand
That, under ſhew of peace, worſe war is meant:
For the deſired *Pilot* (underhand
Inſtructed in his trecherous intent)
In token of the Peace which he did crave
He ſends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave.*

95.

The *Captaine* (who already underſtood
'Twas time to go his diſcontinued way,
And that the weather and the wind are good
To carry him for wiſhed INDIA)
Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood:
And th'*Envoyé*, who did his anſwer ſtay,
Diſpatcht in haſte (his minde is in the skye)
To the large Wind lets all the Canvas flye.

96.

Departed in this wiſe, the azure Waters
Of AMPHITRITE cuts the warlike Fleet,
Attended by a Troop of NEREUS's daughters
(ſweet Friends, and no leſs conſtant, then th'are ſweet)
The *Captain* (thought-leſs of thoſe deviliſh matters
Which in his Brain the ſubtle MOOR doth knit)
Touching all INDIA, and the Coaſts they paſt,
Informs himſelf by *Him* from firſt to laſt.

97.

But the MOOR well inſtructed in deceit
(To whom his leſſon ſpightful BACCHUS gave)
Prepares for Him, e're he to INDIA get,
New Ills, either of *Thraldome*, or a *Grave.*
Giving accompt of *Indian* Harbours yet,
He ſhews him All that ever he did crave;
That (judging Truth what he in *that* confeſt)
The valiant People may not doubt the reſt

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the ſame intent
With which falſe SYNON witcht the men of TROY)
There is an *Iſle*, not far from where they went,
Which ancient CHRISTIANS from all times injoy.
The *Captain* (who to *all* he told him lent
Attentive Eare) at *this* ſo ſprang with joy,
That he conjur'd him with a golden ſpell
To guide him ſpeedy where thoſe CHRISTIANS dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous MOOR deſign'd
Which the deluded CHRISTIAN doth intreat,
Thoſe, who poſſeſt this *Iſle*, being the blind
Diſciples of the filthy MAHOMET.
Here death, and certain Ruine, he ſhall finde
(As he believes) for a far more ſtrong and great,
Then MOZAMBIQUE, is this *Iſle*; by name
QUILOA: frequent in the mouth of *Fame*.

100.

To *It* the joyful *Fleet* he did incline.
But *Shee*, whoſe *Altars* in CYTHERA ſteam,
(Seeing him go aſtray from his right line,
To meet a death of which he doth not dream)
Permits not thoſe in ſo remote a *Clyme*
To periſh, whom *ſhe* doth ſo much eſteem:
And puts them, with contrary winds, beſides
The *Place* to which the trayt'rous *Pilot* guides.

101.

Then the baſe MOOR, when he did plainly finde
He could not work the Villany he meant;
Spawning another miſchief in his minde,
And always conſtant to his black intent:
Tells him, that, ſince the waves are ſo unkinde
To put them *by* the *Port* to which they bent,
There lyes another *Iſland* hard before,
Where mixed live the CHRISTIAN, and the MORE.

102.

Likewiſe in *this* the ſhameleſs Villain ly'de
(As his *Inſtructions* were in fine to do)
For not a *Chriſtian-Soul* did there reſide
But *All* of MAHOMET's deteſted Crew.
The *Captain* (who in all believ'd his Guide)
Made a ſhort *task* to bring his ſhips thereto:
But (his *protecting Angel* ſaying, *nay*)
Paſt not the *Bar*, and anchors in the *Bay*.

This

103.

This *Iſle* lay to the *Continent* ſo neer
That a ſmall *Chanel* onely ran between:
In front thereof a *City* did appeer
Upon the Margent of the OCEAN green:
Fair and Majeſtical the *Buildings* were,
At a far diſtance plainly to be ſeen:
Rul'd by an aged *King*. MOMBASSA, all
The *Iſle*; the *Town* too they MOMBASSA call.

104.

And neer the ſame the *Captain* being come
Is much rejoyc't: *There* looking to behold
People, That had receiv'd their *Chriſtendome*,
As the falſe *Pilot* promis'd him he ſhould.
When loe, Boats coming from the *King*, with ſome
Proviſions to the *ſhips*! For *He* was tould
Of ſuch a *Fleet* by BACCHUS long before
Taking the figure of another *More*.

105.

Such the *Proviſions* were, as *Friends* ſend *Friends*,
But there is poyſon hidden in the Baite.
Of *Enemies* their *thoughts* are and their *ends*,
As will be too much manifeſted ſtraight.
"O the perpetual danger which attends
"The lot of Mortals! O uncertain State!
"That, where our truſt ſeems to be anchor'd ſure,
"We are not *ſafe*, although we are *ſecure*.

106.

"By *Sea*; how many *Storms*, how many *Harms*,
"*Death* in how many ſev'ral faſhions dreſt!
"By *Land*; how many *Frauds*, how many *Allarms*,
"Under how many *wants* ſunk, and oppreſt!
"*Where* may a fraile *man* hide him? in what *Arms*
"May a ſhort *life* injoy a little *Reſt*?
"Where *Sea*, and *Land*, where *Guile*, the *Sword*, and *Dearth*,
"Will not *all* arm 'gainſt the leaſt *worm* o'th' *Earth*?

End of the firſt Canto.

Second Canto.

STANZA. 1.

NOw was the glorious *Guilder* of the *Pole*,
Who into *hours* diſtinguiſhes the DAY,
Come to his temp'rate and deſired *Gole*,
From *Mortals* hiding his *celeſtial* Ray;
And GOD NOCTURNUS to deſcending SOL
Of THETYS's private Chamber turn'd the Kay:
When to the *ſhips* the *faithleſs People* row'd
Which were new-anchor'd in MOMBASSA's Road.

2.

Amongſt them *One* (who had it in command
To Sugar o're the poyſon) thus began.
Undaunted *Captain*, That with *Keel* haſt ſpan'd
The ſpaces of the briny OCEAN;
The noble *King* of this renowned *Land*
At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd Man:
The ſum and heighth of whoſe Ambition is,
But to behold and ſerve thee with what's his.

3.

And, for he longs indeed thy Face to ſee,
As *One*'s, whoſe name *Fame* glories to repeat;
Within the *Barr*, without ſuſpition, *Thee*
With all thy *ſhips* to come; he doth intreat.
Alſo, becauſe thy Men muſt wearied beee
Through ſo long Toyle, and ſo exceſſive great,
He ſays, thou maiſt refreſh them on the ſhore
Which *humane Nature* doth delight in more.

4.

Moreover, if thou ſeek for *Merchandize*
Produc't by the Auriferous LEVANT;
Cloves, *Cinnamon*, and other burning *Spyce*;
Or any good or ſalutiferous *Plant*;
Or, if thou ſeek bright *Stones* of endleſs price,
The flaming *Ruby*, and hard *Adamant*:
Hence thou may'ſt *All* in ſuch abundance beare,
That thou may'ſt bound thy *wiſh* and *Voyage* Here.

The

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return
His humble thanks unto the *King*, and ſaid;
Becauſe the Sun already did adjourn
His Royal pleaſure was not ſtreight obayd:
But at the firſt diſcloſing of the *Morn*,
Whereby the *Anchors* might be ſafely weigh'd,
With all aſſurance he would Enter, ſince
He was oblig'd to more for ſuch a *Prince*.

6.

He asks him afterward, if in the *Iſle*
Are CHRISTIANS, as the *Pilot* certify'de;
The ſubtle *Meſſenger*, (who ſmelt the Wile)
Moſt of the *Iſle* believe in CHRIST, reply'de.
With this, all jealouſie he did exile,
And wiſe ſuggeſtion of the ſoul decride
In the ſtrange *Captaine*; Reſting now ſecure,
In a falſe *Nation*, and a *Sect* impure.

7.

Yet, out of ſuch as (having been condemn'd
For faults and horrid miſchiefs done at home)
Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end
For deſp rate ſervices with *Him* to come,
Two of the prime and craftieſt Heads, to ſend
With the deceiptful MOORES, he pick't: By whom
To ſpye the Town, and what their ſtrength might be,
And note thoſe CHRISTIANS, whom he yearns to ſee.

8.

And *He* by *them* ſent preſents to the *King*,
Through which the Friendſhip to himſelf pretended
Might be ſoft, pure, and without wavering,
Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.
Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*
Gone from the ſhips, and through the waves contended.
The two of the *Armada*, with a faign'd
Alacrity, on ſhore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*
The *Preſents*, with the *meſſage*, which they brought,
They walkt the *Town*: But no diſcovering
The half of what to have obſerv'd they thought:
For the ſuſpitious *Moors*, not every thing
Would ſhew to them, which They to ſee beſought.
"Where *malice* reigns, there *Jealouſie* doth neſt,
"Which doth ſuppoſe it in Anothers Breſt.

But

10.

But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*
In his plump Cheeks, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,
And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth;
Who for the *ſhips* ſpun all this ſnare ſo fine;
Diſguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,
Was in a Houſe within the *City*'s *line*,
Feigning himſelf a man of *Chriſtian* lore,
And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore.

11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac't
In which the HOLY SPIRIT did alight:
The picture of the *Dove* (ſo white, ſo chaſt)
On the BLEST VIRGIN'S head, ſo chaſte, ſo white.
The SACRED TWELVE ſate figur'd all aghaſt,
More wondring at *themſelves*, then at the *ſight*;
As *Thoſe*, who knew, what onely did inſpire
Their various *Tongues*, was thoſe *faln* TONGUES OF FIRE.

12.

The two *Companions* (carried by deſign
Where BACCHUS was in this deceitful guize)
Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,
And raiſe their hearts to *Him* That's in the skyes.
Gums of the oderiferous and divine
PANCHAYA; Gums, in which the PHENIX dyes,
LYEUS burnt: from whence it doth inſue,
That the *falſe God* came to adore the *true*.

13.

Here entertained and careſt that night,
With all good Treatment, and Reception fair,
Were the two *Chriſtians*: heedleſs of the ſlight
By which with *holy ſhew* deceiv'd they were.
But when the *Sun* diſplayd his glorious light
(Having diſpatcht before him through the Ayre
Old TYTHON'S youthful Conſort, to proclame
With Bluſhes to the world her *Gallant* came.)

14.

The MOORS return, who to the *City* went,
With Orders from the *King* for entring There:
With them, the Couple whom the *Captain* ſent,
To whom the *King* appear'd a Friend ſincere.
So that (aſſur'd there is no Evil meant
To PORTINGALLS, which he ſhould need to feare,
And that CHRIST hath ſome *Sheep* amongſt thoſe *Wolves*)
To enter the ſalt River he reſolves.

15.

His own ENVOYERS ſay, they ſaw on ſhore
Religious *Altars*, and a holy *Prieſt*;
That they were nobly treated, and did ſnore
Till fair AURORA left her roſie neſt,
Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,
By *King*, or *People*, could they ſee expreſt:
So that to doubt a thing ſo fair, and cleer,
No ground of reaſon did to them appeer.

16.

Therefore the noble GAMA did receive
With open arms the MOORS That came aboard:
For warieſt minds 'tis eaſie to deceive
When words and deeds ſo ſeemingly accord.
His *Ship* is cram'd with faithleſs folk, who leave
The Boats which brought them, ty'de to't with long Cord.
Blithe they are *all*, as Thoſe that underſtand
They have the *Prey* as ſure as in their hand.

17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,
They have on Land prepared ſecretly;
That, when the *Ships* are anchor'd paſt the *Bar*,
They may invade them, bold, and ſuddainly,
And, by this treachery, reſolv'd they are
To ruine Thoſe of LUSUS totally;
Making them (unexpected) to pay, ſo,
The ſcore which they in MOZAMBIQUE owe.

18.

Hoyſting the holding *Anchors*, the ſhips Men
In the accuſtom'd *Nautick* clamour joyn'd.
To thrid the *Barr's Land-marke* they *bord* it then,
Giving the *fore-ſails* onely to the Wind.
But fair DIONE (never abſent, when
The gallant Folk need her in any kind)
Seeing ſo neer ſo cruel a ſurprize,
From HEAV'N to th'OCEAN like an Arrow flyes.

19.

She calls together NEREUS's ſnowy daughters,
With all the azure Flock That haunts the *deeps*;
(For, being born from the ſalt-Sea, the Waters
In her obedience as their *Queen* ſhe keeps)
And, telling them the Cauſe that thither brought her,
With all in Squadrons to that part ſhe ſweeps
Where the *ſhips* are, to warn them come, *no nigh*,
Or they ſhall periſh fundamentally.

Now

20.

Now through the *Ocean* in great haſte they flunder,
Raiſing the white foam with their ſilver Tayles.
CLOTO with boſom breaks the waves in ſunder,
And, with more fury then of cuſtom, ſayles;
NISE runs up an end, NERINE (younger)
Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales:
The crooked *Billows* (yielding) make a lane
For the feard NYMPHS to poſt it through the *Maine*.

21.

Upon a TRITON's back, with kindled Face,
The beauteous ERICYNA furious rode.
He, to whoſe fortune fell ſo great a grace,
Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.
Now were they almoſt come upon the place
Where a ſtiff gale the *warlike Navy* blow'd.
Here they devide, and in an inſtant caſt
Themſelves about the *Ships* advancing faſt.

22.

The *Goddeſs*, with a party of the reſt,
Lays her ſelf plum againſt the *Am'ral's Prow*,
Stopping her progreſs with ſuch main conteſt
That the ſwoln ſayl the Wind in vain doth blow.
To the hard Oak ſhe rivets her ſoft Breſt,
Forcing the ſtrong *ſhip* back again to go.
Others (beleagu'ring) lift it from the Wave,
It from the *Bar* of *Enemies* to ſave.

23

As to their *Store-Houſe* when the Houſwife *Ants*,
Carrying th'unequal Burthens plac't with ſlight
To their ſmall ſhoulders (leſt cold *Winter's* wants
Surprize them helpleſs) exerciſe their might;
This tugs, *that* ſhoves, *one* runs, *another* pants;
Strength far above their ſize, they *All* unite:
So toyl the *Nymphs*, to ſnatch and to defend
The men of LUSUS from a diſmal end.

24.

The *ſhip* (inforced *contre*) goes back, back,
In ſpight of thoſe ſhe carries, who with *Cries*
Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack;
From ſide to ſide the ſhifted *Rudder* flyes.
The skillful *Maſter* from the *Poop* doth crack
His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he ſpyes
A horrid Rock juſt juſt before the *Ship*,
Threatning a Wreck ſhould ſhe advance a ſtep.

25.

Here the rude ſaylors raiſe a *Cry* indeed,
As they are buſie at their work. The MORE
This hideous clamour ſtrikes with ſuch a dread,
As when in horrid fight the *Cannons* roar.
From *them* the cauſe of all this fury's hid:
Nor whom t'approach know *They*, or what t'implore.
They think their *treacherie* is made appeer,
And that for *it* they muſt be puniſht heer.

26.

Loe! in the twinckling of an Eye ſome dart
Themſelves into their ſpeedy Boats agin:
Others betake them to their ſwimming Art,
Making the Sea leap up as they plump in.
They vaut o're the ſhip-ſides from ev'ry part,
So mainly are they frighted with the dyn:
Advent'ring rather to the OCEAN, ſo,
Then to the hands of a provoked *Foe*.

27.

As *Froggs* (in ancient Ages *Lycian-Folkes*,
Confin'd to live in *Water*, they deny'de)
If, basking heedleſs on the Banks, or Rocks,
Some *Perſon* on the ſuddain they have ſpy'de,
Skip back again, and fill the *Pond* with croakes,
Flying the danger which they have deſcride;
And (ſcaping to their *Sanctuary* known)
Shew above Water their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the MOORS. And ſo the *Pilot* (who
To this great peril had miſled the *Ships*)
Thinking *his* Treaſon was diſcovered too,
Into the briny water, flying, skips.
But that fixt *Rock* to ſcape and to exchue,
Which the ſweet life might drive out of their lipps,
The *Admiral* threw ſtreight an anchor out;
And cloſe to her the others likewiſe do't.

29.

Th'obſerving GAMA, ſeeing the great fright
And unexpected of the MOORS; withal
The *Pilot*s ſuddain and accuſing flight,
Found what the bruitiſh Folke hatcht in their gall:
And ſeeing, how in ſpight of *wind*, in ſpight
Of *Tyde* (both with him) and in ſpight of all
Their *Art*, the *Ship* would not advance a *head*
(Holding it for a miracle) thus ſed.

30.

O great, undreamt of, ſtrange *deliverance!*
O *Miracle* moſt cleer and evident!
O *fraud* diſcover'd by blind *Ignorance!*
O faithleſs *Foes*, and *Men* devliſhly bent!
"What *Care*, what *Wiſdom*, is of ſuffiſance
"The ſtroake of *Secret* miſchief to prevent,
"Unleſs the SOV'RAIGN GUARDIAN from on *high*
"Supply the ſtrength of frail *Humanity?*

31.

Well into Us hath PROVIDENCE infus'd
What little ſafety in *theſe* Ports is known:
Well have we found how much we were abus'd
With *ſhows* of *Friendſhip*, and *Religion.*
But ſince to *humane Prudence* is refus'd
To pierce *intents*, and where ſuch *masks* are on;
O thou (GUARDIAN DIVINE) to guard *Him* daigne,
Who without *Thee* doth guard *himſelfe* in vain.

32.

And ſince *thy* heart is toucht with ſo great Ruth
For a poor People wandring on the Seas,
As of thy goodneſs (whence alone it doth
Proceed) to ſave us from ſuch *Wolves* as theſe;
Unto ſome *Haven* now, where there is *Truth*,
Reſolve to lead us for a little Eaſe;
Or ſhew us to the long deſired *Coaſt*,
If for thy honour we deſire it moſt.

33.

Theſe *pious* words the fair DIONE heard
And (to compaſſion being mov'd thereby)
Goes from among the NYMPHS, who ſad appear'd
That they muſt looſe ſo ſoon her company.
Now doth ſhe pierce the *Stars*; now in the *therd*
Sphere, ſhe is entertain'd: whence by and by
(Having repos'd her) ſhe doth forward move
Towards the *Sixt*, where is her Father JOVE.

34.

And (ruffled with her motion) *now* ſo fair,
So freſh, ſo gay, ſo lovely is her *looke*;
That *Starrs*, and *Heav'n*, and circumfuſed *Ayre*,
And *All* That ſee her are with paſſion took.
Her *Eyes* (the Neſts of CUPID whom *ſhe* bare)
Breath'd ſuch quick *ſpirits*, and ſuch *fire* they ſtrook;
They burn the *World* again like PHAETON,
And to the *torrid* turn the *frigid Zone.*

35.

And (to bewitch her *Sov'raign Sire* the more,
Whoſe *dearling* ſhe was always, and his *joy*.)
She comes to JOVE, as ſhe had done of yore
In the *Idean* Grove to *Him* of TROY.
The *Huntſman* who the *Horns* (transformed) wore,
For ſeeing thus that other GODDESS coy;
Had he ſeen *this*, had ne're been torn aſunder
By his own *doggs*: But di'de of *love*, and *wonder*.

36.

The golden *Treſſes* on her *ſhoulders* fell,
Whoſe whiteneſs ſmuts the Fleece of nnfaln Snow:
Her *Breaſts* (and thoſe ev'n their own milk excel)
Playd with by unſeen CUPID, trembling go:
Her *Ceſto*'s white doth mounting flames expel,
Which, that *Boy* kindling, thoſe white *bellows* blow:
Of this fair *Pyle* the *Pillars* ſmooth, and round,
Deſires, like *Ivy*, have about them wound.

37.

Thoſe parts, of which *Shame* is the natural Screen,
In a thin Veile of Sarcenet ſhe doth fold;
Not wholly *ſhewd*, nor wholly left *unſeen*,
Not *Prodigal*, nor *niggard*, of *that* Gold.
But this tranſparent Curtain draws between,
To double the deſire, by being control'd.
Now HEAV'N is fill'd with *jealouſie*, and *love*:
This mov'd in MARS, in VULCAN that did move.

38

And then, diſcov'ring in her Angels face
A *Sadneſs* temper'd with a little ſmile,
Like ſome nice *Dame*, who by the rude embrace
Of heedleſs *Lover* got a bruiſe, or ſoyl;
She's *pleas'd* and *angry* in one inſtant ſpace,
And one while *chides*, and *laughs* another while:
So ſpake the GODDESS who admits no *Peer*
Leſs *ſad*, then *Minion*, to her *Father* deer.

39.

O *pow'rful Father*, I had always thought
That, for ſuch things on which my heart were ſet,
Kinde I ſhould finde thee, affable, and ſoft,
Though ſome *Oppoſer* ſhould the ſame regret.
But ſince I ſee, without neglect, or fault
Of mine, thy love is bated in the heat;
What remedy? let BACCHUS have his will:
In fine, *his* luck was *good*, and *mine* is *ill*.

This

40.

This *People* (who are *mine*, for whom I pore
Theſe tears out, which I ſee in vain diſtill)
The more I *love*, I ſeem to *hate* the more;
Thou being reſolv'd to break me of my will.
For *Them* I weep to thee, for *them* implore,
And 'gainſt my *Fate* in fine am fighting ſtill.
Well then, becauſe I *love* them they're miſus'd,
I'l *hate* them, then they will be better us'd.

41.

But let them dye by bruitiſh Peoples hands;
For ſince *I* was —— and heer with pearly drops
(As when the *morning*'s-*dew* on *Roſes* ſtands)
Making a ſalt *Parentheſis*, ſhe ſtops:
As if her words obey'd not her commands,
Through melting pity of the mens miſhaps.
Then (going to proceed where ſhe gave o're)
The mighty THUND'RER lets her ſay no more.

42.

And, mov'd by that dumb *Rhet'rick* (which would move
A *Tygers* flinty Breaſt) with the ſame *Face*
Of cheerfulneſs, with which he doth remove
The Clowds from *that* of HEAV'N, and Tempeſts chace,
He wipes her Tears, and (kindling with new love)
Kiſſes her *Cheek*, her white *Neck* doth embrace.
Who, had he hated PORTUGAL before,
Would now have lov'd it meerly on *her* ſcore.

43.

And (preſſing her *lov'd* face with *his*) SHE burſt
Into freſh Tears, and faſter then before:
As when, a child being beat by mother curſt,
The more one moans it, it will ſob the more.
Now, to allay this Paſſion, He is forc't
To tell her much which he till then forbore:
And, with theſe words, out of the ſecret womb
Of pregnant FATE, rips many things to come.

44.

Fair *daughter* mine, fear no adverſitie
Which to thy LUSITANIANS may betide;
Nor *Any*, to have greater pow'r with *me*
Then the ſweet Tears which from theſe cleer *Springs* glide
For, let me tell thee (*daughter*) thou ſhalt ſee
Both GREEKS and ROMANS (ſo much magnify'de)
Forfeit their *ancient Honours* by the *New*
Acts, which this *People* in the *Eaſt* ſhall do.

For

45.

For if the *Eloquent* ULYSSES fled,
The SIRENS Song, and dire CALYPSO's ſpell;
And if ANTENOR with his ſhip did thred
Th'*Illyrian-Sleeve*, and reacht TIMAVUS's *Well*;
And if 'twixt SCYLLA, and CHARIBDIS dread,
Pious ENEAS with his *Navy* fell:
How much worſe dangers paſs *Thine* dayly over,
Who, ſayling round the *world*, new *worlds* diſcover?

46.

Thou ſhalt ſee (*daughter*) *Cities*, and ſtrong *Ports*,
And lofty *Walls*, which *Theſe* ſhall build, and found;
Thou ſhalt ſee warlike TURKS, and *their* proud *Forts*,
By *Theſe* deſtroy'd and level'd with the ground:
The INDIAN KINGS (ſecure in their free *Courts*)
By a more potent KING Thou ſhalt ſee bound.
He, in concluſion holding *All* in awe,
Unto that LAND ſhall give a *better* Law.

47.

This very *Man*, who *now*, through ſo much fright
And miſty Errour, ſtumbles to the YND,
Thou ſhalt ſee NEPTUNE tremble at his ſight,
Curling his waves without a breath of wind.
O wonderful, nor ſeen by mortal Wight,
The *Winds* lockt up, and yet a *Storm* to find:
O valiant *People*, and for great things made,
Who makes the ELEMENTS themſelves afraide.

48.

That LAND, which *water* late to *Him* deny'de,
Thou ſhalt behold it a commodious *Port*,
Where in their way to reſt them ſhall abide
The *Ships* that (weary) from the WEST reſort.
All this wyl'd *Coaſt* in fine (which *now* hath try'de
By wicked trechery to cut him ſhort)
Shall pay him *Tribute*; knowing they muſt down,
If they withſtand the LUSITANIAN CROWN.

49.

And Thou ſhalt ſee the ERYTHREAN, loſe
It's native *red*, and *pale* with Terrour look:
And ſee the potent *Kingdom* of ORMUS'E
Twice taken, *twice* ſubdu'de unto their yoak:
And ſee the furious MOOR ſtand in a Muze
With his *reverberated* Arrows ſtrook:
That he may learn, if againſt *Thine* he fight;
His Treacherie on his *own* pate ſhall light.

The

50.

The famous *Fort* of DIO Thou ſhalt ſee,
Being twice beſieg'd, thy People *twice* defend.
There will their proweſs manifeſted be,
There will their name in *Arms* to HEAV'N extend,
There will they bring great MARS under their *Lee*
With deeds which, told, would ſet the Hayr on end.
There will the falling MOOR blaſpheming ban,
And dam with his laſt breath the ALCORAN.

51.

Thou ſhalt ſee GOA taken from the MOOR,
GOA, That by her loſs at laſt ſhall gain;
When, on the wings of Conqueſt made to ſoare,
Shee, as the QUEEN OF ALL THE EAST ſhall raign.
The ſtubborn GENTILES (who the *Sun* adore)
High and triumplant *then*, ſhe ſhall reſtrain
With a rough *Bitt*, and *All* who in that LAND
Againſt *thy* People dare to lift a Hand.

52.

Slenderly mann'd, and in poor order put;
Thou ſhalt ſee held the *Fort* of CANANOWR;
And ſhalt ſee won the *City*. CALICUT,
In *People* infinite, boundleſs in pow'r;
And in COCHIN ſhalt ſee ſuch honor got
By *one*, ſhall ſtand in battail like a Tow'r,
That never *Lyre* a *Victor* did reſound,
Who ſo deſerv'd to be with Lawrel crown'd.

53.

Never was ſo LEUCATE of a flame
With ſhocking *Fleets*, when gilding with their Trim
The *Actian* waves) *Hence* young OCTAVIUS came,
Bringing *Italian* pow'rs along with *Him*;
Thence ANTHONY (with a freſh *Victor*'s name
Barbarians from the ORIENT, from NYLE's brim,
And from the fartheſt BACTRIA; and (the bane
Of *All*!) th'*Egyptian Miſtreſs* in the Traine.

54.

As thou ſhalt ſee the *Sea*, and neighb'ring *Shores*,
Fire with *thy* Peoples Battails. Who, in bands
Shall *coupled* lead IDOLATERS with *Mores*
(Triumphing over many *Tongues* and *Lands*)
And (GOLDEN CHERSONESUS's pretious ſtores
To fartheſt CHINA conquer'd by their hands
With the EAST's outmoſt Iſlands, in the end
Make all the OCEAN to their TAGUS bend.

55.

In ſo much (daughter *mine*) that, at the rate
This *Nation*'s valour paſſes humane bound,
The WORLD hath not to match them in debate,
From ſilver GANGES, to th'HERCULEAN SOUND;
Nor, from the *Northern Ocean*, to that *ſtraight*
Which the *affronted* LUSITANIAN found;
Though all the ancient HERO's (deifide)
Should riſe again to have the *maſtry* try'de.

56.

This having ſaid, his *conſecrated Poaſt*
(The ſon of MAY) down to the *Earth* he ſends,
To finde ſome peaceful *Port* upon that *Coaſt*
Where the *Armada* may repoſe with Frends.
And (leſt the valiant *Captain* ſhould be loſt,
If longer time he at MOMBASSA ſpends)
He gives his *Legate* farther in command
To ſhew him in his ſleep that friendly *Land*.

57.

Now ſwift CYLLENIUS cuts it through the *Ayre*:
Now to the *Earth* his winged feet declin'd.
Badge of his office, *the black Rod* he bare:
This HELL's ſad Pris'ners doth releaſe, and *bind*:
This lays aſleep the Eye oppreſt with *Care*:
Whisking with *this* he doth outſtrip the *Wind*:
His *Hat of maintenance* upon his Crown:
And thus he comes into MELINDE's Town.

58.

With him he carries FAME, that *ſhe* may tell
The *Luſitanian* proweſs, and rare parts:
"For an illuſtrious *Name* is a ſtrange *Spell*
"To attract *Love*, and *good Report* hath darts.
Thus he prepares their way with a ſweet ſmell,
And takes up *lodgings* in the Peoples *hearts*.
Now all MELINDE is on fire, to ſee
What kind of men theſe valiant ſouls ſhould bee.

59.

From *thence* he parteth to MOMBASSA ſtraight,
Where, what to do, the *Ships* uncertain ſtand;
To bid them, without queſtion or debate,
Leave that Foes Harbour, and ſuſpected *Land*.
"For wicked plottings of infernal hate
"In vain are Force and Courage to withſtand:
"In vain, to extricate our ſelves, is *Wit*,
"If HEAV'N do not both prompt, and ſecond, *it*.

Now

60.

Now ſable NIGHT had finiſht half her Race,
And in the *Heav'n* the *Stars* with borrow'd light
Supply'd the *Moon*'s, as *She* her *Brother*'s, place;
And ſleeping now was *Mortals* whole delight.
Th'illuſtrious *Captain* (who had all that ſpace
Been kept awake about the laſt day's fright)
Gave then to his tyr'd Eys a little ſleep:
The reſt by *Quarters* did their *Watches* keep:

61.

When in a *Viſion* he did HERMES ſee.
And fly (*he bid him*) LUSITANIAN fly
The Ambuſh of a *wicked* King, which Hee
Hath laid, to make thee yet obſcurely dye:
Fly, for the wind and Heav'n *Both* favour Thee.
Thou haſt the *Ocean* calm, ſerene the *skye*,
And not far of another *King*, to frend,
On whoſe reality thou mayſt depend.

62.

Look for no better entertainment *here*,
Then what was giv'n by THRACIAN DIOMED;
Whoſe Horſes (us'd to bloody Provendere)
He with the Bodies of his *ſtrangers* fed.
Th'infamous Altars of BUSIRIS (where
His Gueſts inhumane *humane offrings* bled)
Unleſs thou quit it, look for in this place:
Fly a perfidious and a cruel Race.

63

Steer ſtraight alongſt the *Coaſt*, and thou ſhalt light
Upon a Countrey where more *Truth* reſides;
Cloſe there, where burning SOL at conſtant hight
The *night* and *day* with equal *line* divides.
Then ſhall a *King* receive with much delight
Thee, and thy *men*; and give to you (beſides
Safety, and Treatment worthy of a *King*)
One, who the *Fleet* ſhall unto INDIA bring.

64.

Thus HERMES; and the *Captain* (parting) woke.
He, rowz'd out of his Neſt in a great fright,
Perceives the circumfuſed darkneſs broke
With a ſhot *Ray* and *ſtream* of *divine light*.
And (ſeeing it imports *Him*, and his *Folke*,
From that infamous LAND to take their flight)
Commands the *Maſter*, with a ſpirit new,
To hoyſe the ſayles unto the Wind that blew.

65.

Set ſayl (he cride) ſet *ſaile* to the large Wind:
Heav'n is our Guide, and GOD our courſe directs.
Theſe Eys ſaw the *Expreſs*, he was ſo kind
To ſend from his high *Court* to guard our ſteps:
At this, the *Mariners* before, behind,
As with one motion ſpring upon the Decks.
They towe the Anchors in to the ſhip-ſide
With that rude ſtrength which is the *Sea-mans* pride.

66.

The ſelf-ſame time they did their Anchors weigh,
(Hid in the mask of night) the trech'rous MORE
Sawing their Cables huſht and ſilent lay,
So to deſtroy them being run aſhore.
The CHRISTIANS (though there ſhone not the leaſt Ray,
Yet) in their heads the Eyes of *Lynces* wore.
The *other*, finding how they were awake,
With *Wings*, and not with *Oares*, away did make.

67.

But now did the ſharp *Keels* go cutting through
The liquid *Element* of ſilver pure:
The *Wind* ('twas a *ſide-wind*) gently it blew
With motion calm, and ſteddy, and ſecure.
Diſcourſing, on their dangers paſt they chew
As they ſayl on: for 'tis not eaſie ſure.
To paſs in ſilence a *deliverance*
So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning *Sun* had finiſht *one* Career,
Began *another*, of his *annual* Race;
When, as far off as they could *ken*, appeer
Two *Veſſels* creeping on the Water's face.
Knowing they muſt be MOORS, who coaſt it there,
Forthwith ours *veer* their *Sayles* to give *thoſe* chace.
One (as more nimble, or as frighted more)
To ſave her *People* ran *herſelf* aſhore.

69.

Her *Fellow* (not ſo light to make away)
Into the hands of thoſe of LUSUS falls,
Without or MARS to board her; or, to play
On her bruiz'd ſides black VULCANS horrid Balls:
For (ſhe being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)
At ſight of his own Men the *Maſter* falls.
His *courage*, and his *ſayles* (His wiſeſt courſe)
Had he reſiſted, he had far'd the vvorſe.

Then

70

Then GAMA (who did this but to procure
A *Pilot* for the INDIES ſo long ſought)
Amongſt thoſe MOORS thought to have found one ſure,
But found he was deceived in that thought.
There's not a man of *them*, That can aſſure
Under what part 'tis of the *heavnly* Vault.
This *All* can tell him; That MELINDE's nigh,
Where he may finde a *Pilot* certainly.

71.

The *goodneſs* of that KING the MOORS extol,
His *bounteous* nature, and his Breaſt *ſincere*,
The *greatneſs* like the *goodneſs* of his *Soule*,
With other *parts*, which win him *love*, and feare.
The *Captain* eaſily believes the whole,
Concurring with that very *Charactere*.
HERMES had given in his ſleep before:
So goes, bid by the *dream*, and by the MORE.

72.

That gladſome ſeaſon 'twas, in which returns
Into EUROPA's *Raviſher* the *Sun*;
Putting new lights in *both* his gilded Horns
Whilſt FLORA pours out AMALTHEA's *one*.
And now that glorious *Planet* turn'd the *Morn*'s
Red finger, to that *moving Feaſt*; whereon
HE, who was *dead* the ſoul-ſick *world* to heal,
To it's *Redemption* roſe to put the *Seal*:

73.

When, to that diſtance from the which their Eys
Might reach MELINDE, the *Armada* came;
Adorn'd with *Tapiſtrie* triumphant-wiſe,
As that *day*'s *holineſs* it well became.
The *Standart* trembles, and the *Streamer* flyes,
The Scarlet-*Waſt-cloaths* at a diſtance flame,
The *Drums* and *Timbrels* ſound. Thus they that BAR,
Like CHRISTIANS enter, and like MEN OF WAR.

74.

With *People* hid is the *Melindian* ſhore,
That come to ſee the joyful *Fleet*. More kind
Are *Theſe*, more *humane*, and of *truth* have more,
Then *Thoſe* of *all* the *Countreys* left behind.
The *Luſitanian Navy* drops, before,
The heavy *Anchors*, which faſt rooting find.
One, of the MOORS they took, is ſent on *Land*:
To let the KING their coming underſtand.

The

75.

The KING (who was already by report
Of thoſe of LUSUS's gallantry poſſeſt)
The *Captain*'s ſo frank entrie in his *Port*
Takes as a favour from ſo brave a Gueſt:
And with *true* heart, and in moſt *courteous* ſort
(*Both* individual from a *noble* Breſt)
Bids the man pray them much to come on *Land*,
Where they ſhall have his *Realms* at their command.

76.

Th'*offer* as real *is* as it appears,
The *words* full of unfeign'd *Sinceritie*,
Which the KING ſent the noble *Cavaleers*,
Who had paſt ſo much *Land*, and ſo much *Sea*.
He ſends them more, *Live-ſheep* aboard, fat *Steers*,
And *Poultry* cram'd by Houſwifes induſtrie,
With all ſuch *Fruit* as then in ſeaſon was:
And the *good will* the *Preſent* did ſurpaſs.

77.

The well-pleas'd *Moor*, who with this *Errand* went,
The *Captain* pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;
And inſtantly another *Preſent* ſent
Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:
Illuſtrious *Scarlet* (colour of content)
Brancht *Coral* fine, for *Nobles* greatly ſought:
Of double nature under water ſoft
And *velvet-horn'd*, *hard-pen'd* when 'tis aloft.

78

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' *Arabick-Tongue*,
To treat a firm *League* with the ROYAL MORE,
Excuſing him he did not leave his ſtrong
And lofty *Ships*, to kiſs his hand on ſhore.
Unto the noble KING, led through a Throng
Preſents himſelf the fit *Ambaſſadore*;
And with theſe words (which PALLAS herſelf dips
In her own *Nectar*) diſunites his lips.

79.

Moſt high and mighty King, to *whom* the pure
And incorrupted JUSTICE from Above
Gave, to reſtrain the rough and haughty MOOR;
Nor more to *force* his *Feare*, then *win* his love:
As to the ſtrongeſt *Port*, and moſt ſecure
Of all the EAST, Hither we flye; to prove
What FAME reports, and find in *It* and *Thee*,
A *certain* Port in our neceſſitie.

80.

We are not Men, who, ſpying a weak *Town*
Or careleſs, as we paſs along the ſhore;
Murther the *Folks*, and burn the *Houſes* down,
To make a *booty* of their thirſted ſtore:
But (by a KING we have, of high renown,
Sent from fair EUROPE, never to give o're
Our compaſſing the *World*, till we have found
The wealthy INDIA) thither are we bound.

81.

How *ſtony* yet ſome Race of People was!
What *barb'rous* guize! what ſtile of a *Man-Hater!*
To bar not their *Ports* onely (let that paſs)
But the cold *Hoſpitalitie* of *Water*!
To whom have *we* done wrong? wherein (alas!)
Have *we* diſcover'd ſuch a *ſavage* nature,
To make ſo *many* of ſo *few* afraid?
That *Traps* and *Pitfals* ſhould for *us* be made.

82.

But *Thou* (O gracious KING) from whom, to have
True dealing we are *ſure*; and *hope*, we may
That certain help too, which ALCINOUS gave
Unto the wandring *Prince* of ITHACA:
To Thee ſecure we come, as boldly crave
Of Thee, conducted by the *Son* of MAY:
For, ſince JOVES Harbinger was *ours*; 'tis cleare,
Thy *Heart* is *large*, is *humane*, is *ſincere*.

83.

Nor think (O KING) our noble *Chiefe* declin'd
Coming, to ſee and ſerve thee perſonally,
For any thing he ſcrupled of unkind;
Or hollow dealing poſſible in *Thee*:
But the true reaſon, why he ſtayd behind,
Was, that in *all* he might obedient be
Unto *his* KING; who gave him this command
In *Port*, or *Roade*, never to go on Land.

84.

And, becauſe *ſubjects* are the ſelf-ſame Thing
With *Members* governed by the *Head*, or *Crown*;
Thou, bearing here the *Office* of a KING,
Wouldſt not that *Any* diſobey'd his own.
But, he doth promiſe an *acknowledging*
Of thy great *Grace* and *favours* now beſtown,
With *all* That can by *Him* and *His* be done,
So long as *Rivers* to the *Sea* ſhall run.

Thus

85.

Thus He *harangu'd*: And, with one Voice, the whole
Preſence (comparing notes there where they ſtand)
The matchleſs courage of the *men* extol,
Who traverſe ſo much *Sea* and ſo much *Land*.
But the wiſe KING (revolving in *his* Soul
The PORTINGALLS's obedience to command)
In Scales of *wonder* and of *rev'rence* weigh'd
A KING, who ſo far off could be obeyd.

86.

Then anſwers (gracious) with a Brow ſerene
Th *Ambaſſadour*, to whom inclin'd he ſeem'd.
Wipe all ſuſpition from your Boſoms cleane;
Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or teem'd:
For ſuch your *worths* are, and your *deeds* have been,
To make you over all the *world* eſteem'd.
And *They* who injur'd *you*, We will be bold,
Know not what price *Vertue* and *Honor* hold.

87.

That all your People do not come on ſhore
Obſerving the reſpect due to our *Port*,
Though in our *own* regard it grieve us ſore,
Yet our eſteem of *them* is greater for't.
For if *your Rules* permit it not, no more
Shall *we* permit, that (onely to comport
With *our deſires*) ſuch *loyal* excellence
Should loſe it ſelf, or ſuffer Violence.

88.

But when to morrows light ſhall come, to *greet*
And *ſhew*, the WORLD; with our own Barges, *Wee*
Shall go in perſon to the warlike *Fleet*,
Which we ſo many days have long'd to ſee.
And if it need any convenience meet,
Through ſhatt'ring ſtorms, and keeping long at Sea,
A *Pilot* it may have, and *Victuals* here,
And *Ammunition*, with intention cleere.

89.

This was his language, And LATONA's Boy
Into the *Ocean* div'd. The *Meſſenger*
(Returning with this *Embaſſie* of joy)
To the *Armada* rows with merry cheer.
Out of all Breaſts is baniſht black Annoy,
Seeing the proper remedie is here
To find the *Land* whereof they ſayl in queſt:
So all that night they keep a double *Feaſt*.

There

90.

There wants not *there* the *artificial ſtar*
Like trembling *Comet* (nor leſs cauſe of wonder)
The *Gunners* do *their* Part, making the *Ayre*,
Water, and *Earth*, reſound with *Mortalls*'s Thunder.
The CYCLOPPS (practiſing for t'other War
On JOVE) with *Bullets* rend the *Clowds* in ſunder.
others on lofty *Cornets* (ſinging) playd:
And *Theſe* with *Muſick* did the SPHEARES invade.

91.

They anſwer from the *ſhore* at the ſame time
With *Squibs* that crack amongſt the Rout: In gyres
The whizzing *Vapours* up to HEAVEN climbe:
Th'impriſon'd Powder with a bounce expires:
Heaven's brazen Vault ecchoes the Voyces's chyme:
The *Sea*'s cleer Glaſs reflects the joyful fires:
The *Earth* is not behind them. In this ſort
Both ſport in earneſt, and *Both* fight in ſport.

92.

But *now* the reſtleſs *Heav'n*, wheeling about,
To their day-labours mortals doth incite;
And MEMNON'S mother (fair APPOLLO'S ſcout)
Sets bounds to ſleep by her arriving light;
With her approach dull ſhadows, Put to rout,
In a cold ſweat upon the Flowers light;
When the MELINDIAN KING (embarqued) plide
To ſee the *Ships* That in his Harbour *ride*.

93

The ſhores are crown'd with people (of a fire
To be *Spectators onely* of the *ſhow*)
The *Scarlet* Coates flame with the *dye* of TYRE:
The gloſſie *Silks* with all *May*'s flow'rs do blow.
Inſtead of *Arrows* (part of *Warr*'s Attire)
And of the horn'd *Moon*-imitating *Bow*;
Palm in their *hands*, in ſign of *Peace*, they bear:
Which on their *Heads* victorious HEROES wear.

94.

In a *Canôe* (which was both long and broad,
And gliſſend in the Sun with *Cov'rings*, made
Of mixed *Silks*) MELINDE'S KING is row'd:
Wayted by *Princes* 'mongſt their own obay'd.
In rich *Attire* (according to the *mode*
And cuſtom of that Land) he comes arayd.
Upon his Head he weares a *Terbant*, roll'd,
Of *ſilk* and *Cotton*, with a CROWN of *gold*.

95.

A *Roabe*, of *Scarlet-damask*, (high-extold
By Them, and worth the wearing of a KING)
About his *Neck* a Collar of pure *gold*:
The *work* worth twice the ſubſtance of the Thing.
A *Velvet* ſheath a *dagger* keen did hold,
With *Diamond*-hilt, hang'd by a *golden* ſtring.
Sandals of *Velvet* on his Feet he wore,
With *gold* and *pearl* imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're *Him* a round Silk-*Canopy* he had
Advanc't aloft upon a *gilded* Pole;
With which a *Boy* behind to *burn* forbad
Or *trouble* the Great KING, the beams of SOL.
Muſick ith'Prow, ſo *merry* that 'twas *mad*,
Grating the Eare with a harſh noiſe. The whole
Conſort, is onely crooked Horns, wreath'd round,
Which keep no time, but make a diſmal ſound.

97.

No leſs adorn'd, the LUSITANIAN
From the *Armada* in his *Boats* doth dance,
To meet *Him* of MELINDE with a Train
Whom *much* their *cloaths*, but *more* their *deeds* advance:
GAMA comes clad after the uſe of SPAIN,
But wears a Caſſock *ala mode de France*:
The *Stuff*, a *Florence-Satin*; and the *dye*,
A perfect *Crimſon*, glorious in *their* Eye.

98.

The *Sleeves* have *golden* Loops, which the Sun-ſhine
Makes too too bright and ſlippry for the Eyes:
His cloſe *Camp-Trowzes* lac't with the *ſame myne*,
Which *Fortune* to ſo many men denyes:
Poynts likewiſe of the *ſame*, and *Tagging* fine,
With which his *Doublet* to his *Hoſe* he tyes.
A *Sword* of maſſive *Gold*, in *Hanger* tyde:
A *Cap* and *Plume*; the *Cap* ſet *a toe ſide*.

99.

Mong'ſt his *Camrades*, the noble *Tyrian dye*
(Not *livry-wiſe*, but) ſparcled here, and there,
The ſev'ral *Colours* recreate the Eye:
So do the diffrent *Faſhions* which they weare.
Such their inamel'd *Cloathes* Varietie
(Compriz'd in one ſurvey) as doth appear
The painted *Bow*, in *water-colours* laid,
Of JUNOS Minion, the *Thaumantian* Mayd.

The

100.

The ratling *Trumpets*, *now*, their joy augment
As, *other times*, they had their courage done.
The *Mooriſh* Boats cover'd the Sea, and went
Sweeping the Water with their ſilks Anon.
The *Clowds* of HEAV'N the thund'ring *Cannon* rent,
And with new *Clowds* of *Smoak* put out the *Sun*.
Before the *Blow* the winged lightning flies:
The MOORS's *hands* ſtop their *Eares*, the *lids* their *Eyes*.

101.

Into the *Captain*'s Boate the KING doth come
(Folding him in his Arms) And He again
With ſuch reſpect and rev'rence, as become,
Doth both receive, and ſpeak unto, the KING.
A while with wonder and Amazement, dumb,
The MOOR on GAMA ſtands conſidering,
As He That highly doth eſteem the Man
Who came ſo far to ſeek the *Indian* Stran.

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of whate're
To do him good his *Kingdom* can afford;
And that he freely would demand it *there*
As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboard.
Adds, though till now he ſaw the LUSIANS ne're
Yet he from FAME had heard much of their SWORD;
And how, in other *Parts* of AFFRICA,
They have had wars with People of *his* way.

103.

And how through all that ſpacious LAND reſown
The glorious *Actions* of that NATION,
When they therein did gain that *Kingdom*'s *Crown*,
Where the HESPERIDES of old did won.
And *moſt* of That, which to the KING was known
(Although the leaſt the PORTINGALLS had done)
He ſpread out thin in words, and magnifide:
But to the KING de GAMA thus reply'de.

104.

O great and gracious KING, who doſt (alone)
The *Luſitanian* People's ſad eſtate,
(By NEPTUNE's rage, and *adverſe Fortune*, thrown
Into ſo many ſtreights) Commiſerate:
The KING OF KINGS (who, from th'eternal *Throne*,
Turning HEAV'N round, did the round *Earth* create,
Since *Mercy* is his chiefeſt Attribute)
Reward thee for it, for *We* cannot do't.

105.

Thou onely, of all Thoſe APOLLO blacks,
In peace receiv'ſt us from the Ocean vaſt:
In *Thee*, from peril of *Eolian* Wracks,
We find a *Refuge* kind, ſyncere, and faſt.
Whilſt the *Sun* lights, whilſt *Night* his preſence lacks,
In HEAV'N's blew *Meade* whilſt *Stars* take their repaſt,
Where're *I* go, in either *Hemiſphere*,
Thy *Name*, and *Praiſes*, ſhall be ſounded there.

106.

This humbly ſaid, towards the *Fleet* they row,
(The KING requeſting that he *now* may ſee't).
Ship after *Ship* about it round they go:
That he of *All* may note *all* he thinks meet.
Lame VULCAN walks on *Lynſtocks* to and fro,
With which the *Guns* ſalute him from the *Fleet*.
The *Trumpets* play unto him in ſhril notes:
The MOORS with *Cornets* anſwer from the *Boates*.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had ceaſt to Noate
All That he would, nor heard with little wonder
Th'unuſual *Inſtrument* with the wide Throate
That ſpeaks ſo big, and tears the Clowds in ſunder;
He bids them (in the *Sea* anch'ring the *Boate*)
Suſpend their *Oars*, as they had done their *thunder*:
That he may know *at large* of brave DE GAME
Thoſe things, which *lightly* he had heard from FAME.

108.

The MOOR doth into ſev'ral queſtions run,
With *guſt* inquiring, ſometimes of the great
And famous *Wars* between our NATION,
And *Thoſe* who do believe in MAHOMET.
Now of the LAND we dwell in, which the *Sun*
Bids laſt *good night*, when he makes haſt to ſet;
Now, of the NATIONS which therewith confine;
Now of *his* ploughing through the *Gulphs* of *Brine*.

109.

But rather, valiant *Captain* (quoth the KING)
Make us a full and orderly *narration*
Under what *Part* of the CELESTIAL RING,
Under what *Clyme* ye have your Habitation;
Alſo your ancient *Generation*'s ſpring,
And, of a REALM ſo potent the Foundation;
With the ſucceſſes of your *Warrs*: For (though
I know them not) that they were vaſt I know.

Tell

110

Tell us beſides, of all that tedious *maze*
Through which thou haſt been toſt with angry ſtaws
On the ſalt *Seas*, obſerving the ſtrange ways
Of our rude AFFRICK, and the *barb'rous* Laws.
Tell; For the *Horſe* of the new *Sun*, the DAY'S
Imbroydered *Coaſts* with golden *traces* draws,
Poſtilion'd by the MORN: The *Wind's* aſleep,
And the curſt *Billowes* couch upon the DEEP.

111.

And if the *Winds* and *Seas* are huſht, to hear
The *ſtory* thou ſhalt tell: no leſs are *Wee*.
Who would not lend *your* Acts a *greedy* Eare?
Who hath not heard of LUSUS's Progenie?
SOL (who the Brain of *man* doth purge and cleer)
Drives not his *Coach* thus nigh us as you ſee,
To have MELINDIANS thought ſo dull a *Breed*,
As not to value an *Heroick* deed.

112.

A daring War the haughty GYANTS made
Upon OLYMPUS permanent and pure:
Raſh THESEUS, and PERITHOUS, did invade
Grim PLUTO's Kingdom horrid and obſcure.
If ſuch *high Boys* as theſe the world hath had,
'Tis not leſs *hard*, nor will leſs *Fame* procure,
Then the attempting HEAV'N and *Hell* by *Them*,
That *others* ſhould attempt the *Watry Ream*.

113.

DIANA'S Temple built by TESIPHON
(Rare *Architect*!) HOROSTRATUS burnt down:
To be talkt of, though for a Thing ill done,
And *dye defam'd*, rather then *live unknown*.
If on ſo falſe, and vile Foundation,
The ſweet deſire deceives us of *Renown*;
How much more lawful is't to ſeek a name
By deeds deſerving everlaſting FAME?

End of the ſecond Canto.

Third Canto.

STANZA. 1.

Now what illuſtrious GAMA, neer the *Line*,
Inform'd that KING, report CALIOPE:
Breathe an immortal *Song*, and *voice* divine,
Into this mortal *Breaſt*, that's big with *Thee:*
So, never the great God of *Medicine*,
(To whom thou ORPHEUS bar'ſt) love CLYCIE,
Court DAPHNE more, or call LEUCOTHOE Frend,
Since *Thou* in Beauty doeſt them *All* tranſcend.

2.

Thou, *Nymph*, promote my pious juſt deſire
To pay my Country what to *It* I owe;
That the whole *world* may liſten, and admire
To ſee from *Tagus* AGANIPPE flowe.
Leave PINDUS's flow'rs: For (Loe!) the MUSES's Sire
Bathes me in *Sacred* dew from top to toe.
If not, I ſwear thou haſt ſome jealouſie
ORPHEUS (thy joy) ſhould be eclyps'd by *me*.

3.

To hear the noble GAMA, In a *Ring*
Gather'd was all th'attentive Companie;
When (having ſat a while conſidering)
Raiſing his manly Viſage, thus ſaid *He*.
Thou doeſt command me to unfold (O KING)
My noble NATION's *genealogie:*
Thou bid'ſt me not to tell a *forraign ſtory*,
But of my *Own* thou bid'ſt me tell the glory.

4.

Upon *Another*'s Prayſes to dilate
Is uſual, and that which Friends doth raiſe:
But of One's *Own* the Prayſes to relate,
Will prove (I fear me) a ſuſpected praiſe.
Beſides, to praiſe *ours* to the worth, the date
Would firſt expire of ſix the longeſt days.
But (to ſerve *Thee*) a double fault I'l do:
I'l praiſe my own, and crop their praiſes too.

Yet

5.

Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,
I'm sure of *Lying* I shall run no danger:
For of such *deeds* say what I can, I wis
I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.
But (to pursue that *method* in all this
Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)
First, of the *Territory* large I'l tell;
Then, of the bloody *Battailes* that befell.

6

Between the *Zone* where *Cancer* bends his clutch
(To the bright *Sun* a Bound *Septentrionall*)
And *that* which for the *Cold* is shun'd as much,
As for the *Heate* the middle *Zone* of all,
Prowd EUROPE lyes: whose *North*, and parts which touch
Upon the *Occident*, have for their Wall
The OCEAN; and, with unreturning Waves,
Her *South*, the SEA-MEDITERRANEAN laves.

7.

Upon the *East* she neighbours ASIA:
But that *cold River* with the *doubling* stream
(Which from *Riphean Mountains* plough his way
To the *Meotick Lake*) divideth Them:
So doth that furious and that horrid *Sea*
Which with their *Fleet* th'incensed GREEKS did steme;
From whence the Sayler *now* with his *mind*'s eye
Sees the name onely of once glorious TROY.

8.

Where she is most beneath the *Artick Pole*
The *Hyperborean Mountains* she doth see;
And *those*, where EOL raigns without controle,
Owing to blustring their *Nobility*.
The *Sun*, That spreads his lustre through the *Whole*,
His rays have *here* such imbecility,
That a deep snow is *still* upon the Mountains,
The Sea *still* frozen, frozen *still* the Fountains.

9.

Here SCYTHS, and TARTARS, in great numbers, live;
Who were ingag'd in a sharp *war* of old,
About their *Pedigrees* prerogative,
With those who *then* th'EGYPTIAN-LAND did hold.
But, where the justice of the *Cause* to give
Being hard by erring *Mortals* to be told,
To get more certain information, look
In the *Clay-Office* from which *Man* was took.

In

10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many ſome)
Are the cold LAPLAND; NORWAY comfortleſs;
SCANDIA that triumpht o're triumphant ROME
(Which her proud ruines to this day confeſs).
Here, whilſt the waters are not ſtiffe, and numb,
With *Winters* Ice glazing the BALTICK-SEAS,
That *Arm* of the SARMATICK OCEANE
Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Pruſsian*, and the *Dane*.

11.

Betwixt *this* Sea, and TANAIS, live ſtrange *Nations*:
RUTHENI, frozen MUSCOVITES, LIVONIANS,
That were in former Ages the SARMATIANS,
And, in th'HERCINIAN FOREST, the POLONIANS.
Held of the GERMAN EMPIRE are ALSATIANS,
SAXONS, BOHEMIANS, HUNGARS, or PANNONIANS:
With divers *other*, whom the RHINE's cold waves,
The ELVE, the MOZELL, and the DANOW laves.

12.

'Twixt wandring ISTER, and that NARROW-SEA
Where, with her life, fair HELLE left her *name*,
The warlike THRACIANS dwell: who lay a plea
To MARS his Sword, as from whoſe loyns they came.
Here HÆMUS, and ORPHEAN RHODOPE,
Obey the OTTOMAN; and (to the ſhame
Of Chriſtendom) BYSANTIUM's noble Seat,
A proud affront to CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

13.

The next in order MACEDONIA ſtands,
Bath'd with the *Actian* (now LEPANTO's) Sea:
And likewiſe *you*, O admirable LANDS,
Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;
Which bred thoſe ſolid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,
Thoſe ſtreams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,
With which *Thou* (famous GREECE) unto the skies
As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didſt riſe.

14.

DALMATIANS follow *Them*: and, in that Bay
ANTENOR choſe for his new *City*'s Syte,
VENICE (like VENUS) riſes from the *Sea*;
From low beginnings ſwoln to that proud hight.
That *Sea*, an Arm of *Land* doth over lay,
Which the whole WORLD ſubjected by its might.
That *Arm* (no leſs then GREECE) to HEAVEN ſoar'd
With the two *wings* of LEARNING, and THE SWORD.

'Tis

15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn
Unto the ALPS thick ſhoulders: NEPTUNE barrs
The reſt with his ſalt waves: The APPENINE
Cuts ith'middle: where your LYBIAN MARS
Wan him ſuch Fame. But *now*, ſince the *divine*
Porter hath got it (impotent in *Wars*)
'Tis ſtript of the vaſt pow'r it had before:
"So much is GOD delighted with the *pore*.

16.

Paſs we from thence to FRANCE, ſo much of old
With CÆSAR's triumphs through the World renownd.
'Tis water'd with the ROYAL SEYN, the *cold*
GAROON, the pleaſant LOYRE, the RHINE *profound*.
Now thoſe high *Mountains* in the clowds behold
Which ſtill the loſt PYRENE's name reſound:
From which, being fir'd (as ancient Books have told)
Rivers ran down of *Silver*, and of *Gold*.

17.

Loe! here diſplays it ſelf illuſtrious SPAIN,
As *Head* there of all EUROPE: In whoſe ſtrange
Succeſſes of their *Wars*, and ways of *raign*,
FATE's wheel gave many a *turn*, wrought many a *change*.
But never *Force*, or *Fraud*, ſhall fix a ſtain
(Through *Fortune*'s humor always giv'n to range)
But SPAIN will finde a time to wipe it out,
And make her blaſted *honors* freſhly ſprout.

18.

She faces TINGITANIA: and There
(As if to make the *Mid-land Sea* an *Iſle*)
The well-known STREIGHTS to cloſe their jaws appeare
Innobled with the THEBAN's lateſt *Toyle*.
With diff'rent *Nations* ſhe her head doth reare
(*Sea-girt* three ſides, the fourth with *Hilly* Pyle)
Of ſuch Nobility and Valour *All*,
That *each* pretends to be the *principal*.

19.

She has the ARRAGONIAN, ſo renown'd
For conqu'ring twice ſtubborn PARTHENOPE:
Thoſe of NAVAR: ASTURIANS, who did bound
The MOORS, broke in upon us like a Sea.
She has the ſhrewd GALLEGO, many-crownd
CASTILIAN, whom his *Star* reſerv'd to be
SPAIN's great *Reſtorer* and her *Lord*: SEVILIA,
GRANADA, LEON, MURCIA, with CASTILIA.

20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here ſurvay,
Plac't as the *Crown* upon fair EUROPE's Head:
Where (the *Land* finiſhing) begins the *Sea*,
And whence the *Sun* ſteps to his watry Bed.
This, firſt in *Arms* (by gracious HEAV'N's decree)
Againſt the filthy MAURITANIAN ſped:
Throwing him out of *Her* to his old Neſt
In burning AFFRICK; nor *there* let him reſt.

21.

That, *That*, the loved EARTH where I was born!
To which if kinder HEAV'N do ſo diſpoſe
That I (this *Task* perform'd) alive return:
With *It*, my dying Eyes, *there* let me cloſe.
From LYSUS (which the *Latines* LUSUS turn)
Old BACCHUS's *Camrade*, or (as ſome ſuppoſe)
His *Son*, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,
When in that Countrey his *Plantation* thriv'd,

22.

Here was that *Shepherd* born, who in his *Name*
(As well as in his *Actions*) did write MAN:
Whom none muſt hope to equal in his *Fame*
Since that of ROME he to eclipſe began.
This *Spot*, through ſhuffling of light *Fortune*'s Game,
TIME (who devours his *children*) ſaw, Anan,
On the WORLD's *Theater* a great *Part* play
Rays'd to a *Kingdom*: and it was this way.

23.

There was in SPAIN a *King* (ALPHONSO hight)
Who made ſo cloſe a *War* upon the MORE,
That (what with *policy*, and what with *might*)
Many he ſlew, and many a Town he bore.
This KING's ſublime *Renown* taking her flight
From *Streights Herculean* to the *Caſpian Shore*,
Diverſe (affecting an *immortal name*)
To *Him* and *Death* to offer themſelves came.

24.

Others (more fir'd with an *intrinſick* love
Of *Chriſtian Faith*, then Honour *popular*)
Flock from all Corners: willing to remove
Both from ſweet *Countrey*, and from private *Lar*.
But, when their names, by *Actions* rais'd above
The vulgar pitch, they *All* advanc't in War;
The fam'd ALPHONSO, for ſuch gallant deeds,
Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongſt

25.

Amongſt Theſe HENRY (ſaith the Hiſtory)
A younger ſon of FRANCE, and a brave *Prince*,
Had PORTUGAL in lot, in the *World's* eye
Not *then* ſo glorious, nor ſo large, as *ſince*.
And the ſame KING did his own *daughter* tye
To *Him* in Wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love: as giving, in her hand,
The *Livery and Seiſin* of that LAND.

26.

He (when againſt the *Off-ſpring* of the *Hand-*
Maid HAGAR mighty Conqueſts he had won,
Gaining in much of the adjacent LAND,
And doing what was comely to be done)
Obtains from *Him*, who doth high *Heav'n* command
In a ſhort time (to guerdon All) a *Son*:
Who (adding to his *Father's* worth, his *owne*)
Shall firſt erect the LUSITANIAN THRONE.

27.

HENRY was now come from the HOLY LAND,
And Conqueſt of enſlav'd IERUSALEM;
Having ſeen conſecrated IORDAN'S Strand,
That ſaw the fleſh of GOD bath'd in his ſtream;
For, GODFREY finding nothing could withſtand
After IUDEA was ſubdu'd by Him,
Many, who in that *War* had giv'n him Ayd,
Their wiſht return to their *Dominions* made:

28.

When, come to the laſt *Exit* of his Age
The famous FRENCH-MAN (to a wonder brave)
Pull'd by DEATH'S hand down from this mortal Stage,
His *Spirit*, unto *Him*, that gave it, gave.
His *Son* remain'd in tender *Pupillage*,
True Copy of his *Sire* that's in the Grave:
Then whom more excellent the world had none,
For ſuch a *Father* muſt have ſuch a *Son*.

29.

But *old* Report (how *true* I cannot ſay:
For things ſo diſtant with much night are ſpred)
Tells, how the *Mother*, taking all the ſway,
Scorn'd not to ſtoop unto a ſecond Bed:
And, for herſelf an *After-Game* to play,
Her *Fatherleſs-Son* diſinherited:
Claiming for *Hers* the *Land*, and *Princely Pow'r*,
As giv'n her by *her Father* for a *dow're*.

30.

Then young ALPHONSO (ſo the *Prince* they call,
Inheriting his *Grandſire* in his Name)
Deſpairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,
For that the *Mother*, and her *Groom*, the ſame
Uſurp, and mean from *Him* to give it All:
(His boſom boyling with a *Martial* flame)
By force to ſeize it in his mind revolves,
As briskly executes what he reſolves.

31.

The bluſhing Plains of ARADUCA groan,
With *one-ſame* blood of *War inteſtine* dide;
In which the *Mother* (whoſe *deeds* ſpake her *none*)
The *Son* her *love*, and his own LAND deny'de:
Now ſtands againſt him in *battalion*,
And cannot ſee (being blinded with her pride)
How much ſhe ſins 'gainſt HEAV'N, and *natural Love*:
But in her Breaſt the *ſenſual* ſwims above.

32.

O Witch MEDEA! PROGNE, with blood-ſtain!
If for their *Fathers*, not their *own* miſdeeds,
By *you* your *children* in Revenge were ſlain,
Behold, TERESA's *Sin* ev'n *yours* exceeds!
Incontinence, the ſacred Thirſt of *Raign*,
Theſe are the Cauſes whence *her* Crime proceeds.
SCYLLA her aged *Father* ſlew through *one*:
Through *Both* TERESA goes againſt her *Son*.

33

But the brave *Prince* a perfect conqueſt had
O're an *ill mother*, and a *Father-in-Law*.
Forthwith, the *Victor*, all the LAND obay'd
That did before their ſwords againſt him draw.
Then (by his *Wrath* his *judgement* overſway'd)
Faſt laid in *Irons* he his *Mother* ſaw:
Which GOD's avenging Hand did ſoon purſue.
"Such *Reverence* is to *all Parents* due.

34.

Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all
(To be reveng'd for ſad TERESA's wrong)
Againſt the few-in-People PORTINGALL:
But, though his *Troops* be *weake*, his *Heart* is ſtrong.
His mortal Head with Shield *Angelical*
Hid in the day of Battail from a throng
Of falling darts, not onely firm he ſtands
Their ſhock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

25.

Yet, not long after, was this valiant *Prince*
In the ſame ARADUCA (his chief Neſt)
Blockt up with a vaſt Army, to which, ſince
Their late defeat, the angred *Foes* increaſt.
But by his faithful *Tutor* EGAS, thence
(Offring himſelf to death) he was releaſt.
Elſe (of all needful matter ill beſted)
He in that ſtreight had ſurely periſhed.

26

But the beſt *Servant* ever *Maſter* found,
Seeing his *Prince* can no reſiſtance make,
That he ſhould hold of *Him* the Countrey round
To the CASTILIAN KING did undertake.
He (having honeſt EGAS MONIZ bound)
The dreadful ſiege did preſently forſake.
But the *Illuſtrious youth* cannot afford
To pay low *Homage* to another *Lord*.

27.

The time prefixed was arrived now
When the CASTILIAN MONARCH made account
To do him homage that *the Prince* would bow
As to his *Founder*, and *Lord Paramount*.
EGAS (who knew *that* would not be, and how
Becauſe of Him CASTREL rely'de upon't)
Reſolves his broken promiſe, at the rate
Of his ſweet life's expence to expiate.

38.

And, with his *children*, and dear *Wife*, he went
T'unpawn and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,
Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes ſo bent
To th'Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.
If my raſh *confidence* thou have intent
To ſcourge as it deſerves (O KING) he ſaith;
Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord
A *life*, in lieu of ill-accompliſht *word!*

39.

Loe here (to piece out *mine*) the innocent
Lives, of my *Wife* and *Babes*, before thy Eyes!
If *Boſoms* generous and excellent
Accept ſo frail and dire a *Sacrifice*.
Loe here the guilty *Hands*, and *Tongue*! invent
All ſorts of *pains* and *deaths* to exerciſe
On *Theſe*: ſuch as may prove fierce SCINIS dull
In miſchief; and out-roare PERILLUS's *Bull*.

Juſt

40.

Juſt as before the *Heads-man* one condemn'd,
Who doth in *life* his *death* anticipate,
And now upon the *Block* his Neck extend,
For the fear'd ſtroak which muſt diſpatch him ſtraight:
So EGAS look't, expecting the worſt end
Could be pronounc't by KING's deſerved Hate.
But the KING ſeeing ſuch ſtupendious *Faith*,
Mercy at length could more with him, then *Wrath*.

41.

O *great*, and *Portingal-Fidelitie*,
Payd by a *Subject* to his *Prince*! What more
Perform'd the PERSIAN in that *Project* high,
When *Noſe* and *Face* he carbonado'd o're;
Which made the great DARIUS (ſighing) cry,
His brave ZOPYRUS, ſuch as he was once,
H'had rather have, then twenty BABILONS?

42.

But *now* the Prince ALFONSO did provide
The *happy Hoaſt* of LUSITANIA
Againſt the MOORS, who, on the other ſide
Of TAGUS's delectable River, lay.
Now in the fam'd ORIQUE's Champion wide
The proud and warlike *Troops* he doth aray,
Juſt in the beard of the confronted MOOR:
As rich in *courage*, as in *numbers* poor.

43.

His *Truſt* is not in *Fleſh*, but placed all
In the eternal GOD, That *Heav'n* doth ſteer:
For the *baptized* Army was ſo ſmall,
To his one man an hundred MOORS there were.
Thoſe, who conſider things by *Reaſon*, call
It *madneſs* rather, then th'effect of cleer
And ſober *heate*, on ſuch vaſt *Heapes* to run,
Where there's an *hundred Horſemen* to his *one*.

44.

Five MOORISH KINGS he hath that day defy'de
Of whom the *Chief* hath ISMAR to his name:
All with the ſtyle of SOLDIER dignify'de,
By which is purchaſed immortal *Fame*.
Each had his *Miſtreſs* fighting by his ſide,
Like *that*, as beautiful, as warlike, DAME
Who helpt ſo long to prop up falling TROY;
And *Thoſe*, who ſtreams of THERMODONT injoy.

Now

45.

Now did AURORA, beautiful and cleer,
Out of the *Welkin* chaſe the *golden Fry*:
When MARY'S ſon, ALPHONSO'S heart to cheer,
Appear'd to him upon *the Croſs* on high.
Whom worſhipping, That thus vouchſaf t t'appeer,
All of a fire with *Faith)* the *Prince* doth cry,
Not to *me* LORD, but to the INFIDEL:
Not unto *me*, who know thy pow'r ſo well.

46.

This *miracle* of mercy ſo inflam'd
The POTINGALLS, and did their minds erect,
That they the gallant *Prince* their KING acclam'd,
Whom with ſuch cordial love they did affect;
And (*drawing up* before the *Foe*) proclam'd
To HEAV'N, and to the *World*, their new *Elect*:
Crying alowd; THE ARMY, CROWN AND ALL,
FOR GREAT ALPHONSO KING OF PORTUGALL.

47.

As a fierce *Maſtiffe* in in the woody CHACE
(Whom *Shouts*, and *Hunters Inſtruments* incite)
Attacks a *Bull*, the which his Truſt doth place
In his ſharp *Horns*'s irrefragable might;
Now faſtning on his flank, now on his Face,
More nimble at the turn, then ſtrong in fight;
Till, tearing out his Throat, down falls the *Beaſt*,
The groaning *Mountain* with his weight oppreſt:

48

So the *new* KING (with courage no leſs *new*
Inflam'd by GOD, and by *the People*, Both)
Upon the *barb'rous Hoaſt*, before him, flew
With his bold Troops, impetuous, and wroth.
With this, the *doggs* take up a Howle and rue-
Full Cry, the *people* rowze, th'*Alarum* goeth:
They ſnatch their *Spears*, and Bowes, the *Trumpets* ſound;
Lowd Inſtruments of *war* go bellowing round.

49.

As when a fire in Stubble dry begun
(The whiſtling *Boreas* hapning then to blow)
Fann'd by the *Bellows* of the *Wind*, doth run
To the next which *Field*, *Furzes* overgrow;
And *there* a knot of *Sheepherds* (who upon
The graſſie ground ſweet ſlumbers undergo)
Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick Brake,
Snatch up their *Hooks*, and to the *Village* make:

50

So the ſurprized MOORS, and thunder-ſtrook,
Catch up their *weapons*, which lye round about.
Yet fled not, *theſe*; but to their *Arms* they took,
And ſpur'd their warlike *Barbs*, reſolv'd and ſtout.
The PORTINGALL incounters them unſhook,
He makes his *Lances* at their *backs* come out.
Some drop half-dead, ſome tumble dead outright,
Others invoke the ALCORAN, and fight.

51.

Moſt terrible Incounters, *there*, reſound;
Enough to ſhake in its firm ſeat a Rock:
When thoſe fierce *Beaſts*, the *Trident*-ſtrooken ground
Produc't (with their more furious *Burthens*) ſhock.
No *Nook* exempt, the *war* is kindled round,
Vaſt *wounds* are giv'n, *Neither* hath cauſe to mock:
But thoſe of LUSUS, Armours, Males, and all,
Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maule.

52.

Heads from the *ſhoulders* leap about the *Field*;
Arms, *Leggs*, without or *Sence*, or *Maſter*, flye.
Others (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;
Earth in their bloodleſs *cheek*, *death* in their *Eye*.
Th'*impious Army* now the *day* doth yield:
Rivers of Blood flow from their wounds, whereby
The *Field* it ſelf doth loſe *its* colour too,
And into *Crimſon* turns the *verdant* hew.

53.

The PORTINGALL victorious doth remain,
Reaping the *Trophies* and the wealthy *Frey*.
Having diſcomfited the MOOR of SPAIN,
Three days the GREAT KING on the *place* doth ſtay.
In his broad *Shield* (which he till then bore plain)
A *Badge* eternal of this glorious *day*,
Five ſmall *Shields azure* he doth now include,
In ſign of theſe *five Kings* by *Him* ſubdu'de.

54.

In theſe *five Shields* he paints the *Recompence*
For which THE LORD was ſold, in various Ink
Writing *his* hiſtory, who did diſpence
Such favour to him, more then *Heart* could think.
In every of the *Five* he paints *Five-pence*,
So ſums the *Thirty* by a *Cinque-fold Cinque*;
Accounting that which is the *Center*, twiſe,
Of the *five Cinques*, which he doth place *Croſs-wiſe*.

Some

55.

Some time after *he* gave this grand *defeat*
Th'illuſtrious KING (whoſe Thoughts to *Heaven* ſoare)
To take in LEYRIA marcht; which Thoſe, *He* beat,
Had took from *Him* a little while before.
To boot, the ſtrong ARRONCHEZ he doth get:
And, with her pleaſant *Vale*, the evermore
Glorious SCABELICASTRO (Santaréne)
Which *Thou*, ſweet TAGUS, waterſt ſo ſerene.

56.

Unto theſe noble *Towns* reduc't, he ſoon
Adds MAFRA, dar'd by his victorious Wings;
Then, in the famous *Mountains of the Moon*
Cold SYNTRA (forc'd) to his obedience brings:
Syntra, in which the NAYADES do run
From the ſweet *Snare*, hiding themſelves in Springs.
But LOVE hath *Nets* will *there* too ſerve their turn:
And in the *water* will his *wild fire* burn.

57.

And *Thou*, fair LISBON (worthy to be crown'd
Of all the *Cities* of the WORLD the *Queen*)
Which that great *Prince of Eloquence* did found,
Who by *his wit* TROY-TOWN had ruin'd ſeen;
Thou (whom obeys the *Ocean-Sea* profound)
By the brave PORTINGALLS wert taken in,
Helpt by a potent *Fleet*, which at that time
Happen'd to come out of the *Northern Clime*:

58.

Thence, from the *German* ELVE, and from the RHENE,
And from the *Britiſh-Sea-commanding* THAMES,
Sent to deſtroy th'uſurping SARACEN,
And free their ſiſter JORDAN's captive ſtreames.
Theſe, entring TAGUS's pleaſant mouth, and then
With great ALPHONSO joyn'd (whoſe *Glory*'s beames
Attract *all* Hearts, but *thoſe* his name appalls)
A *Seige* is laid to th'ULYSSEAN WALLS.

59.

Five times the *Moon* did hide her horned head,
And other five her face at full diſplayd;
When by main force the *City* entered
The will of the *Beleaguerer* obayd.
Fierce was the *Battail*, much the *blood* there ſhed,
As needs they muſt be (circumſtances waigh'd)
Between rough *Conquerours*, That all things dare,
And *conquer'd People* driven to deſpaire.

60.

Thus *Shee*, was after ſome few Months expence
Compell'd to ſtoop to this *new Victor*'s law;
Whom in *old time* to *their* obedience,
With all their might cold *Vandals* could not draw:
Whoſe *pow'r* (which own'd no *bound*, ſtuck at no *Fence*)
EBRE, and GOLDEN TAGUS, trembling ſaw:
And BETIS *they* did ſo entirely tame,
They did *that Land* VANDALUSIA name.

61.

If noble LISBON could not ſtand it out,
Where is that *City* ſo reſolv'd, and ſtrong,
That can reſiſtance make to ſuch a ſtout
And warlike people (FAME's immortall ſong)
Now all ESTREMADURA's at his Foot,
OBIDOS fair, ALENQUER proud (among
Whoſe pleaſant *Groves* runs many a River ſweet,
Murm'ring, as if too good to waſh their Feet)
And TORRESUEDRAS.

62.

You likewiſe, O ye fair TRANS-TAGAN LANDS
(Which golden CERES with her Bounty crowns)
Hee, who brings more then *Mortall* ſtrength, commands
Out of your *Forts*, and Arms. And you (the *Clowns*
Of AFFRICA) who plough'd them with *your* hands,
Hope not to reap the *Fruits*: For the good *Towns*
Of MOURA, SERPA, YELVES, by aſſault
Are taken, and ALCACER OF THE SALT.

63.

Lo! now that noble *City* (certain *Seat*
Of the brave Rebell in old time, SERTORIUS;
Where ſtill his far-fetcht Water pure and neat,
To ſerve the place b' an act ſo meritorious
Through *Arches* on Two hundred *Pillars* ſet
Doth paſs, with *Royall reſtauration* glorious)
Ev'n *Her*, the bold GERARDO's prowes brings
To own, and ſerve, the LUSITANIAN KINGS.

64.

Againſt the *City* now of BEYA,
To take revenge for ſpoyl'd TRANCOSO's Town,
ALPHONSO goes; who cannot reſt a Day
For ymping a *ſhort life* with *long Renown*.
Before this *City* long he doth not ſtay;
And (ſtorming it b' a part that's beaten down)
Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,
His hungry *Steel* he in the Bowels ſheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with *theſe*, PALMELA doth he *win*;
Fiſhy CIZIMBRA too: nor *wins* alone,
But (his good *ſtar* aſſiſting him therein)
A potent *Army* there hath overthrowne.
The *Town* ſaw his intent, ſo did her *King*:
Nor was he backward to relieve the *Towne*.
Careleſs he marcht along the Mountain-ſide,
Little imagining what did betide.

66.

'Twas *He* of BADACHOZ (a haughty MORE)
Four thouſand furious *Spirits* were his HORSE,
Of INFANTRY innumerable ſtore,
With gilded Arms (*Gallants*, and *Warriors*)
But, as in *May* a jealous *Bull* (before
He is perceiv'd) ruſhes with all his force
Upon a *Travailer*, and runs him over,
(Twice mad, both as a *Beaſt*, and as a *Lover*):

67.

Juſt ſo ALPHONSO, from an *Ambuſh* cloſe,
Aſſaults the people that ſecurely paſt;
Strikes, overturns, and kills; The Field he mows;
The MOORISH KING flyes for his life in haſt.
Struck with a *Pannick* fear, the *Remnant* throwes
Away their *Arms*; and followes him as faſt:
They That made all this Havock, being a *Force*
(*Good God*!) conſiſting but of ſixty *Horſe*.

68.

The *Victory* without delay, the great
And indefatigable KING purſues,
Cauſing his Drums through all the *Realm* to beat
(Conqu'ring of LANDS he as his *Trade* doth uſe)
Beſiegeth BADACHOZ, and ſoon doth get
The end of his deſire: For *there* he ſhewes
So much of *Souldier*, and a *Soul* ſo high;
That keep, *It* muſt the *others* company.

69.

But the great GOD (who keeps his *Rods* in ſtore,
For ſuch as merit them, till his own time;
Whether, for *Sinners* to amend, before
They fall: or CAUSES, *Man* can not divine)
If he, *till now*, the valiant KING forbore,
And (through all dangers leading) gave him *line*:
Yet *now*, he will *no longer* let him be,
From his impriſon'd MOTHER's curſes, free.

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,
The LEON-MEN beſiege th'ill-guarded Walls,
'Cauſe he that *Conqueſt* took out of *their* Hand,
Being of LEON, and not PORTUGAL's.
Here dear did *Him* his Pertinacy ſtand,
As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls:
For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burſt
Againſt an IRON) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous POMPEY! Be not *Thou* in pain
To ſee thy *Glories*'s ſad *Cataſtrophie*;
Or that juſt NEMESIS ſhould pre-ordain
Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee*;
Though frozen PHASIS; and BOOTES's *Wayn*;
The *Land* under the BURNING AXLE-TREE;
And ſtrange SYENE, where no *oblique Sun*
A *Shadow* caſts, and all the *day* is *Noon*;

72.

And ENICCHIANS fierce; and ARABS rich;
And COLCHOS, famous for the *Golden Sheep*;
And CAPPADOCEANS; and JUDEANS, which
Aboliſht *Rites* ſo obſtinately keep;
And ſoft SOPHENA, ſcurft with pleaſures Itch;
And (with SILICIAN-ROBBERS on the DEEP)
ARMENIA, That *two Rivers* boaſts, which came
From PARADISE; All trembled at thy name:

73.

And though, in fine, from the ATLANTICK-SEA
To SCYTHIAN-TAURUS with erected Crown,
Victorious: Wonder not, that thou ſhouldſt be
In the PHARSALIAN BATTAIL overthrown.
For *high* and *great* ALPHONSO thou ſhalt ſee
Bear *All* before him, and at laſt bourn down.
By a *Croſs-match* of FATE were *Both* undon,
Thou by a FATHER-IN-LAW, *He* by a SON-.

74.

The noble KING thus ſcourg'd by HEAV'N, at length
Reſtor'd was to his PORTUGAL again.
There (after he had been; by a vaſt ſtrength
Of MOORS, in SANTAREN beſieg'd in vain;
And, after that the *Corps* of St. VINCENTH
The *Martyr*, from that *Head of Land* in SPAIN
Which by his name to all the world is known,
Tranſlated was to th'ULYSSEAN TOWN.)

To

75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,
The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command
With men and warlike preparation
To march into the ALENTEIAN-LAND.
SANCHO (to prove himſelf his *Father's Son*)
Like a ſtrong ſtream let looſe, paſſes beyand:
And makes the *River* of GUADALQUIVER
Run *Mooriſh blood*, That wont to run ſo cleer.

76.

Fleſht with his *winnings*, the young *Gameſter* grows
Now Covetous; and cannot reſt, before
He in a ſecond Battail overthrows
(In ſight of BEIA) the beleagu'ring MORE.
Nor long with this *deſign* in labour goes
E're he the *Bays* by *Him* deſired Wore.
The MOOR (on both ſides juſtled to the Wall)
Reſolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the *Mountain* which MEDUSA ſtar'd
Out of *that* Body which the HEAV'N ſuſtayn'd,
From AMPELUSA'S *Promontory*, hard
They march; from TANGER, where ANTEUS raign'd.
Of AVILA the *dwellers* are not ſpar'd:
Doth likewiſe march (well-*arm'd*, and choicely *train'd*)
At the harſh *Mauritanian* Trumpet's ſound
Of noble JUBA all the *Kingdom* round.

78.

With this huge maſs of men his inroad made
The great MIRAMOLIN in PORTUGAL.
Twelve *Moorſh Kings* he carryed in his Ayd,
'Mongſt whom *He* wears the *Crown Imperial*.
Theſe, having in their march by *Parties* prey'd,
And, where they could, deſtroy'd the Countrey all,
In SANTAREN Don SANCHO cloſe impound:
But a ſad Seige it will for *them* be found.

79.

Furious *aſſaults* th'incenſed MOOR doth make:
A thouſand *Stratagems* in practice puts.
In vain huge *Stones* from horrid *Engins* brake:
In vain the *Mine* is hid, and the *Ram* buts.
ALPHONSO'S *Son* is everywhere awake,
Here his Care *ſheilds*, and *there* his courage *cuts*.
So what with *theſe*, and what with *martial Art*,
Stopt is each *Meuſe*, and guarded in each *part*.

But

80.

But the *old man* (whoſe burthen'd *Lims*, and *Head*,
With *years*, and *Cares*, oblig'd him to repoſe)
Retir'd into that *City*, whoſe fair Mead
To ſweet MONDEGO's ſtreams its verdure ows;
Hearing his *Son* is cloſe beleaguered
In SANTAREN by blind and barb'rous Foes,
Flyes from that *City* to his Ayd: For *Age*
Cramps not his wonted *ſpeed*, nor cools his *rage*.

81

He, with his *Troops* inur'd to warlike Feats,
Thund'ring the *Reare*, and his *Son* ſalying out;
The PORTINGAL (who *now* of cuſtom beats)
In a ſhort ſpace the MOORS doth wholly rout.
With *Terbants*, *Caſſacks*, *Faulchions*, *Coverlets*,
Cloaks with wrought *Capes*, the Field is ſtrew'd about:
Horſes, and their *Capariſons* (rich Prey)
And by the *Horſes* their dead *Maſters* lay.

82.

The *Luſitanian* Bounds the reſt forego,
Put to a haſty and diſordred flight.
The great MIRAMOLIN, he flyes not though:
For before *he* could flye, he fled the light.
TO HIM, who did this Victory beſtow
Are rendred thanks and Praiſes infinite:
For in ſo great, and ſo apparent odds,
The part *man* acts is the dumb ſhew to GOD's.

83.

This was the great ALPHONSO's lateſt wreath
Of *Victory* (a *Prince* of vaſt Renown)
When *He* who forg'd it with his *Sword* (his breath
Deſerting him) exchang'd his MORTAL CROWN.
The *hand* of *ſickneſs* uſh'ring *that* of *death*,
Toucht his weak Body, and ſo puſht it down.
Thus, whom ſo many had paid Tribute to,
Paid the laſt tribute unto *Nature* due.

84.

Him did the lofty *Promontories* moan:
With all their ſtreams the widow'd *Rivers* wept,
And (overflowing the Fields, newly ſown,
With rueful Tears) the next years Harveſt ſwept.
But through the world his living FAME is blown:
And, where he raign'd, his *name* ſo freſh is kept;
That *there* each *Hill*, and ev'ry ecchoing *Plain*,
ALFONSO calls, ALPHONSO —— But in vain.

SAN-

85.

SANCHO succeeds (*valiant*, and in his *Spring*)
True Copy of his *Sire*, examin'd *well*
By the *Original*, alive yet being
When he with barb'rous blood made BETIS swell;
And overturn'd the *Andalusian King*
Of the accurſed Race of ISHMAEL:
But *better*; when at BEJA's ſiege he made
Them feel the weight of his *Victorious* Blade.

86.

After he ware the LUSITANIAN CROWN
(Some years elaps'd ſince he to reign began)
Before the City SILVES he ſat down
Then in poſſeſſion of the AFFRICAN:
Aſſiſted was he to take in this *Town*
By *Strangers* from the *Northern Ocean*,
With *Men*, and *Arms*, for ASIA bound: to joyne
In reſcue of diſtreſſed PALESTINE.

87.

They ſayld, to ſecond in the *Holy Cauſe*
RED FREDRICK; who with a potent Hoaſt
To the defence of that plagu'd *City* draws,
By which the LORD OF LIFE his own life loſt:
When GUIDA with his *Troops* (having their jaws
Parcht up with drowth) to the GREAT SOLDAN forſt
Were to ſurrender, where the *Miſcreants*
Have prepoſſeſt the *Springs* which GUIDO wants.

88.

But the fair *Navie* (forc't upon our ſhore
By adverſe *Winds*, though SANCHO's proſperous *Star*)
Aſſiſts him willingly againſt the MORE,
Since *one* and t'*other* is a *Holy War*.
As thy great *Father*, LISBON took before;
Juſt *ſo*, and with the ſame *Auxiliar*,
From the fierce *dwellers* tak'ſt *Thou*, SILVES: This
Alſo, a noble *Realm*'s METROPOLIS.

89.

And, if from the MAHUMETANS thou haſt
So many *trophies*; neither didſt thou let
The men of LEON (though in *Mountains* plac't,
And nurſt in bloody *Battail*) quiet ſet:
Till thou a *Yoke* upon the Neck hadſt caſt
Of their proud TUI, adding a *Coronet*
Of *Towns* her Neighbours, on which Thou didſt put
(Renowned SANCHO) thy triumphant Foot.

But

90.

But *death* (like a bold *Thiefe*) did *Him* aſſault
In his Career of *glory*. He was heyr'd
B'a *Son* whom many Vertues did exalt:
Second ALPHONSO, of our *Kings* the *Theird.*
In his *Raign* was ALCACER OF THE SALT
Subdu'de again in ſpight of the MOOR's Beard;
By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great
Deſtruction of them, and four *Kings*'s defeat.

91.

ALFONSO dead, The *Second* SANCHO came
To hold the *Scepter*; Tame, and negligent:
To that degree both negligent, and tame,
That for the ſhadow of Himſelf he went.
Then did *Another* (fitter for the ſame)
Wreſt from his hands that pow r, he was content
To delegate. And why? He having none
Himſelf, his *Minion*'s Crimes were call'd his *owne.*

92.

No, no, our SANCHO was not of that mood
Lewd NERO was, who married with a *Boy*;
And after (with leſs guilt he ſhed her blood)
His mother AGRIPPINA did injoy:
Nor (like the ſelf-ſame NERO) piping ſtood,
Then clapt his hands to ſee his burning TROY:
Nor did his *daughter*, like one *King*, devour:
Nor change his *Sex* like t'other *Emperour.*

93

He did not o're his People tyrannize,
Like *Thoſe* who *Kings* in SYRACUSA were:
Nor hyr'd he men, ſtrange Tortures to deviſe,
Like PHALARIS, one of the *Tyrants* there.
But the proud *Realm*, which too indulgent *skyes*
Had us'd to *Kings*, who would indure no *Peere*;
That likewiſe to ſuch niceneſs did arrive
T'indure no *King*, who had his *Peer* alive.

94.

Therefore BOLONIA's *Earl* the Helm did guide:
Which he did after in his own right hold,
When his ſtill-ſloathful Brother (SANCHO) dy'de.
He (nam'd ALPHONSO, and ſurnam'd *the Bold*)
After he had the *Kingdom* pacify'de;
And all ſharp humors ſetled, or controll'd;
Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit:
Too *ſmall* a *Circle* for ſo *great* a ſpirit.

Of

95.

Of the ALGARVES's land (the conquering
Whereof was giv'n him with his *Queen* in dow'r)
He gains in much, outing the *Mooriſh King*;
On all whoſe *Actions* now curſt MARS did low'r.
But out of PORTUGAL did wholly fling
(By *Prudence* part, and part by *martial* pow'r.)
That pertinacious People, and did chace
From that *good Land* which LUSUS left his Race.

96.

Now, DENIS! worthy his own *Parentage:*
And for whom *ſuch* a *Father* ſhould make room.
DENIS! Who ſtrikes (in the way of *Patronage*)
The fame of ALEXANDER's bounty, dumbe.
The *Land* got breath, and flouriſht in that *Age*
(Mild *Peace*, and, with peace, *Juſtice* from *Heav'n* come)
With *Conſtitutions*, *Laws*, and *Cuſtomes* right:
Of a calm *Kingdome* LUMINARIES bright.

97.

He, was the firſt That made COYMBRA ſhine
With *Lib'ral Sciences* which PALLAS taught;
By *Him*, from HELICON the *Muſes Nine*
To bruize MONDEGO's graſſie brink were brought;
Hither transferr'd APOLLO that rich *Mine*,
Which the old GREEKS in learned ATHENS wrought;
Here Ivy-Wreaths with *Gold* he interweaves,
And the coy DAPHNE's never-fading leaves.

98

Now noble *Cities* from the ground aſcend,
Caſtles, and warlike *Fortreſſes* ſecure;
Scarce any Corner but this *Prince* doth mend:
Convents he builds, and *Towns* he doth immure.
But ATROPOS (the Beſt muſt have an End)
Shearing his golden *Thrid* in years mature,
His *Son* ſucceeds; not *dutiful* (the *Fourth*
ALPHONSE) but of high *courage*, and much *worth*.

99.

On proud CASTEEL he ſtill with *Scorn* did look:
Yet free from *malice* as 'twas free from *feares*,
Onely men have a cuſtom, in that *Nook*,
To dread no *pow'r* for being more then *theirs*.
For when the MAURITANIAN undertook
HESPERIA's ſecond Conqueſt; and appeares
Juſt ready now CASTILIANS to invade:
The brave ALPHONSO pow'rs in to their Ayd:

100.

Never SEMIRAMIS with ſuch an *Hoaſt*
Did ſwarm HYDASPES's banks, his Sands out-number;
Nor ATTILA (He, who *Himſelf* did boaſt
The *Scourge* of GOD, and was the *fright*, and *wonder*
Of ITALY) ſo many GOTHS ingroſt
And *Northern People*: As of MOORS were under
The AFFRICK-MOOR (with Thoſe GRANADA yields)
At that time muſtred in *Tarteſſian* Fields.

101.

Then the CASTILIAN KING (who ſaw ſo great
And vaſt a pow'r, againſt his Countrey bend;
Nor weigh'd his *life*, but the intire *defeat*
Of SPAIN it ſelf (once loſt) did apprehend)
Help from the valiant PORTINGALL t'intreat,
His deareſt *Conſort* to that *Court* did ſend:
His *Wife* from whom the *Embaſſie* is ſent,
And his dear *daughter* unto whom it went.

102.

Vertuous MARIA, and as *fair* as *good*,
Enters her Father's *Palace* (glorious dame!)
Lovely, in *Grief*; nor, though the water ſtood
In her ſweet eyes, did *that* ſuſpend their flame.
Her *Angel*'s Treſſes with a *golden* flood
Coverd her *Ivory* ſhoulders. When ſhe came
Before her *Sire* (*He* overjoyd and kind)
It rain'd down right, and thus ſhe brake her mind.

103.

As many *Nations* as all AFFRICK bred
(A People *barbarous* and *inhumane*)
Hath the great *King* of the MOROCCO's led
To take poſſeſſion of illuſtrious SPAIN.
So vaſt a pow'r ne're marcht under one *Head*
Since the dry *Earth* was compaſt by the *Main*.
It terrifies the *living* where it rolls,
And ev'n alarums their dead *Father*'s Souls.

104.

His frighted ſubjects to protect and skreen,
He, whom *thou* haſt my *Lord* and *Husband* made,
Stands with ſmall ſtrength expoſed to the keen
And thirſty edges of the *Mooriſh* Blade;
And *I* ſhall ſoon depriv'd of *all* be ſeen,
If thou afford him not thy preſent ayd:
A *ſad* and *private* Woman, *Husbandleſs*.
Without a *Crown*, or *Him*, or *Happineſs*.

There-

105.

Therefore (O *King*) for very fear of whom
The ſtreams of hot MALUCO do congeale;
Succour, O! quickly to the ſuccour come
Of miſerable and deſpis'd CASTELE.
If that deare *ſmile* be an aſſenting dumb,
If *that* thy fatherly affection ſeal.
Run Father; if thou do not, by the MORE
I fear thou'lt find it *over-run* before.

106.

This with the ſelf-ſame tone MARIA ſaid
To *King* ALPHONSO on her trembling knees,
With which ſad VENUS once *her* Father pray'd
For her ENEAS toſt on *Lybian Seas*;
At which, with ſenſe of the deep moan ſhe made,
Such tender pitty did JOVE's bowels ſeize,
(Indulgent Sire!) he let his *Thunder* fall,
And (griev'd ſhe askt no *more*) granted her *all*.

107.

Streight armed *Squadrons*, glitt'ring in the Sun,
Are muſtred in the Fields of EBORA:
Scowr'd is the *Sword*, the *Lance*, the *Murrion*:
In rich *Capariſons* the *Horſes* neigh.
The *Trumpet* ſhrill, with pendant *Banner* done,
Rowzes from *peaces* down (where long they lay)
Their tickled Hearts to diſaccuſtomed *Arms*;
And concave *Drums* go thund'ring freſh *Alarms*.

108.

Amongſt them and *above* them *All* appeers
Higher by head and ſhoulders then the reſt
(And where *He* goes the *Royal Standart* veers)
Valiant ALPHONSO with erected Creſt.
His very *look*, it animates and cheers
(If *there* are any) ev'n the *Coward*'s Breſt.
Into CASTEEL thus marching is he ſeen
With his fair *daughter*, the *Caſtilian Queen*.

109.

The two ALPHONSO's in concluſion joynd,
In wide TARYPA's Fields confronting ſtood
The endleſs numbers of the people blind
For vvhom too narrovv are both *Plain* and *Wood*.
Of *ours* not one ſo hardy, but did find
Somevvhat of cold and ſhiv'ring in his blood,
Save onely ſuch as cleerly underſtands
CHRIST fights the battail vvith his *People*'s hands.

110.

Derided are the thin-ſpread *Chriſtian-Bands*
By Bond-Mayd HAGAR's Progeny unclean;
Who, by anticipation, all *their* lands
Divide amongſt the Army *Hagarene*,
Which by falſe Title in poſſeſſion ſtands
Of the illuſtrious Name of *Saracene*:
Juſt as *Another's* noble Land they boaſt
Now, for their *own*; reck'ning without their Hoſt.

111

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous *Gyant* (whom
King SAUL ſo fear'd, and all his *Army* worſe)
Seeing a ſimple *Swain* againſt him come,
Onely with *Peebles* arm'd, and a *clean* force,
With haughty language (arrogant and grum)
Scorns the poor Boy, and ſends him to his Nurſe;
Whom rounding with his ſling, *He* taught at length
The diff'rence betwixt *Faith*, and *humane ſtrength*.

112.

So the perfidious MOOR (advancing) cracks
Over the *Chriſtian Hoaſt*; nor underſtands
What POW'R it is that their weak *Powers* backs,
Which *Hell* with all its *Fiends* in vain withſtands.
Helpt by that POW'R, *He* of CASTEL' attacks
MOROCCO's *King*, who *there* in *Chief* commands:
The PORTINGAL (who ſleights their whole *Armada*)
He takes to Task the *Kingdom* of GRANADA.

113.

Now crack the *Lances*, and the *Swords* cry clink
Upon the *Armours*, Pow'rs incountring Pow'rs;
Invoking (when they ſtand on danger's brink)
Theirs MAHOMET, and St. IAGO *ours*.
The ſtrook ſtrike *Heav'n* with Cries, making a ſink
And ſtanding Pool with thick Vermilion ſhow'rs:
Where ſome (half dead) lye drowning where they ſtood
In too much *new*, who fell for want of blood.

114.

With ſo great blood-ſhed did the PORTINGAL
Make Spoyl and Havock of the GRANADINE,
That in ſmall ſpace he kills, or routs, them *All*,
'Spight of their *Mayles* and *breaſt-plates* of ſteel fine.
His hungry *Blade* which will to ſupper fall
In FEZ, if in th'ALHAMBRA it did dine)
The brave CASTILIAN helps to end the Fray:
Who hath the MAURITANIAN at a Bay.

The

115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat
To THETYS's grotts, and the bright *Ev'ning Star*
Drawing that glorious day to it's red *Set*,
Whoſe memory no time ſhall ever bar:
When the two *Kings* conſummate the defeat
Of the MOORS's Powers aſſembled in this War,
With ſo much Tragick ſlaughter, as no *Age*
Beheld before, or ſince, on the World's Stage.

116.

Not a fourth part rough MARIUS ſlew, of Thoſe
That loſt their lives in this day's Victory,
When water daſht with blood of their dead Foes
He made his *Army* drink, which then was dry:
Nor *He* of CARTHAGE (ſworn, a child, t'oppoſe
With Fire and Sword the Pride of ITALY)
When he ſo many *Knights* kill'd famous ROME,
That their *Rings* tane did to three Buſhels come.

117.

And if *Thou* (noble TITUS) couldſt alone
So many ſouls to black COCYTUS ſend,
When thou the *Holy City* didſt unſtone
Of that ſtiff *People*, never to be wean'd
From their aboliſht *Rytes*: This GOD did owne,
And chriſtned it *his* Act, that what was pen'd
By the OLD PROPHETS might be verify'de,
And JESUS ſaid too, whom *they* Crucify'de.

118.

After this great and proſperous event
(ALFONSO come to PORTUGALL again,
There to injoy in *peace* and ſweet content
The ſpreading Glories he in *War* did gain)
A black and lamentable accident
(Worthy in FAME's *Memorials* to remain)
Was on a miſerable *Lady* ſeen,
Who, after ſhe was dead, was made a *Queen*.

119.

Thou, onely *Thou* (pure LOVE) with bended bow,
Againſt whoſe Force no breſt whate're can hold,
As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *Sworn Foe*,
Did'ſt cauſe her death whom all the World condol'd.
If *Tears* (which from a troubled Fountain flow)
Quench not thy Thirſt, as hath been ſaid of old;
It is, that ſuch is thy *tyrannick* mood,
Thou lov'ſt thy *Altars* ſhould be bath'd in *blood*.

Thou

120.

Thou wer't (fair YNES) in Repoſe, of LOVE's
Reflected Fires foſt'ring the ſweet heat, young;
In that ſweet *Error*, that worſe *Fates* removes,
Which *Fortune* never ſuffers to laſt long:
In ſweet MONDEGO's ſolitary *Groves*,
Whoſe ſtreams no day but thou didſt weep among:
Teaching the lofty *Trees*, and humble *Graſs*,
That *Name* which printed in thy boſom was.

121.

Thy penſive *Prince*, with *thine* did ſympathize
Remembrances, which in his Soul did ſwim,
Bringing thee always freſh before his Eyes,
When, from thy fair ones, buſineſs baniſht *Him*:
By night, in *dreams*; that cheat him with ſweet lyes:
By day, in thoughts; that pencil *thy* each *lim*:
And *all* he mus'd, and *all* he ſaw in fine,
Were dear IDEA's of thy *Form* divine.

122.

Of other *Ladies* fair, and *Princeſſes*
The tend'red Matches he did vilifie;
For, of a *Heart* 'tis hard to diſpoſſeſs
True *Love*, that hath had time to fortifie.
Upon theſe highly am'rous paſſages
The *Father* looking with an old man's Eye
(Enrag'd with what the common-people ſed
And his *Son*'s reſolution not to wed)

123.

YNES determines from the *World* to take,
His *Son* from *Her* to take, and to remove:
Believing, with her *blood*'s ill let-out Lake,
To quench the kindled flames of conſtant love.
O! that ſure *Sword* (which had the pow'r to make
The *Mooriſh* Rage ſtrike ſaile) what Rage could move
Thee, from the honor'd *Sheaths*, where thou did'ſt reſt,
To be new ſheath'd in *Lady*'s gentle Breſt?

124.

The horrid *blood-hounds* dragg'd her to the *King*:
Whoſe bowels *now* to mercy ſtood inclin'd.
But *ill-Adviſers* with falſe reaſoning
To her deſtruction re-inflam'd his mind.
Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did ſpring
Onely from ſenſe of *Thoſe* ſhe left behind
In ſolitude, her Prince, and children deare,
Whoſe *Griefe* ſhe more, then her own *death* did feare:)

Lifting

125.

Lifting unto the azure *Firmament*
Her *Eyes*, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd;
Her *Eyes*, for one of thoſe malevolent
And bloody *Inſtruments* her *hands* had bound;
And then, the ſame on her dear *Infants* bent,
Who *Them* with ſmiling innocence ſurround
By whom poor *Orphans* they will ſtreight be made
Unto their cruel *Grand-Father* thus ſaid.

126.

If *Beaſts* themſelves (*wild Beaſts*) whoſe uſe, and way,
By *Nature*'s dire inſtinct, is not to ſpare;
And vagrant *Birds*, whoſe buſ'neſs 'tis, to prey,
And chace their *Quarrey* through the yielding Ayre;
The world hath ſeen take *Babes* expos'd, and play
The tender *Nurſes* to them with their care,
As NINUS's mother once it did befall,
And the *Twinn-Founders* of the *Roman* Wall:

127.

O *Thou*, whoſe *Superſcription* ſpeaks thee, *Man*
(That the *Contents* were ſuited to the Cover!
A feeble Maid thou wouldſt not murther than
Onely for loving *Him*, who firſt did love her)
Pitty theſe *Babes* (*the babes about him ran*)
In thy hard doom ſince *I* am ſpot all over.
Spare, for *their* ſakes, *their* lives, and *mine*: And ſee
Whiteneſs in *Them*, though thou wilt not in *Me*.

128.

And if (ſubduing the preſumptuous MORE,
How to give *death* with fire and ſword thou know'ſt,
Know, to give *life* too, to a *damſel* poore,
Who hath done nothing why it ſhould be loſt.
Let my hid *Innocence* thus much procure:
Exile me to ſome ſad *intemperate Coaſt*,
Cold SCYTHIA, or burn't LYBIA, to remain
A weeping Tomb, and never more ſee SPAIN.

129.

Plant me where nothing grows but *Cruelty*,
'Mongſt *Lyons*, *Bears*, and other *Savage* Beaſts:
To ſee, if *They* that mercy will deny
Which I in vain implore from *humane* Breaſts.
There, in firm love to *Him* for whom I dye,
I'l breed his *Pieces*, thou here ſeeſt, *their gueſts*
And *my Companions*; to ſlide off with *Thoſe*
Part of the burthen of their *mother*'s woes.

Fain

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious *King*,
Mov'd with theſe words, which made his Bowels yearn:
But *Fate*, and *whiſp'rers* (That freſh Fewel bring)
They would not pardon. 'Tis thoſe mens concern
(Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.
They ſtrip their ſteel out of the Scabbard (ſtern).
Out Villains! Butchers! What? imploy your ſpights,
Your ſwords, againſt a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights?*

131.

As at the breaſt of fair POLIXENA
Condemn'd to death by dire ACHILLES's ſhade
(The laſt dear ſtake of Aged HECUBA)
Revengeful PYRRHUS bent his cruel *Blade*;
But with a *look* that drives ill Ayrs away
(Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,
On her mad *Mother* caſting up her Eys,
Preſents her ſelf a *Sacrifice*, and dyes:

132.

So gentle YNES's bruitiſh Murtherers,
Ev'n in that *Neck* (white ATLAS of that *Head*
Whoſe ſtars, thought ſet, had influence o're the pow'rs
Of *Him*, That crowu'd her after ſhe was dead)
Bathing their thirſty *Swords*, and all the *flow'rs*
Which her fair Eyes had newly watered
(Mindleſs of the inſuing Vengeance) ſtood
Like crimſon'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightſt Thou PHEBUS from an Act ſo dire
(PYROUS ſtarting) have reverſt thy look;
As from THYESTES's Table, when the *Sire*
Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the Cook.
You, hollow Vales (which, when ſhe did expire,
From her cold lips the dying accents took)
Hearing her PEDRO nam'd with her laſt breath,
Form'd PEDRO, PEDRO, after YNES's death.

134.

Like a ſvveet *Roſe* (vvith party-colours fair)
By *Virgin*'s hand beheaded in the Bud
To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,
When (ſever'd from the ſtalk on vvhich it ſtood)
Both *Scent* and *beauty* vaniſh into Ayre:
So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath*, or *Blood*,
Her *Cheeks* freſh *Roſes* raviſht from the Root
Both red and white, and the ſvveet life to boot.

This

135.

This Act of horrour, and black night obſcure,
MONDEGO's daughters long reſented deep;
And, for a laſting Tomb, into a pure
Fountain, transformd the *Teares* which they did weep.
The name, they gave it (which doth ſtill indure)
Was YNES's loves, whom PEDRO there did keep.
No wonder, ſuch ſweet *Streams* water thoſe *Flowers*:
TEARES, are the ſubſtance; and the *Name*, A-MOURS.

136.

It was not long ere PEDRO found the way
To that *Revenge* which in his breaſt did boyle;
For, taking in his hands the *Kingdom's* ſway
Hee takes it on the Murd'rers (who chang'd ſoyle)
With licence of another PEDRO. They
(Partners in miſchief) having made that vile
And bloody pact, AUGUSTUS did with thoſe
He was new *Friends* with, of exchanging *Foes*.

137.

A rigorous *Chaſtizer* was this King
Of *Thefts*, of *Murthers*, and *Adultries* blind,
The Ill to condigne puniſhment to bring
Was the delight and banquet of his mind.
Reſtraining *Cities* with rough *diſciplin*,
From *Vice* and *Inſolence* of every kind,
He gave more *Robbers* their deſerved meed
Then wandring THESUS, or ALCIDES, did.

138.

From the juſt PEDRO, and ſevere (Behold
How *Nature* ſometimes can prevaricate!)
Sprang the remiſſe, the Careleſſe, the ſheep-ſold
FERNANDO: who ſet all of a Flame ſtraight.
Whence the CASTILIAN entring uncomptrold,
Went waſting ſo the weake diſnerved *State*,
That at laſt gaſpe it lay: For its ſeen oft,
"A ſoft KING makes a valiant *People*, ſoft.

139.

Whether it were GOD's Judgement, for his ſin
Of taking from her Husband LEONORE,
And marrying Her; beſotten with her *win-*
Ning looks, and by his Flattring *Caſuiſts* more;
Or that faynt *Vice* (through cuſtom ſoaking in
Into his Breaſt, thence breathing through each pore)
Made him all *Pap* within: For, tis as true,
"*Vnlawfull* fires make Valiant KINGS ſoft too.

140.

" *Luſt* oft hath brought *great men* to great miſhap:
GOD that permitting, and ordaining *thus.*
Witneſs th'ABETTORS of fair HELEN's Rape:
King-TARQUIN, and *Triumvir*-APPIUS.
Why could not holy DAVID judgement ſcape?
Why was deſtroy'd the TRIBE illuſtrious
OF BENJAMIN? DINAH coſt SICHEM deer:
Nor (SARAH onely wiſht) went PHAROAH cleer.

141.

Then, whether *manly* Boſoms *melt*, or not,
With *fires* that are not kindled from *Above*;
ALCMENA's *Son* (who ware a *Petticot*
To pleaſe OMPHALE) well may ſerve to prove:
And ANTHONY, who loſt the fame he got,
And the *World*'s *Crown* for CLEOPATRA's love.
And *Thou* of CARTHAGE, in full conqueſt ſtayd
By ſtumbling on a mean *Appulian* mayd.

142.

But *who* is priviledg'd from the ſweet ſnare
Which *Love* ſo ſubt'ly weaves, and hides it (oh!)
In *Damask* Roſes, in bright *auburn* haire,
Tranſparent alablaſter, and *warm* Snow?
Who, from the poyſon'd Arrows of the *Faire?*
From a MEDUSA's *head* (I term it ſo)
That turns the hearts of them whom ſhe doth tame,
Not into *Stone* (then it were well) but flame?

143.

Who ſees a *cryſtal* Brow, a *piercing* look,
A *luſhious*, and *Seraphick* excellence,
(Transforming *Soules* into it) That can brook
The *object*, or pretend the leaſt defence?
All That have ſwallow'd LOVE's bewitching Hook,
With poor FERNANDO's frailty will diſpence:
And ſome (as when MARS ſeen in courſer ſnares
The *Gods* did once) ev'n wiſh *his* caſe were *Theirs.*

End of the third Canto.

Fourth

Fourth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

AFter a pitchie, and a dripping *night*,
Poor *Travailers* confounding in their way,
A glorious *Morn* (ſucceeding) glads the ſight;
And, with the long'd-for *Sun*, returns the *day*:
After the whiſtling winds have ſpent their ſpight,
On the calm'd Sea the wanton *Dolphins* play:
So the afflicted *Kingdom* it befell
When ſoft FERNANDO bade the world farewel.

2.

And if ours wiſht a *Champion*, to fullfil
Their Vengeance upon *Thoſe*, from whom alone
(Uſing remiſs FERNANDO'S favours *ill*)
They make account that all their *Ills* are grown.
Now they'l have one according to their will,
Putting illuſtrious JOHN into the *Throne*,
As PEDRO'S onely Son they could come at:
And his *true* Son, though *Illegitimat*.

3.

That this was *Heaven*'s Ordinance divine
By moſt cleer Tokens evident became,
When a young girl, ſpeaking before her time,
In EBORA diſtinctly form'd his name.
And as a *Herald-Angel* ſent in fine
The *Portingall Succeſſour* to proclame
Lifting i'th'Cradle *Body*, *Hand*, and *Tone*,
Cry'd, PORTUGAL FOR THE NEW KING DON JOHN.

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Eſtate
Of the poor *Realm*, and the mad *People*'s ſpleen;
That (to diſburthen their conceived Hate)
Flat *Cruelties* in ev'ry part were ſeen:
Killing the Kin, and all that did relate
To the adult'rous *Earl*, and to the *Queen*,
With whom her lewdneſs (they affirm'd) was more
In widowhood, then it had been before.

5.

But true, or falſe, the ſcandal which they gave
Forfeits his *Head* (and rightly) to the *Axe*.
He dyes for't in her preſence: Others have
The ſelf-ſame ſawce. It catches like fir'd flax.
One, whom religious *Orders* could not ſave,
Thrown from a *Steeple* like ASTIANAX:
A *Second*, *Orders*, *Sex*, nor th' *Altar*'s Horn:
A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

6.

In long forgetfullneſs may now be laid
Thoſe horrid *Maſſacres*, which ROME beheld,
By bloody SYLLA, and fierce MARIUS, made,
When one another they by turns expel'd.
Then LEONÓRE (whom th'unrevenged ſhade
Of her dear *Count* with open fury ſwell'd)
Invites CASTEEL, who did her *daughter* wed:
Saying, the CROWN belongeth to *her* head.

7.

Her daughter BEATRICE was *ſhe*, as due
To whom, *he* of CASTEEL that *Crown* might clame:
Reputed daughter of FERNANDO too,
With the permiſſion of her *mother*'s *Fame*.
Into the *Field* CASTILIA therefore drew,
To ſeize the *Kingdom* in his *Conſort*'s name,
Amaſſing men (our *Spot* to overwhelm)
From every Province of his ſpacious Relm.

8.

Troops came (on this occaſion) from that LAND
To which one BRIGUS gave his name of yore:
From *Lands* recover'd (by their GREAT FERNAND,
And greater CID) from the uſurping MORE.
Nor *thoſe*, who high in MARS his favour ſtand,
Who with their Ploughs (laborious) travaile o're
The Hills of LEON, ſlowly did advance:
The ancient Terror of the *Mooriſh* Lance.

9.

The VANDALS came, who to this day confide
In *Valour* which of old they made appeer.
SEVILIA came (ANDALUZIA's Pride)
So ſweetly water'd by GUADALQUIVER.
The noble ISLAND (which was *colonied*
Sometime by TYRIANS) was not wanting here,
Who, on their *Banners* in thoſe days of yore
The famous *Pillars* of ALCIDES bore.

Came

10.

Came likewiſe Troops from old TOLEDO's Reame,
Whoſe nimble *Tongue* the neateſt *Spaniſh* trolls:
And TAGUS clasps her with his amorous ſtreame,
Which from the *Hills* of CUENCA ſweetly rolls.
Nor *fear* kept *you* from being joyn'd to *Them*,
Sordid GALLEGOS (refractory Souls!)
That arm your ſelves again, thoſe ſwords t'oppoſe,
Of which already ye have felt the blows.

11.

Likewiſe black Furies of the *war* drives an
The BISKAYNER, A mortal enemy
To *Complement*; nor of a Heart, that can
From any ſtranger brook an injury:
He of GUIPUSCUA, and th'ASTURIAN:
Fam'd for their *Iron-Indies* far and nigh:
Theſe (arm'd with their own *Mines*) conducted are
To ſerve their LORD in the denounced War.

12.

JOHN, from whoſe manly Boſom's briſtles, grew
That courage, SAMPSON borrow'd of *his* hairs,
Though all his men amount but to a Few,
To play the beſt of a bad Game prepares.
Nor, that he's unreſolved what to do,
Calls the cheif Counſellors in his Affaires;
But, to obſerve how every one inclines:
"For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no ſuch, as, ev'n againſt that *Cauſe*
They follow, Reaſons do inſinuate:
Whoſe ſence with a *Caſtilian* Byas draws
From all that's *Portingal* degenerate.
Whom *Fear* ſo freezes, and ſo overawes,
That *natural love* it doth exterminate.
Their *King*, and *Countrey*, they deny: and wou'd
With PETER too, for fear deny their GOD.

14.

Don NUNIO (to be ſure) was none of *Thoſe*:
But though his *Brothers* (whom he deerly lov'd)
Take t'other ſide, and big the danger grows,
Them whoſe *Faith* ſtaggers ſharply he reprov'd;
And at theſe People with their *I's*, and *No's*;
Laying his Hand upon his *Hilt* (more *mov'd*
Then *Eloquent*) theſe words abruptly hurl'd:
Threatning the *Earth*, the *Ocean*, and the *world*.

What?

15.

What? 'Mongſt the *Portingal*-Nobility
Shall there be any leſs then *Sons* of MARS?
What? in *this* Realm (victorious far and nigh)
Shall there be born, That ſhun *defenſive* wars?
That will their *Hearts*, their *Hands*, their *Heads* deny
At ſuch a pinch, their *Fortunes*, and their *Stars*?
Or who, for any cauſe that can be thought,
Will ſee their *Countrey* in ſubjection brought.

16.

What? Are not *you* then of thoſe *worthies* bred,
Who (fierce and valiant as the *Swords* they wore)
Under the great HENRIQUEZ Standart led,
O'rethrew this *warlike* Nation once before?
When *Them* ſo many routed *Squadrons* fled,
So many *Flaggs*, that (beſides thouſands more
Of leſſer Rank, amongſt the opulent *Prey*)
Sev'n potent *Earles* our *Pris'ners* were that day?

17.

With *whom*, perpetually were trodden down
Theſe, That are now ſo dreadful in your view,
By DENIS, and, his *Son*, of *high* Renown,
But with your *Sires*, and *Grandſires*? and if *you*
Were (by the *Sins*, or *weakneſs*, of the CROWN)
Kept under, in FERNANDO's days; Renew
Your ſtrength with the *new* King: "For 'tis not ſtrange
"(You ſee) for *People* with their *Kings* to change.

18.

Ye have one *now*, that, if your courage roſe
Equal with his *You* lifted to the *Throne*,
Ye might o'rethrow the *World*, how much more *Thoſe*,
Whom ye have oft already overthrown?
And if, in ſhort, with *Him* ye cannot loſe
Thoſe fears, that ſeem t'have turn'd you into *ſtone*;
Stand but like *ſtones* (I ask you not one ſtroke)
Whilſt I *alone* reſiſt a *forraign* yoak.

19

I onely, with *my* Tenants, and with *this* ——
(And at that word he pull'd out half his *Blade*)
Will ſave from *force*, and all that ſhameful is,
This *Land*, which hitherto hath liv'd a Maid.
By the *King's fire*, and *mine* (lighted at *his*):
Our *Countrey's Tears*: By *Faith* (by you not vvaigh'd):
Not onely *Theſe* upon their knees I'l bring,
But *All* that ever ſhall oppoſe *my* King.

As

20.

As when, deſpairing now, the *Youth* of ROME
(All that ſurvived CANNÆ's fatal Field)
Stood ready (rallyed in CANUSIUM)
Themſelves unto the *Conquerour* to yield,
But young CORNELIUS doth amongſt them come,
And ſwears them *All* upon his ſword, compel'd;
That they the *Roman wars* ſhall never leave,
Till *life* leave *them*, or *Thoſe* their *lives* bereave:

21.

So NUNIO animates, whom he did force.
Whoſe boyſt'rous *Rhet'rick* ſuch quick flame imparts,
Chiefly the Tail and ſting of his diſcourſe,
As thaws thoſe fears that had congeal'd their hearts.
And preſently they call *to Horſe, to Horſe,*
Toſſing about their heads Lances, and Darts.
They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)
The famous King that gives us Liberty!

22.

Amongſt the fiercer *Commons*, *ſome* up-cry
This war, by which their Countrey is affoyl'd:
Others ſcowr up their *Armours*, and ſupply
What with the ruſt of *peace* was eate, and ſpoyl'd:
Theſe, ſtuff old *Murrions*; *Thoſe*, new breaſt-plates try:
Each takes thoſe *Arms*, he hath moſt skill to wield.
With ſev'ral colour'd *Garments*, *others* flaunt:
Others, Love-*Motto's*, and *devices* paint.

22.

With all this well-appointed Company,
Doth valiant JOHN from freſh ABRANTES go:
Abrantes, which injoys abundantly
The ſtreams, from CUENCA's frozen Caves that flow.
The well-arm'd *Vanguard* is commanded by
One, who was fit t have led againſt a Foe
Thoſe *Oriental* Forces without Compt,
With which *King* XERXES paſt the HELLESPONT.

24.

DON NUNIO ALVAREZ, I mean: the true
And fatal ſcourge of proud CASTILIANS,
No leſs, then once the valiant HUN was to
The ancient GAULS, and the ITALIANS.
Another *Knight* (to whom much praiſe is due)
Leads the *right wing* of LUSITANIANS:
As skilfull to conduct, as bold in fight,
OF VASCONCELOS MEM RODRIQUEZ, higher

The

25.

The *other wing*, that correſponds with *this*,
ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMAAD commands,
Who after *Conde* of Abranchez is:
And *Hee* comes up with the *Sineſtre* Bands.
In the *Reer-Gard* the *Standart* none can miſs,
Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILIA Stands;
With IOHN, accompliſhed in every part:
Who makes a *dunce* of MARS in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een
Cold (betwixt *hope* and *feare* ſuſpended now)
Wives, *Mothers*, *Siſters*, *Miſtreſſes*, are ſeen.
Prayers they preferr: *Faſts*, *Pilgrimages*, vow.
Our *Troops* (advancing with undaunted meen)
Down by the *Foe* they ſit them, brow to brow;
Receiv'd with ſhouts, which rock the *Firmament*:
Yet *one*, & *t'other*, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall *Trumpets* challenge, and accept:
The *Drumms*, and whiſtling *Fifes* in conſort joyne.
The duſty *Field* the flouriſht *Enſigns* ſwept,
Where all the Colours of the *Rainbow* ſhine.
It was the time, when, CERES's fruits being reapt,
She lends her *Lab'rers* to the God of *Wine*:
When (into *Libra* entred *Auguſt*'s *Sun*)
Plump BACCHUS put ſweet *Muſt* into the Tun.

28.

Caſtilian Trumpets did the On-ſet ſound,
Loud, furious diſmall, terrible, and hoarce
Heard it ARTABOR's *Mount*, and underground
Her way did frighted GUADIANA force:
Heard it the DVVERE, and ALENTECHO round:
TAGUS looks back, then haſtens on his courſe:
And *Mothers* (who that bayleſull noyſedid heare)
Claſpe to their *Breaſts* their tender *Babes* for feare.

29.

How many *Cheeks* were *there* diſcolourd ſeen,
Whilſt to the *Heart* the frendlie blood repaird?
"In great *Incounters* greater is I ween
"The feare of danger, then the danger feard:
"But, when the firſt *brunt's* over, *Rage*, and *Teen*,
"Deſire of *honour*, and to *Plume* the *Beard*
"Of a proud Foe; *Theſe* take away the ſence
"Of loſing *limbs*, or deareſt *life's* expence.

On

30.

On *either* ſide the firſt *Battalions* move:
The doubtfull war on either ſide began:
Theſe fighting for their *Country*, which they love;
Thoſe, to poſſeſs *another's* if they can.
The great PERERYRA, firſt his force did prove:
Summing an *Armie's* valour in one *Man.*
Hee ſhocks, ſtrikes down, in fine he makes, their *Grave*,
And with their *Corpſes* ſows the *Land* they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,
Javelins, with other ſhott, fly whizzing round;
Vnder the fiery *Courſers* yron Feet
The *Earth* doth tremble, and the Vales reſound:
Lances are crackt, and (dropping thick as Sleet)
The Horſemen armd come thundring to the ground.
Vpon feirce NUNIO's Few, freſh Foes are pact:
Their Art, to *multiply*; *his*, to *abſtract.*

32.

Loe now his *Brother's* ſwords againſt him bent
(Cruell, and ougly)! But *Hee* wonders not.
For they, who 'gainſt their *King*, and *Countrey* went,
Would never ſtick to cut a *Brother's* Throat.
Of theſe *Revolters* many did preſent
Themſelves in the firſt Ranks: And *who* ſo hot
To kill their *Friends*, as *They?* ſo kindred Hoaſts
Of yore incountred in *Pharſalian* Coaſts.

33.

O CATALINE, and Thou *Sertorius* bould,
Noble CORIOLANUS, with the reſt,
Who 'gaynſt your *Countrey* drew your ſwords of ould
From an *Impious*, though *provoked*, Breſt!
If in the darke *Abyſſe* of PLUTO's Hould
Ye find your ſelves with FURIES's whipps oppreſt,
Tell them (to cloake the horrour of your ſin)
Some *Portingalls* ſometimes have *Trayters* bin.

34.

Ore-whelmd with growing *Foes's* impetuous flood,
Now were the formoſt of our *Squadrons* burſt,
There NUNIO, like a *rampant Lyon*, ſtood,
Whom in her neighb ring Mountains CEUTA nurſt;
But now he is invirond with a wood
Of HUNTERS ſpeares, ore *Tetuan* plains that courſt;
Thoſe All are bent at *Him*, His Brows *Hee* draws,
Nor is it *Feare*, but *Anger* makes him pauſe.

35.

Muſty he looks, nought pleaſed with the ſight,
Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted he art
Incompetible with ignoble flight)
Himſelf amongſt the thickeſt he doth dart:
So with the blood of *Aliens* dyes our Knight
The *Luſitanian* Graſs. Some fall, ſome ſtart
Ev'n of his *own*. For, where there is ſuch *odds*,
Strength often fails, and firmeſt *Vertue* nods.

36.

JOHN ſaw how hard brave NUNIO was put to't:
(For, as a wiſe and careful *General*,
His *Eye* was in *all* parts, in *all* his *Foot*,
His *Preſence*, and his *words*, gave life to *All*)
As a *She-Lyon*, and a *Nurſe* to boot,
That finds, whilſt Hunger, *Her* from home did call,
(Leaving her whelps unto themſelves) a bold
Maſſylian ſhepherd lurcht them from her Hold;

37.

Raving ſhe runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends
The SEAVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS with her Voice:
So JOHN, ſo runs he (to aſſiſt his Frends)
To the *Head Squadrons* with ſome ſoldiers choice.
O brave *Camrades*, noble as are your Ends,
(How in your matchleſs *Valour* I rejoyce)!
Defend your *Countrey*, and defend your *Lands*:
The Hope of *Freedom* in your *Lances* ſtands.

38.

See *me*, your *King*, your *Fellow*, and your *Head*,
'Mongſt *Darts*, 'mongſt *Arrows*, and thick *Pikes* among,
Ruſh on the Foe! Nor are you ſent, but led.
Shew, fighting, to what Countrey ye belong.
The irrefragable *Warriour* ſed;
Who, four times poyſing a ſharp Lance, and ſtrong;
Throws it with force: and through this *Throw* alone
Many a *Soule* out of her Houſe is throwne.

39.

For (loe!) his men with honorable ſhame
Are kindled new and with a noble Ire.
Who ſhall bet moſt at MARS his bloody Game,
Is th'onely Thing to which they *All* aſpire.
They *Vye*, *revye*, and dip their ſteel in flame:
Break ſtubborn *Mayles*, nor leave thick *Plates* intire.
Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,
Nor doth it grieve them, ſlaying, to be ſlain.

Many

40.

Many are poſted to the *Stygian* Wave,
Into whoſe Bodies entred *Steel*, and death.
Of St. IAGO there the MASTER brave
Dyes fighting ſtoutly to his laſt of breath.
Another MASTER dire of CALATRAVE
Pulls *Troops* down with him to the ſhades beneath.
The *Renegade* PEREYRAS likewiſe dye
Reneaguing HEAVEN and their *Deſtiny*.

41.

Went thouſands of the *Vulgar* without noat,
And *nobles* too, unenter'd in FAME's rolls,
Where that lean dog ſtill gapes with triple throat,
Which never can be fill'd with humane ſouls.
And (more to humble *them*, who, when on float,
Thought the whole World muſt ſtoop to their controlls)
The high *Caſtilian Standart* now doth fall,
And kiſs the foot of that of PORTUGALL.

42.

With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gaſhes dire,
The battail cruel above meaſure grows.
The multitude of men, that here expire,
Makes *all* the *Flow'rs* in colour like the *Roſe*.
All *fly*, or *dye*: Now out of breath was *Ire*:
Now *Valour* loſt an *Arm* for want of Foes:
Now routed ſees himſelf CASTILIA's *King*,
And quits the purpoſe he from home did bring.

43.

The *Field* he leaves unto the *Conquerer*,
Glad that he did leave him his life too.
The poor remainder follow: To whom Feare
Gave *wings*, not *Feet*: nor did they run, but flew.
The loſs of ſo much men, and Treaſure there,
Profoundly in their ſilent hearts they rue:
Hiding the ſmart, the ſorrow; and the foyle,
To have *Another* triumph in *their* ſpoyle.

44.

Some *Him* with open mouth blaſpheam'd, and curſt,
Who firſt invented *War* mankind to quell;
In whoſe obdurate Breaſt *Ambition* firſt,
And *Covetiſe* of others goods did dwell;
Nor car'd for feeding his *hydropick* Thirſt
How many ſilly ſoules were pack't to *Hell*;
Who taught the way to ſhorten humane lives,
To orphan *Children*, and to widow *Wives*.

45.

Victorious JOHN upon the place ſtays out
In martial glory the accuſtom'd days:
With *Offrings* then, and *Pilgrimage* devout,
To *Him*, That gave the *Conqueſt*, gives the Praiſe.
But NUNIO (minding what he was about,
As He That knows, a laſting Fame to raiſe,
No way like *Arms*, which all the world command)
Paſſes his *Troops* to the *Trans-Tagan* Land.

46.

To *Him* his ſtars ſo favourable were,
That the ſucceſs applauded the *deſigne*:
For he both conquers, and the ſpoyls doth weare
Of *Andaluſian* Countreys That confine.
The *Betick Standard* of SEVILIA there,
Under which divers neighb'ring *great ones* joyn,
With ſmall reſiſtance at his feet ſoon falls,
Quell'd by the *force*, and *name*, of PORTINGALS.

47.

With *theſe*, and *other* Victories oppreſt
A tedious while were the CASTILIANS brave,
When *Peace*, and *now* by both deſired *Reſt*,
The *vanquiſht* People from the *Victors* have:
After the KING OF HEAV'N, for ever bleſt,
To the *Foe-Kings* in holy-marriage gave
Of ENGLISH SISTERS the unequall'd pair,
Illuſtrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breaſt, inur'd to bloody Broile,
To live without a *Foe*, could not ſuſtain;
So (having *none* upon the *Land* to toyle)
Goes to extend his Conqueſts o're the *Maine*.
This is our firſt of *Kings*, who doth exile
Himſelf from SPAIN, to make the AFFRICANE
By force of *Arms* perceive the diff'rence great
Betwixt CHRIST's *Law*, and *that* of MAHOMET.

49.

Behold on curled THETYS's ſilver flood
Their wings a thouſand *ſwimming Eagles* beat,
To catch the ſwelling wind (a moving *wood*)
Where the *World*'s utmoſt bounds ALCIDES ſet,
MOUNT AVILA he takes, and the Walls good
Of noble CEUTA, outing MAHOMET
With his blind Worſhip: and ſecures all SPAINE
From *Treaſon* of another JULIANE.

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGALL
As to injoy the Ages it desires
This worthy *Prince*; and takes him from *Earth's* Ball,
To add a new *Voice* to the *Angells's Quires.*
But that GOOD POW'R, which *Him* to *Heav'n* did call,
Left his large *off-spring* to supply their *Sire's*
Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,
Augment, and with *new* Vertues deck the *Land.*

51.

King EDWARD was not of the *happiest*, though,
The while that *He* the *Regal Throne* did fill:
"For moody TIME goes blending *joy* with *woe:*
"And with *alternate* Hand gives *good* for *Ill.*
"Who ever *Happiness* did *constant* know?
"Or FORTUNE with *one* face continue still?
Yet to this KINGDOM *She*, and ev'n this KING,
More of her *honey* gave, then of her *sting.*

52

He saw his *Brother* Captive (good FERNAND)
Who had a *Soul* so *publike*, and so *brave*,
That, for his *Troops*, distrest in AFFRICK-LAND,
Himself a *Pawn* unto the MOORS he gave.
Where, when his ransome was in his own Hand,
He (born a Prince) would rather dye a slave:
Then that for *Him* we CEUTA should restore:
Freedom he lov'd, but lov'd his *Countrey* more.

53.

CODRUS, because the Foe should not o'recome;
Deviz'd a noble *Stratagem* to dye:
To save the martial *discipline* of ROME
Did REGULUS to *Death* with *Torments* flye:
Ours, distant fear to keep his *Countrey* from,
Invites himself to *endless slavery.*
CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'd at)
Nor loyal DECII, did so much as *That.*

54.

But EDWARD'S onely *Son*, ALPHONSO hight,
(A lucky *Name* to our HESPERIA)
Who, the prowd threatnings of *Barbarian* night
In bord'ring *Lands*, low as the dust did lay;
Would have been doubtless an unconquer'd *Knight*,
Had he forborn t'invade IBERIA.
AFFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible
To overcome a *King* so terrible.

55.

To pull the *golden Apples* was *his* hap,
Which none before him, but ALCIDES bit,
On the feirce MOOR he ſuch a *Yoake* did clap
From which they cannot reſt their Necks out yit.
The *Palme* and *Lawrell* green his Temples wrap,
Of *Victories*, he at the *Seige* did git
Of Pop'lous TANCER, Strong ALAGER's Towers,
And tough ARZILA, o're the *Barb'rous* Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring PORTINCALL'S
(The ſuccours beaten) entring *Theſe* by force,
Threw to the ground the *adamantine* walls,
And *All* that thwarted their Victorious courſe.
Wonders (deſerving *Pens* whence liquor falls
Immortalizing with it's *Nectar* ſource)
Wrought *private Swords* in this *Exployt* of fame:
Exalting more the *Luſitanian* name.

57.

But *after* taynted with *Ambition*,
And *Rule's* ſweet Thirſt (though ſoure to *Him* at laſt)
FERNANDO he invades of ARRAGON,
About the *Kingdom* of CASTILIA vaſt.
Of the proud NATIONS (which depend thereon)
A num'rous *Hoaſt*, t'oppoſe him, is a maſſt,
From CADIZ to the lofty PERYNEE:
All which the *King* FERNANDO did obey.

58.

The young PRINCE IOHN diſdayns it ſhould be ſaid,
Hee is the only idle Man in SPAINE;
And therefore. his ambitious *Sire* to ayd
Reſolves forth with: nor is his *Ayd* in vaine.
The *Battayle's* bloody period, undiſmayd,
Hee ſees; and with a brow ſerene and plaine.
The warlike *Father* put to totall Rout,
Yet leaves the *Son* the *Victory* in doubt.

59.

For the ſublime and truly *Royall* ſon
(Gay *Knight* undaunted, confident, and high)
Having vaſt ſpoyle to the *Adverſary* done,
Stays one whole day the *Field* to juſtify.
Thus was OCTAVIUS CÆSAR overthrowne,
And *Victor* his companion ANTHONY:
When *They* or *Thoſe*, who noble IULIUS kil'd,
Reveng'd themſelves in the *Philippick* Feild.

60.

ALPHONSO mounted to high *Heav'n* serene;
The *Prince*, That then the *Scepter* swayd of right,
Was *Second* IOHN, who made of KINGS fifteen
Hee (to attain to *Glory's* utmost hight)
Began a *Taske*, exceeding strength terrene
(Whose *weight* is *now* by *my* weake shoulders born)
To seek the *Cradle* of the purple MORN.

61.

He sends fit *Messengers* from his owne *Court*
Through SPAINE, FRANCE, celebrated ITALY:
There to imbarque in that illustrious *Port*
Where was interr'd, of old, PARTHENOPE.
NAPLES; which *Fortune* made her *Tennis-Court*,
By severall NATIONS held successively,
To place it *glorious* (no more change to feel)
In sov'raign SPANIARDS, who can fix *her* wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the CALABRIAN DEEP;
Passe by the RODIAN ISLAND's sandy Bay:
Along the Coast of ALEXANDRIA keep,
For POMPEY's death infamous to this day.
They travayle MEMPHIS, and those *Lands* which steep
Themselves in NYLE. To ETHIOPIA
They mount, which EGYPTS upper part doth lock,
Where CHRIST hath feeding an out-lying *Flock*.

63.

The ERYTHREAN SEA they likewise croft:
Which, dry-foot past the seed of ISRAEL.
The NABATHEAN MOUNTAYNS sight they lost,
So named from the *Son* of ISHMAEL.
The oderiferous SABEAN-COAST
(Inricht with *Teares* which from the *Mother* fell
Of fayre ADONE.) and BLEST ARABIA trac't
Throughout (the STONY balking; and the WAST;)

64.

The PERSIAN GULPH they enter. To *This* neer,
Great BABEL's Ruines are *yet* visible.
Swift TIGRIS mingles with EUPHRATES heer:
Brothers, That with their *Fountain's* glory swell.
Hence they proceed in quest of INDUS cleer:
From which great things *Posteritie* shall tell,
Of *Troops*, that through *long Seas* shall passe thereto:
Which, even *by Land* nigh TRAIAN durst not doe.

Of

65.

Of INDIA, TARFE, and CARMANIAN HILLS,
The ſtrange and uncoth *Nations* they beheld:
Noating the ſev'rall *Cuſtomes*, ſev'rall *Skills*,
Which ſev'rall *Regions* doe produce, and yeild.
But from ſuch *Diſtant* parts (joynd to the Ills
Of ſo *rough* journeys) Men return but ſeld.
In fine, *there* did *Theſe* dye; they ſtuck faſt *there*:
For back they come not to their *Country* deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reſerv'd for *Thee* alone,
EMANUEL, and for thy great deſart
So *hard* a *worke*: For *Thee* with thoughts *high-flown*
Inſpir'd, and cut out fit to *act* this *part*.
MANUEL (ſucceeding IOHN, both in the *Throne*,
And in the haughty *purpoſe* of his Heart)
When firſt he *took* on *Him* the *Kingdoms Charge*,
The Conqueſt *undertook* oth' OCEAN large.

67.

Hee, as a perſon, whom the noble thought
Of th' obligation he inherited
From his *Fore Fathers* (who intirely ſought
The *Realm's* advancement) hourly combated;
When PHEBUS, quitting the *ſupernal Vault*,
Vnto the *low* ANTIPODES was fled,
And ſetting *ſtarrs* (which in his place aroſe)
With twinckling eyes invited to repoſe:

68.

Extended now upon his *golden Neſt*
(Such are the *Beds* where thoughts *tumultuous* brood)
And *there* revolving in his ſilent Breſt
The *obligation* of his *place*, and *blood*:
Slumber poſſeſt his *Eyes*, nor diſpoſſeſt
His *Heart* of *Cares*, which made *that* ſtation good:
For his tyr'd *Lidds* whilſt ſleep (reſiſted) ſhutts,
MORPHEUS a thouſand *ſhapes* before him putts.

69.

So high above ground ſeems he lifted heer,
That his proud *Crown* the *Firmament* doth peirce:
From whence *new worlds* before his eyes appeer,
Nations of num'rous people ſtrange and fierce:
And *yonder* (to the ſpringing MORNING neer)
As through the Ayre his *viſual* Raies diſperſe,
Hee ſees, farr off, from high and antient *Mountains*,
Melt down a payre of deep and cryſtall *Fountains*

With

70.

With *Birds* of monſtrous Forms, *wild-beaſts* and *Flocks*,
One of thoſe *Mountains* was inhabited;
Where thouſand ſavage Trees with leavie Locks
The intercourſe of people hindered
The ſhaggie *Forreſt*, and the craggie *Rocks*'s
Inextricable *Knots*, demonſtrated,
That to thoſe days of *ours* from ADAM's ſin,
No humane Foot had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of theſe *Waters* (as to *Him* appeares)
Addreſſing *towards* him their haſty pace,
Two *Fathers* riſe, *both* wondrous ſtruck in yeares,
With *Ruſtick* both, yet *venerable*, Face.
Their *Snowy* Curles diſtill in *ſilver* Teares
Which bathe their Bodyes down in every place.
Taun'd were their *Skins*, and ruſty: Their *Beards* kept
Rough and unſhorn, with which the ground they ſwept.

72.

The Temples of their heads, were trimly bound
With health-reſtoring *Druggs*, and *Fruits* unknown.
The *one* lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drownd,
As if a longer voyage *Hee* had gone;
And (fierce, ev'n at his *Fountain*) underground
Seem'd to have ſtoln from a *remoter* one:
As from *Arcadian* plains ALPHEO fly
To ARETHUSA's bed in SICILY.

72.

This (as the more authoriz'd of the Twain)
Spake thus (farr off) unto the *King*: O *Thou*
For whoſe high *Crown*, and *Empire* ſoveraign,
Much World is kept, that's hid from the *world*, now.
Wee (through the *Earth* ſo fam'd, whoſe *Necks* in vain,
Strave *others* wholly to *their* yoaks to bow)
Are come to wiſh *thee* ſend ſome Men That may
Receive large *tributes*, we to *Thee* muſt pay.

74.

I am illuſtrious GANGES: born and nurſt
In PARADICE: where is my *mother-Spring*.
My *Mate* (That from the *Cliffes* thou ſeeſt, doth burſt;
Nor other *Cradle* knows) is INDUS KING.
Yet a ſevere *Warr* ſhall we coſt thee firſt:
But *Thou* (perſiſting) in the end ſhalt bring,
By Victories *prodigious*, to the *Bitt*,
All theſe *viewd Nations* humbly to ſubmit.

35.

The *Holy* and *illuſtrious River*, ſed
No more: But in a moment vaniſht *Both.*
EMANUELL wakes ſurpriz'd with a ſtrange dread,
And earthquake in his Boſome. PHEBUS goeth
In the meane time his glittring Cloke to ſpred
Over the WORLD, buried in *downe*, and *ſloath.*
AURORA came: who, when *ſhe* forth doth ruſh,
Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roſes* bluſh.

36.

The KING in haſt to councell calls his *Lords*,
To *them* the figures of the *Viſion* ſhows;
To *them* repeates the Holy *Elder's* Words:
Whence in them *all* great admiration grow's.
A NAVY is reſolv'd on by the BOARD'S
Vnanimous *Voate*: In which (magnanimous) *Thoſe*,
Whom *hee* ſhall find to plough the OCEAN blew,
Muſt ſeek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who deſpayr'd to ſee put in effect
What had ſo long been tumbling in my mind:
(For my preſaging *Soule* could nere be checkt
From prompting great things to mee of this kind)
Comprize not for what *cauſe*, for what *reſpect*,
Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find;
But the good *King* was pleaſ'd to pick out *mee*
To be this weightie *enterprize's* Key.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *ſugard* phraiſe
(Which are the pow'rfulleſt *commands* of KINGS)
He ſayd to me. "Through *deep*, and *rugged* ways,
"VERTUE attains the *beſt* and *nobleſt* things.
"A *Life* well *loſt*, or *hazarded*, to *Bays*
"Of everlaſting *Honour* perſons brings:
"For (if to ſordid *Feare* it never bends)
"The *ſhorter* 'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39.

You have I choſe (and all the reſt ſet by)
To a *Taske* fit for *you* to undergoe:
A Taske Heroick, difficult and high,
Which (for my ſake) you will think light, I know.
I could not ſuffer more: but *thus* reply,
O my dread LEIGE! through *ſwords*, through *fire*, through *ſnow*,
For *Thee* to venture, only is *Anney*
When I conſider *life* is ſuch a *Toy.*

Put

90.

One, following, Cryes: O *Son*! (the only gage,
The prop, the ſtay, the comfort and the joy,
Of this my weake unprofitable *Age*,
Which *Floods* of bitter *Tears* drown in Annoy)
Why leav'ſt thou mee in this ſad equipage?
VVhy wilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deare Boy!)
To make the greedy *Seas* thy *Sepulchere*,
And *Fiſhes* feed That take their paſtime *there*?

91.

Another (with looſe Hayr) O my deer *Mate*,
Without whom *Love* tells mee my roote muſt pine!
Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate
That *life* to GULPHS, which is not thine but *mine*?
How canſt thou change, for ſo uncertain Fate,
The chaſte embraces of thy conſtant *Vine*?
Our *loves*, our *joyes* (in vain how ſweet!) muſt *They*
To *Sea*? and with this *wind* be *blown* away:

92.

In *theſe* and other ſpeches of this kind
(Which from deer *love*, and ſoft *compaſſion* roſe)
Old men and *children* (to *like Ruth* inclin'd
By diff'rent *Ages*) imitated *Thoſe*
The neigbring *mountayns* in dull *conſort* joyne:
And, melting, *bare* the *burthen* of *their* woes.
The *golden Sands* the *Silver Tears* bedew'd:
Which ſeemd to ſtrive with *them* in multitude.

93.

WEE (not ſo much as lifting once our Eyes
On *VVife*, or *Mother*: though our *Soules* it grinds)
Whereby in vain laments to *Sympathize*,
Or change the purpoſe of our *fixed* minds)
T'embarque our ſelves, conceiv'd it was moſt wiſe,
Without thoſe *Farewells* to which cuſtom binds:
Which (though it bee *Love's* moſt indeering way)
Galls more, both *Thoſe* That *goe*: and *Thoſe* that *ſtay*.

94.

But an *Ould man* of *Venerable* look
(Standing upon the ſhore amongſt the Growds)
His Eyes fixt upon *us* (on ſhip-board) ſhook,
His head three times ore caſt with ſorrows clowds:
And (ſtreining his *Voyce* more, then well could brook
His aged *lungs*: It rattled in our ſhrow'ds)
Out of a *ſcience practiſe* did *Atteſt*,
Let fly theſe words from an *oracular's* Breſt.

95.

O *Glory* of *commanding*! O *vain* Thirſt
Of that ſame empty *nothing*, we call *Fame*!
O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurſt
With *vulgar* breath (and *this* we *Honour* name)!
What *Plagues*, what *ſtings*, what ſecret *ſcourges* curſt,
Torment thoſe *Boſomes* which *thou* doeſt inflame!
What *deaths*! what *dangers*! what impetuous *ſtorms*!
What *cruelties* on *them* thy Hand performs!

96.

Fell *Tyrant* of the *ſoules*! *life's* ſwallowing *VVave*!
Mother of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchaſt!
The *ſecret miner*, and the *open Grave*,
Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vaſt!
They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave*:
(Worthy t'have other names upon thee caſt!)
They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory ſoveraign*:
Titles, with which the fooliſh *Rout* is tane.

97.

What new *diſaſter* dire intendeſt *Thou*
To lead theſe *Kingdoms*, and theſe *Folk* into?
What *deaths*, what *Horrours* muſt they ſwallow now,
Vnder pretence to ſpread *Religion* true?
What *holdings forth* of *golden Mines*, and how
Great *Kingdoms* ſhall be conquer'd by a Few?
What *Fames* do'ſt thou advance? what *Hiſtories*?
What *Palms*? what *Triumphs*? and what *Victories*.

98.

But *Thou* (the *lignage* of that *Foole*, who *twice*
Undid thee by his *diſobedience*:
Not only when he loſt thee PARADICE,
Into this *Vale* of *Teares* exild from thence;
But when by growth of his *infections* Vice
He forfeited thy *ſecond Innocence*,
And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld
Into an *Iron* and *contentious world*.)

99.

Since with this ſweet and pleaſing vanity
Thy giddie *Brain* is ſo bewitcht, and drownd;
Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,
Valour, and *Brav'rie*, in *thy* language ſound;
Since thou doeſt valew, and eſteem ſo high,
The diſeſteem of *life*, which we are bound
To cheriſh, and in great accompt to have it:
(Since ſo much fear'd to *looſe* it, *Hee* who *gave* it)

Haſt

100.

Hast thou not, close at hand, the ISHMAELITE
To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe?
If for the *sacred Law* of CHRIST thou fight,
'Th' ARABIAN's *false one* does not *He* pursue?
Hath *Hee* not thousand *Citties*, Infinite
Of *Land*, if *Power's* availe, if *Wealth's* one too?
Hath not *Hee* got in *Arms* a mighty *Name*,
If *Honour*, and not *Bootie* be *thy* Ayme?

101.

Leav'st thou a *growing Foe* just at thy *dore*,
To goe and seek *another* Foe so farr,
Dispeopling an *ould Realm*, wasting *her* store,
Quitting thy *Countrey*, and thy private LAR?
That flatt'ring *Fame* to *Heav'n* may make thee soare,
Through *waves uncertain* seekst thou *certain warr*?
In thy swoln *Style* in words at length to find,
ARABIA, PERSIA, ETHIOPIA, YN'D?

102.

Accurst be *Hee*, who first forsook the Ground,
And fastned *canvas wings* to a *dry Tree*!
Worthy, in endlesse darkness to be bound;
If that, which I was taught, RELIGION bee.
May never *Judgment*, solid and profound,
May never *Happy Veyn* in *Poetrie*,
Retrive his *memory*, adorn his *Fame*:
But dye, with *Him*, his *Glory*, and his *Name*.

103.

The son of IAPET stole from PHEBUS's Carr
Fire, which in *humane* Breast he did infuse;
Fire, which the *world* did kindle into Warr,
Plagues, and *debaucheries* (a great abuse!)
PROMETHEUS, had it not been better farr
For *Us*, and for the *world* (which *wee* misuse)
Thy noble *Statute* had excus'd that *fire*,
Which made it with *Ambition's* wings aspire?

104.

Then had not the much pittied *youth* been driving
His *Sire's* gilt *charet*; nor that great *contriver*
Through th'empty Ayre sayld with his Son (*This* giving
The *sea* a *name*, Hee *Fame* unto a *River*)
Nothing so *high*, nothing so barrd the living,
Through *Fire*, *Sword*, *Water*, *Calm* and *Cold*: what ever:
Which MAN projecteth, and attempteth not,
A strange *Condition*! an unquiet *Lot*!

End of the fourth Canto.

Fifth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THe rev'rend *Father* ſtood inculcating
Theſe *Sentences*; when *Wee* to a ſerene
And gentle Gale expand our Canvas wing:
When from the loved Port our ſelves we reane:
And ſayles unfurling make the *Welkin* ring
(After the manner of *Sea-faring* Men)
With BOON VOYAGE. Immediatly the *Wind*
Does on the *Trunks* his Office and his kind.

2.

The ever burning *Lamp*, that rules the day,
In the *Nemean Bruite* began to rage;
And the *great world* (which doth with time decay)
Limpt in his *Sixt* infirm, and crooked *Age*:
Thereof (accompting in the CHURCH 'is way)
Of *Sol's* inceſſant *Race* the THOUSAND ſtage
Four hundred, Ninetie Seav'nth, was running whan,
In all their *trim* the *Shipps* to ſaile began.

3.

Now by degrees out of our ſight did glide
Parts of our *Countrey*, which abode behind.
Abode deer TAGUS: and we *then* did hide
Freſh SYNTRA (About *this* our eyes did wind)
In the *lov'd* Kingdom likewiſe did abide
Our *Hearts*, whoſe ſtrings could not be thence untwind,
And, when as *all* the *Land* did now with draw,
The ſea and *Firmament* was *all* wee ſaw.

4

Thus went we opening thoſe ſeas, which (ſave
Our *own*) no *Nation* open'd ere before:
See thoſe new *Iſles*, and clymates near; which brave
PRINCE HENRY ſhewd unto the *world* before
The *Mauritanian Hills*, and *Strand*, which gave,
ANTEUS birth, who *there* was King of yore,
Upon the *left hand* left (for there is none
Upon the *right*, though now ſuſpected, known)

Wee

5.

We the great *Iſland* of MADERA paſs,
Which from it s *Wood*'s abundance took the name;
The firſt, which planted by our *Nation* was,
Of which the *worth* is more then the great *fame*:
Nor (though the laſt place in the *world* it has)
Doth any, VENUS loves, excel the ſame:
Who (rather) were it *Hers*, would lay aſide
For *This*, CYTHERA, CYPRUS, PAPHOS, GNIDE.

6.

We leave aduſt MESSILIAS barren Coaſt,
Where AZENEGUES's lean *Heards* take their repaſt;
A People, That want *water* to their *Roaſt*;
Nor *Herbs* it ſelf in any plenty taſt:
A LAND in fine, to bear no *Fruit* diſpos'd:
Where *Birds* in their hot ſtomachs Iron waſte:
Suff'ring of all things great Neceſſitie:
Which ETHIOPIA parts from BARBARIE.

7.

We paſs the *Bound* that hedges out the *Sun*
When to the frozen *North* he bends his way:
Where *People* dwell, whom CLYMENE's raſh Son
Deny'de the ſweet Complexion of the *day*.
Here NATIONS ſtrange are water'd one by one
With the freſh Currents of black SENEGA.
Here ARSINARIUS Aloof is ſeen,
That loſt his name: *confirm'd* by Us CAPE GREEN.

8.

CANARIAN ISLES (the ſame men call'd of old
THE FORTUNATE) declined: After *Theſe*
Among the *Daughter-Iſlands* we did fall
Of aged HESPER, term'd HESPERIDES.
Locks, in the which the *Fleets* of PORTUGAL
To *wonders* new before had turn'd the *Keys*.
There did we touch with favourable wind,
Some *freſh proviſions* for our *Ships* to find.

9.

It's *Name* the *Iſle* on which we Anchor caſt
Did from the warlike St. IAGO take.
The *Saint* That holp the SPANIARD in times paſt
Such cruel havock of the MOORS to make.
Thence, when the *North* renew'd his kinder blaſt,
We cut again the circumfuſed *Lake*
Of the ſalt *Ocean*; And that *Store-Houſe*: leave,
From which Refreſhment ſweet we did receive.

10.

Winding withal about your *Affrick shore*,
Where to the EAST (like a *half-moon*) it bends;
About JALOFO's Province (which doth store
The *world* with BLACKS, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)
The large MANDINGA that affords the *Ore*
The which doth make Friends Foes, and of Foes Frends;
(Which suck't GAMBRA's crooked water laves
That disimbogues in the *Atlantick* Waves)

11.

We pass the GORGADES, peopled by faire
Sisters, in ancient time residing *there*:
Who (rob'd of *seeing*) did amongst them share
One onely *Eye*, which they by turns did weare.
Thou onely, *Thou* (the *Net* of whose curl'd Haire
Caught NEPTUNE, like a Fish, in his own *Were*)
Turn'd of them all at last the ugliest *Lowt*,
With *Vipers* sow'dst the burning sands about.

12.

Ploughing in fine before a *Northern* Wind
In that vast GULPH the *Navy* went embayd;
LEONA's craggie mountains left behind,
The CAPE OF PALMS (so call'd from *Palmie* shade)
And that great RIVER, where the *Sea* (confin'd)
Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd:
With th'*Isle* that boasts *his* name, who would not trust
Till in the side of GOD his Hand he thrust.

13.

There lyes of CONGO the wide-spreading *Ream*,
By *Vs* (before) converted to CHRIST's Law;
Through which long ZAYRE glides with crystal stream:
A *River*, this, the Ancients never saw.
In fine through this vast *Ocean* from the Team
Of known BOOTES Iapace withdraw:
Having already past upon the *Maine*
The BURNING LINE that parts the *World* in twain.

14.

There we before us saw by it's own light
In this new EPICICLE a *Star* new:
Of which the other *Nations* ne're had sight,
And (long in darkness) no such matter knew.
The world's *Antartick* Henge (less gilt, less bright,
For want of *Stars*, then th'*Artick*) we did view:
Beneath the which, a question yet depends,
Whether more *Land* begins, and the *Sea* ends.

Past

15.

Past in this sort those *equinoxiall* clymes
By which his steeds *twice* yearely drives the *sun*;
Making two *Summers*, *VVinters*, *Autumns*, *Trimes*,
Whilst he from one to t'ther *Pole* doth run:
Now *tost*, now *calm'd* (A *sufferer* in all *Times*:
By *want*, and *plenty*, equally undone.)
I saw both BEARES (the *little* and the *Great*)
Despight of IUNO in the *Ocean* set.

16.

To tell thee all the *dangers* of the DEEP
(Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)
Suddain and fearfull *storms*, the *Ayre* that sweep;
Lightnings, that *with* the *Ayre* the *Fire* doe blend;
Black HURRACANS; thick *Nights*; THUNDERS, that keep
The *VVorld* alarm'd, and threaten the last *End*:
Would be too tedious: indeed vain and mad,
Though a *brasse* Tongue, and *Iron* lungs I had.

17.

I *saw* those things, which the rude *Mariner*
(Who hath no *Mistresse*, but *Experience*)
Doth for unquestionable *Truths* aver,
Guided belike by his *externall* sence:
But ACADEMICKS (who can never err,
Who by pure *Wit* and LEARNING's *quintessence*,
Into all NATURES *secrets* dive and pry)
Count either *Eyes*, or *eoZnings* of the *Eye*.

18.

I saw (as plain as the *sun's* midday light)
That *fire* the *Sea-man* saints (shining out faire
In time of *Tempest*, of feirce *winds* despight,
Of *over-clowded* Heaven's. and black despayre:)
Nor did wee *all* lesse wonder (and well might,
For twas a *sight* to *bristle* up the Hayre)
To see a *Sea-born Clowd* with a long *Cane*
Suck *in* the *sea*, and spout it *out* againe.

19.

I *saw* with these *two eyes*) nor can presume
That *these* deceiv'd mee) from the *Ocean* breathed
A little *Vapour*, or aeriall *Fume*,
With the curld *wind* (as by a *Turner*) wreathed.
I *saw* it reach to *Heaven* from the salt *spume*,
In such thin *Pipe*, as *those* where *springs* are sheathed;
That by the *Eye* it hardly could be deemed:
Of the same substance which the *Clowds* it seemed.

20.

By little *this* and little did augment,
And ſwell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick *Maſt*.
Streightning and *widening* (like a *Throat*) it went,
To gulp into it ſelf the water faſt.
It *wav'd* upon the *wavy* Element.
The top thereof (impregnated at laſt
Into a *Clowd*) expanded *more*, and *more*,
With the great load of *Water* which it bore.

21.

As a black *Horſe-leech* (mark it in ſome *Pool!*)
Got to the *Lip* of an unwary *Beaſt*,
Which (*drinking*) ſuck't it from the *water* cool,
Upon *another*'s blood *it ſelf* to feaſt;
It ſwells and ſwells, and feeds beyond all Rule,
And ſtuffs the paunch; a rude, unſober, *Gueſt*:
So ſvvell'd the *Pillar* (vvith a hideous Crop)
It ſelf, and the black Clovvd vvhich it did prop.

22.

But, vvhen that novv'tis full, the *Pedeſtal*
Dravvs to it ſelf, vvhich in the *Sea* vvas ſet;
And (flutt'ring through the Ayre) in ſhovv'rs doth fall:
The *couchant* Water vvith *new* vvater vvet.
It pays the vvaves the *borrow'd* Waves, but all
The *Salt* thereout did firſt extract and get.
Novv tell me, SCHOLARS, by your Books; vvhat skill,
Dame NATURE us'd theſe *waters* to diſtil?

23.

If old PHILOSOPHERS (vvho travayld through
So many Lands, *her* ſecrets out to ſpye)
Had *viewd* the *Miracles* vvhich *I* did vievv,
Had ſayled vvith ſo many *winds* as *I*;
What *writings* had they left behind! vvhat nevv,
Both *Starres*, and *Signs*, bequeath'd to *Us*! What high
And ſtrong *Influxes*! What *hid Qualities*!
And all pure *Truths*, vvithout *allay* of *Lyes*!

24

But vvhen that *Planet* (vvhich her *Court* doth keep
In the *firſt ſphere*) five times vvith ſpeedy Race
Had, ſince our *Fleet* vvas vvand'ring on the DEEP,
Shevv'd ſometimes *half*, and ſometimes *all* her *Face*:
A quick-eyd *Lynx* cryes, from the *Scuttle* ſteep,
LAND! LAND! vvith *that*, upon the *decks* apace
Leaps the tranſported *Crew*: their *Eyes*, intent
On the *Horizon* of the ORIENT.

25.

At firſt the *dusky Mountains* (of the *Land*
Wee *made*) like congregated *Clowds* did look:
Seen *plain*, the heavie *Anchors* out of hand
Wee ready make: *Approach'd*, our *ſailes* we ſtrook,
And (that we might more cleerly underſtand
The parts *remote* in which we were I took
The ASTROLABE, a modern *Inſtrument*:
Which with ſharpe Judgment SAGES did invent:

26.

We diſembarke in the moſt open ſpace:
From *whence*, themſelves the raſher *Land-men* ſpread
(Greedy of Novelties!) through the wyld Place:
Which never *Stranger's* Foot before did tread.
But *O* (not paſſing the *Land's* ſandie Face)
To find out where we are, with *Sea-men* bred
Stay taking the *Sun's* heigth by th'OCEAN curld;
And with my *Compaſſe* trace the *painted* World.

27.

We found, we had already wholly paſt
Of the *halfe-Goate*, halfe *Fiſh*, the noted *Gole*:
Between the *ſame*, and *that* cold *Countrey* plac't
(If ſuch there *be* beneath the SOUTHERN Pole.
When, loe! (lockt in with my *Companions* faſt)
I ſee a NATIVE come, black as the *Cole*:
Whom *they* had took perforce, as in the *Wood*
Getting out *Honey* from the *Combe* he ſtood.

28.

He comes with *horrour* in his *looks*: as *Hee*
Who of a *ſnare*, like this, could never dreame.
Hee underſtood not *Us*, neither *Him VVee*:
More ſavage then the brutiſh POLYPHEME.
Of COLCOS's gliſtring Fleece I let him ſee
The *mettle* which of *mettles* is ſupreme:
Pure *Silver*; ſparckling ſtones (continuing ſuite;)
But in all *theſe* was unconcern'd the *Brute*.

29.

I bid them ſhew him lower prized Things
Beades of transformed cryſtall; a fine noyſe
Of little *Bells*, thridded on *tawdry* ſtrings,
A red Cap, Colour which Contents, and joys.
Streight ſaw I by his *looks* and *beckonings*,
That he was wondrous taken with theſe *Toys*.
Therewith I bid them they ſhould ſet him free:
So to the *Village* nigh away went *Hee*.

30.

But the next *morn* (whilſt *yet* the skyes were dim)
All *naked*, and in colour like the *ſhades*,
To ſeek ſuch *Knacks* as had been given to *Him*,
Loe, by the *Craggs* deſcending his *Camerades*!
Where now their carriage to us is ſo trim,
So tractable, and plyant; as perſwades
VELOSE with them to venture through the *Cover*,
The Faſhions of the Countrey to diſcover.

31.

VELOSO ſays, his pledge ſhall be his *Blade*,
And walks ſecure in his own Arrogance,
But, having now away a good while ſtayd
And, I out-prolling with my countenance,
To ſee what *ſigns* for our *Advent'rer* made,
Behold him comming with a vengeance
Down from the Mountain-top towards the *ſhipps*!
And faſter homeward, then he went, he skips.

32.

The *long-boate* of CORELLIO made haſt
To take him in: but, ere arrive *that* could,
An ETHIOPIAN bold his weapon paſt
Full at his boſome, leaſt eſcape he ſhould.
Another, and *Another* too: Thus chac't
VELOSE, and *thoſe* farr off That help him would,
I run, when (juſt as I an Oare lift up)
A Troop of *Negroe's* hides the mountain-top.

33.

A Clowd of *Arrows*, and ſharpe *ſtones* they rain,
And hayle upon us without any ſtint:
Nor were *Theſe* uttered to the Ayre in vain,
For in this leg I *there* receiv'd a dint.
But *wee* (as prickt with *ſmart*, and with diſdayne)
Made them a ready anſweare, ſo in print,
That (I believe in earneſt) with our Rapps
Wee made their *Heads* as *crimſon* as their *capps*.

34.

And now (VELOSO, off, with ſafety brought)
Forthwith repayre we to the *Fleet* agin,
Seeing the ougly *Malice*, the baſe Thought,
This falſe and brutiſh people hid within:
From whom of INDIA (ſo defired) nought
Of Information could we pick, or win,
But that it is remote, So once more *I*
Vnto the *Wind* let all the *Canvas* fly.

Then

35.

Then to VELOSO said a Jybing lad
(The rest all laughing in their sleeves) Ho! Frend
VELOSE: the Hill (it seems) was not so bad
And hard to be come down, as 'twas t'ascend.
True (quoth th' *Advent'rer* bold) Howe're, I had
Not made such haste, but that the DOGGS did bend
Against the *Fleet*: And I began to doubt me
It might go ill, that you were here without me.

36.

He tells us then, he past no sooner was
The *Mountain*'s top, but that the people black
Forbid him any farther on to pass
And threat to kill him if he turn not back;
And (turn'd) they lay them down upon the grass
In *Ambuscade*, whereby they *Us* might pack
To the dark Realm, when we in haste should sally
To rescue *Him*, before we well could rally.

37.

The *Sun* five times the *Earth* had compassed
Since *We* (from thence departed) *Seas* did plough
Where never Canvas wing before was spred,
A prosp'rous Gale making the *top-yards* bow:
When on a *night* (without suspect, or dred,
Chatting together in the cutting *Prow*)
Over our Heads appear'd a sable *Clowd*,
Which in thick darkness did the *Welkin* shrowd.

38.

So big it look't, such stern *Grimaces* made,
As fill'd our Hearts with horror, and appall,
Black was the *Sea*, and at long distance brayd
As if it roar'd *through* Rocks, *down* Rocks did fall.
O *Pow'r* inhabiting the *Heav'ns*, I said!
What divine threat is? What *mystical*
Imparting of thy will in so *new form*,
For this is a Thing greater then a *Storm*?

39.

I had not ended, when a *humane* Feature
Appear'd to us ith' *Ayre*, Robustious, rall'd
Of *Heterogeneal* parts, of *boundless* Stature,
A *Clowd* in's *Face*, a *Beard* prolix and squalid:
Cave-Eyes, a *gesture* that betray'd ill *nature*,
And a worse mood, a clay *complexion* pallid:
His crispt *Hayre* fill'd with *earth*, and hard as *Wyre*,
A *mouth* cole-black, of *Teeth* two yellow Tyre.

Of

40.

Of ſuch *portentous* Bulk was this COLOSSE,
That I may tell thee (and not tell amiſs)
Of that of RHODES it might ſupply the loſs
(One of the WORLD'S *Seav'n Wonders*) out of this
A *Voyce* ſpeaks to us: ſo profound, and groſſe,
It ſeems ev'n torn out of the vaſt ABYSS.
The *Hayre* with horror ſtands on end, of *mee*
And all of us, at what we *hear*, and *ſee*.

41.

And *this* it ſpake. O *you*, the boldeſt Folke
That ever in the world great things aſſayd;
Whom ſuch dire *Wars*, and infinite, the *ſmoke*
And *Toyle* of GLORY have not weary made;
Since theſe *forbidden* bounds by *you* are broke,
And *my* large Seas *your* daring *keeles* invade,
Which *I* ſo long injoy'd, and kept *alone*,
Unplough'd by *forreign* Veſſel, or our *owne*.

42.

Since the hid ſecrets you are come to ſpye
Of NATURE and the *humid* Element;
Never reveal'd to any MORTAL's Eye
Noble, or *Heroes*, that before you went:
Hear from *my* mouth, for your preſumption high
What *loſſes* are in ſtore, what *Plagues* are meant,
All the wide OCEAN over, and the LAND,
Which with hard *War* ſhall *bow* to your command.

43.

This know; As many *Ships* as ſhall perſever
Boldly to make the Voyage *you* make now,
Shall finde this POYNT their enemie for ever
With *winds* and *tempeſts* that no bound ſhall know:
And the firſt FLEET OF WAR that ſhall indeaver
Through theſe inextricable Waves to go,
So fearfulan *example* will I make,
That men ſhall ſay I *did* more then I *ſpake*.

44.

Here I expect (unleſs my hopes have ly'de)
On my *diſcov'rer* full Revenge to have;
Nor ſhall *He* (onely) *all* the Ills abide,
Your *pertinacious* confidences crave:
But to your Veſſels *yearly* ſhall betide
(Unleſs, provoked, I in vain do rave)
Shipwracks, and *loſſes* of each kinde and Race;
Amongſt which, *death* ſhall have the loweſt place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom
With heighth of *Fortune*, heighth of *Fame* shall meet)
I'll be a new, and everlasting Tomb,
Through GOD's unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet
He shall drop *all* his *Glories*, and inhume
The glitt'ring *Trophies* a *Turkish* Fleet.
With *me* conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,
Destroyd QUILOA, and MOMBASSA's Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good *fame*,
A *Knight*, a *Lover*, and a *lib'ral Hand*;
And with him bring a fair and gentle *dame*,
Knit *his* by LOVE, and HYMEN's sacred Bond.
In an ill hour, and to your loss and shame,
Ye come within the *purlews* of *my* land;
Which (kindly cruel) from the *sea* shall free you,
Drown'd in a *sea* of miseries to see you.

47.

Starv'd shall they see to death their *Children* deare;
Be Got, and *rear'd*, in so great *love*. The black
Rude CAFRES (out of *Avarice*) shall teare
The *Cloathes* from the *Angellick Lady*'s back.
Her dainty limbs of *Alablaster* cleare
To *Heate*, to *Cold*, to *Storm*, to *Eyes*'s worse *Rack*
Shall be laid *naked*; after she hath trod
(Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this; *Their Eyes* (whose happier lot
Will be to scape from so much miserie)
This *Toake* of LOVERS, out into the hot
And unrelenting *Thickets* turn'd shall see.
Ev'n *there* (when *Teares* they shall have squeez'd and got
From *Rocks* and *Desarts*, where no *waters* be)
Embracing (*kind*) their *souls* they shall exhale
Out of the faire, but miserable, *Iayle*.

49.

The ugly *Monster* went to rake into
More, of our *Fate*; when, starting on my feet,
I ask him, *Who art Thou?* (for to say true
Thy hideous Bulk amazes me to see't)
HE (wreathing his black mouth) about him threw
His savvcer-Eyes: And (as his soul would fleet)
Fetching a dismal groan, *replide* (as *sory*,
Or *vext*, or *Both*, at the *Interrogatory*.)

50.

I am that great and ſecret HEAD of LAND,
Which *you* the CAPE OF TEMPESTS well did call;
From STRABO, PTOLOMEE, POMPONIUS, And
Grave PLINY hid, and from the ANTIENTS all.
I the *but-end*, that knits wide AFFRICK'S ſtrand;
My *Promontory* is her *Mount'd* and *Wall*,
To the ANTARTICK POLE: which (nevertheleſſe)
You, only, have the boldneſs to tranſgreſſe.

51.

Of the rough *ſons* oth'EARTH, was *I*: and *Twin*,
Brother to *Him*, that had an hundred Hands,
I was call'd ADAMASTOR, and was in
The *Warr* 'gainſt *Him*, That hurls hot VULCAN'S Brands.
Yet Hills on Hills *I* heapt not: but (to win
That *Empire*, which the SECOND JOVE commands)
Was GENERALL at *Sea*; on which did ſayle
The *Fleet* of NEPTUNE, which *I* was to quayle.

52.

The *love* I bare to PELEUS's ſpouſe divine
Imbarqu'd mee in ſo wild an *Enterprize*.
The fayreſt GODDESSE that the *Heav'ns* inſhrine
I, for the *Princeſſe* of the *Waves* deſpiſe.
Vpon a day when *out* the *Sun* did ſhine,
With NEREUS's daughters (on the *Beach*) theſe eyes
Beheld her *naked*: ſtreight I felt a *dart*
Which *Time*, nor *ſcorns*, can pull out of my *Heart*.

53.

I knew't impoſſible to gain her *Love*
By reaſon of my great deformitie
What *force* can doe I purpoſe then to prove:
And, DORIS call'd, let *Her* my purpoſe ſee.
The *Goddeſs* (out of feare) did THETYS move
On my behalfe: but with a chaſte ſmile *ſhee*
(As *vertuous* full, as ſhe is *fayre*) replide,
What NYMPH can ſuch a heavy love abide?

54.

How ever *Wee* (to ſave the *ſea* a part
In ſo dire *War*) will take it into thought
How with our *honour* we may cure his ſmart,
My *Meſſenger* to *mee* thus anſwer brought.
I, That ſuſpect no *ſtratagem*, no *art*,
(How eaſily are purblind *Lovers* caught)
Feel my ſelfe wondrous light with this Return;
And fann'd with *Hopes*, with freſh *deſire* doe burn.

Thus

55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warr begun,
On a time (DORIS pointing where to meet)
I ſpy the glitt'ring forme, ith' *evening* dun,
Of ſnowy THETYS with the ſilver feet.
With open Armes (farr off) like mad I run
To clip therein my *Ioy*, my *Life*, my *Sweet*:
And (*clipt*) begin thoſe orient *Eyes* to kis,
That Face, *that* Hayre, *that* Neck, *that* All that is.

56

O, how I choake in utt'ring my diſgrace !
Thinking I *Her* embrac'd whom I did ſeek,
A *Mountain* hard I found I did embrace
O'regrown with Trees and Buſhes nothing ſleek.
Thus (grapling with a *Mountain* face to face,
Which I ſtood preſſing for her *Angel's* cheek)
I was no *Man* : No but a ſtupid *Block*
And *grew* unto a *Rock* another *Rock*.

57.

O *Nymph* (the fayreſt of the OCEAN'S Brood)!
Since with my *Features* thou could'ſt not be caught,
What had it coſt to ſpare me that *falſe* good,
Were it a *Hill*, a *Clowd*, a *Dreame*, or *Thought* ?
Away fling I (with *Anger* almoſt *wood*,
Nor leſſe with *ſhame* of the *Affront* diſtraught)
To ſeek *another* World: That I might live,
Where *none* might *langh*, to ſee me *weep*, and *grieve*.

58.

By this my *Brethren* on their Backs were caſt,
Reduc'd unto the depth of miſery :
And the *vain Gods* (all hopes to put them paſt)
On *Thoſe*, That *Mountayns* pyl'd, pyl'd *Mountains* high.
Nor *I*, that mourn'd farr off my deep diſtaſt,
"(HEAU'N, HANDS in vain *reſiſt*, in vain FEET *fly*.
For my *deſign'd* Rebellion, and Rape,
The vengeance of purſuing *Fate* could ſcape.

59.

My *ſolid fleſh* converteth to *tough Clay* :
My *Bones* to *Rocks* are metamorphoſed :
Theſe *leggs*, theſe *thighs* (behold how large are *they* !)
O're the long *ſea* extended were and ſpred.
In fine into this CAPE out of the way
My monſtrous *Trunk*, and high-erected *Head*,
The GODS did turn : where (for my greater payn)
THETYS doth *Tantalize* me with the MAYN.

60.

Here ends. And (guſhing out into a *Well*
Of *Tears*) forthwith he vaniſh from our ſight.
The black *Clowd* melting, with a hideous yell
The OCEAN ſounded a long way forthright.
I (in *their* preſence, who by *miracle*
Had thus far brought us, ev'n the ANGELLS bright)
Beſought the LORD to ſhield his *Heritage*
From *all* that ADAMASTOR did preſage.

61.

Now PHLEGON and PYROUS pulling come
(With other *Two*) the *Charet* of the DAY:
When that *high* LAND (to which this *Gyant* grum
Was turn'd) doth to our Eyes it ſelf diſplay.
Doubling the point, we take another *Rumb*;
And (coaſting) plough the *Oriental* Sea.
Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath
A little) in a *Second Port* we breath.

62.

The *People* That this *Countrey* did poſſeſs
(Though they were likewiſe ETHIOPIANS All)
Did more of *humane* in their *meens* expreſs,
Then *Thoſe*, into whoſe hands we late did fall.
Upon the ſandy *Beach*, with cheerfulneſs
They meet us, and with *Dances* Feſtival.
With *them*, their *Wives*: and their mild Flocks of *Sheep*
Which *fat* and *faire*, and *friſking* they did keep.

63.

Their *Wives* upon ſtraw-Pillions (black as *Jet*)
Slow-paced *Oxen* (like EUROPA) ride:
Beaſts, upon which a higher price *they* ſet
Then all the *Cattle* of the *Field* beſide.
Sweet *madrigalls* (in *Ryme*, or Proſe compleat,
In their own *Tongue*) to *ruſtick-Reed* apply'de,
They ſing in *Parts*, as gentle *Shepherds* uſe,
That imitate of TYTIRUS the *Muſe*.

64.

Theſe (and no leſs was written in their *Faces*)
Love and *Humanity* to Us afford:
Bringing us *Hens*, and *Muttons*, in the places
Of *Merchandizes* which *we* had Aboard.
But, for (in fine) our men could ſpye no traces
(By any *Sign* they made, or any *word*
From their dark *Tongue*) of what we wiſht to know:
Our *Anchors* weigh'd, to *Sea* again we go.

Now

65.

Now had we giv'n the tother demi wheel
About black AFFRICK, And (the burning Hoope,
That girts the *World*, inquiring with my Keel)
To the ANTARTICK POLE I turn'd my *Poope*.
By that small *Isle* (such emulous Thoughes we feel)
Discover'd by a former *Fleet*, we Soope;
Which sought the CAPE OF TEMPESTS, and (*that* found)
Pitcht *here* a CROSS: our *then* DISCOVRIES Bound.

66.

Thence, many *nights*, and many sadder *days*,
Betwixt rough *Storms*, and languid *Calmes*, we grope
Through the great *Ocean*, and explore, *new* ways:
No *Lanthorn* to pursue, but our high *Hope*.
One time above the rest (as *danger* Plays
At *Sea* the PROTHEUS) with strange Waves we cope.
So strong a *Current* in those parts we meet,
As ev'n obstructs the passage of our *Fleet*.

67.

More violent without comparison
(As our *reculing Vessels* plain did shew)
The *Sea* was, That did there *against* us run,
Then the fresh *Gale*, that in our *favour* blew.
NOTUS (disdaining much to be out-done
By *That*; and, as he thought, on purpose too
To affront *Him*) puffs, blusters, reinforces
His angry Blasts: and so we pass THE COURSES.

68.

The *Sun*, reduc'd the solemnized *Feast*,
On which, a KING laid in a *Cratch* to find,
Three *Kings* did come *conducted* from the EAST,
In which ONE KING, *three* KINGS at once are joyn'd.
That day took *we* another *Port* (possest
By *People*, like to *Those* we left behind)
In a great *River*: Giving it the Name
Of that *great-day* when thereinto we came.

69.

Here *fresh Provisions* of the *Folks* we take:
Fresh-water from the *River*. But, in summ,
No guess concerning INDIA could we make,
By *People*, unto *Us* as good as dumb.
See (*King*) how many *Countreys* we did rake
Without a *door* found *out* from that *rude scumm*,
Without descrying the least *Track*, or *Scent*,
Of the so much desired ORIENT!

Imagine,

70.

Imagine, *Sir*, in what *diſtreſs* of *mind*,
How *loſt* we went, how much *perplext* with *Cares*,
Broken with *Storms*, and *All* with *Hunger* pin'd,
Through *Seas* unknown, through diſagreeing *Ayres*,
(So far from *hope*, the wiſhed LAND to find,
As, *ev'n* with *hoping*, plung'd into *deſpaires*)
Through *Climates* rul'd by other heav'nly SIGNES;
And where no *Star*, of our *acquaintance*, ſhines.

71.

The food we have too, ſpoyl'd; and what we crave
As *nutriment*, ev'n turn'd into our *Bane*:
No *Entregens*, no *news*, to make us wave
Our *Griefs*; or feed us with a *hope*, though vaine.
Think'ſt *Thou*, if this choyce *band* of *ſoldiers* brave
Were *other* then of *Luſitanian* ſtraine,
They had obedient held to this degree
Unto their *King*, and his *Authoritie*?

72.

Think'ſt *Thou*, they had not riſen long ago
Againſt their GENERALL (croſs to their deſire)
Turning *Free-booters*, forced to be ſo
By black *deſpair*, by *Hunger*, and by *Ire*?
If ever *Men* were *try'de*, Theſe are: ſince *no*
Fatigue, no *ſuff'rings*, were of force, to tyre
Their *great* and *Luſitanian* excellence
Of *loyalty*, and firm *Obedience*.

73.

Leaving, in fine, the ſweet freſh-water Flood,
And the ſalt Waves returning to divide;
Off from the *Land* a prety ſpace we ſtood,
Our whole *Fleet* bent into the *Ocean* wide:
Leſt the cold *Southern* wind (increaſing) ſhou'd
Impound us in the *Bay* and furious *Tyde*
Made in that *Quarter* by the crooking ſhore,
Which to SOFALA ſends the *golden Ore*.

74.

This part (and the ſwift *Rudder* ſtreight up reſign'd
To good St. NICHLAS, as in caſe deplor'd)
Towards that *Part* we ſteered, where the *Wind*-
Poſſeſſed *Waves* againſt the Beaches roar'd:
When the 'twixt *hope* and *fear* ſuſpended mind,
And which confided in a *painted Board*,
(Faln from *ſmall hope* to *abſolute diſpaire*)
Lookt up by an *Adventure* rare.

'Twas

75.

'Twas *thus*. When to the *Coast* so nigh we drew
As to see plain the *Countrey* round about:
A *River* broacht into the *Sea* we view,
Where *Barks* with *Sails* went passing *in* and *out*.
To meet with Men, That *Navigation* knew
Surpriz'd us with great *joy*, thou canst not doubt:
For amongst *them*, of things from *Vs* so hid,
We hop't to hear some *News*: and so we did.

76.

These too are ETHIOPS: yet it should appeare
They had in better company been bred.
Arabick words we pickt out here and there,
By which was reacht the scope of what they sed.
A kind of *Terbant* each of them did weare,
Of *Cotton* fine, pres't close unto his head:
Another Cotton-cloth (and *this* was blew)
About those-parts that should be kept from *view*.

77.

In the *Arabick-Tongue* (which *They* speak ill,
But FERNAND MARTYN understandeth though)
They say; in *Ships* as great as these *we* fill,
That *Sea* of theirs is travers't to and fro;
Even from the rising of the *Sun*, untill
The *Land* makes *Southward* 2 FULL POINT, and so
Back, from the *South*, to *East*: conveying, *thus*,
Folks, of the colour of the DAY, like *Vs*.

78.

If with the *sight* of *These* so joy'd we were,
The *news* they give us makes us much more glad.
This (for the *signes* by *us* collected *there*)
We call THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNS. We add
The *Land-mark* of A CROSS, the which we reare,
Whereof some number in our *Ships* we had.
For such Intents: *This* bar the fair *Guides*'s name
Who, with TOBIAH unto GABAEL came.

79.

Of Slyme, scales, shell-fish, and such filthy stuff,
(The noysome Generation of the DEEP)
The *Ships* (that come therevvith sordid, and rough,
Through so *long* Seas) *there* do vve cleanse, and svveep.
From our kind *Hosts* vve, had supply'de, enough
Of the *Provisions* usual (as *sheep*,
And *other* things) vvith smooth, and jocund *meen*,
And as cleer *hearts*: vvhich through their *eys* vvere seen.

But

80.

But the high pregnant *Hopes*, we *there* embraced,
Bred not a *joy* unmixt with some *Allay*.
To *ba lance* it, in t'other *scale* was placed
A new *disaster* by RHAMNUSIA.
" Thus gracious HEAV'NS their *Boons* have interlaced:
" *These* are the *interfearings*, *This* the way,
" Of *humane* Things. *Black sorrow* holds the *Dye*:
" *Light joy* fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And *this* it was. The loathsom'st, the most fell
Disease, that ever these sad eyes beheld,
Reft many a *life*, and left the *Bones* to dwell
For everlasting in a *forreign* Field.
Who will believe (*unseen*) what I shall tell?
In such dire manner would the *gumms* be swell'd
In our mens *Mouths*; that the black flesh thereby
At once did *grow*, at once did *putrifie*.

82.

With such a horrid *stench* it *putrifide*,
That it the neighb'ring *Ayre* infected round.
We had no circumspect PHYSITIAN try'de:
No *Lady*-handed SURGEON was there found.
But by a CARVER might have been supply'de
The *last*. 'Twas handling of a *dead-man's wound*.
The raweſt NOVICE, with his *Instrument*
Might *cut*, and never *hurt* the PATIENT.

83.

In fine, in this wild LAND, *adieu* we bad
To our *brave* Friends (never to see them more)
Who in such *Ways*, in such *Adventures* sad,
With *Us* an equal burthen ever bore.
" How easily a burying place is had!
" The least wave of the *Sea*, any strange *shore*,
" Serve, as to put *our Fellows's Reliques* in,
" So of the bravest *Men* that e're have bin.

84

Thus, from this fatal *Haven* we disjoine
With *more* of joy then what we brought, and *less*:
And (coasting upward) seek some farther *signe*
Of INDIA, to make out our present guess.
At MOZAMBIQUE we arriv'd in fine;
Of whose *false* dealing, and *hard* heartedness,
Thou must have heard: as also of the *Vile*
And *barb'rous* dealing of MOMBASA's *Isle*.

Then

85

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy *Port*,
(Whose soft and Royall *Treatment* may suffice
To *heale* the *sick*, to *cheer* the *Alamort*,)
We were conducted by *propitious* Skyes.
Heer sweet Repose, *Heer* soveraign support,
Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,
Thou doest impart. Thus (if thou hast attended)
Thou hast thy wish; my NARRATIVE is ended.

86.

Judge now (O *King*) if ever *Mortalls* went
Upon so *long*, upon so *desp'rate* ways.
Think'st Thou ENEAS, and the eloquent
VLYSSES travayl'd so much *World*, as *These*?
Durst *either* (of the *watry Element*,
For all the *Verses* written in their prayse)
See so much through his *Prowesse*, through his *Art*,
As I *have* seen, and shall, or the *eighth* part?

87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of HELICONE,
For whom *sev'n Cities* did contend in fine,
Amongst themselves, RHODES, SMYRNA, COLOPHONE,
Wise ATHENS, *Chyos*, *Argos*, SALAMINE,
And THOU, whom ITALY is prowd to owne,
Whose *Voyce*, first *low*, then *high* (always *divine*,
And *sweet*) thy native MINCIUS (hearing) fell
Asleep, but TIBER did with glory swell:

88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye
Your DEMI-GODS, stretching your twanging lungs
With WITCHES; CIRCES; GYANTS OF ONE EYE;
SIRENS, to rock and charm them with their *songs*:
More, *give them* (both with *Sayls*, and *Oars*) to fly
CICONIANS; and that *Land*, where there *mates* Tongues
With LOTO toucht, makes them forget they 're *slaves*;
Give them, to drop their *pilot* in the waves:

89.

Project them *winds* (carried in *baggs*) to take
Out, when they list, Am'rous CALYPSOES bold;
HARPIES, their *meat* to force them to forsake;
Hand them to the *Elysian* shadowes cold:
As *fine*, and as *re-fin'd*, as ye doe make
Your *ales* (so sweetly *dreampt*, and so well told)
The *pure* and *naked Truth*, I tell, will git.
The hand, of all the *Fabricks* of your Wit.

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honyed lips depends
Each gaping *Hearer* with freſh Appetite;
When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,
Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.
The vaſt *Thoughts* of our KINGS, the *King* commends:
And their *Warrs*, known where're the *Sun* gives light.
The NATION'S ancient *Valour* he extols:
The *loyalty*, and *Bravry*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The PEOPLE tell (with *admiration* ſtrook)
To one another, what they noted moſt.
Not one of them can *off* thoſe People look,
That came ſo *far*, That ſuch dire *Seas* have croſt.
But *now* the *Youth* of DELOS, who re-took
The reins, which LAMPETUSA'S Brother loſt,
Turns them, to ſleep with THETYS in the DEEP:
The KING leaves *that*, in his *own* Houſe to ſleep.

92.

"How *ſweet* is PRAYSE, and juſtly purchas't GLORY
"By one's *own Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they ſoare!
"Each *nobler Soul* will ſtrain, to have his ſtory
"*Match*, if not *darken*, All That went before.
"*Envy* of other's *Fame*, not *tranſitory*,
"Screws up *illuſtrious* Actions more, and more.
"Such, as contend in *honorable deeds*,
"The *Spur* of high *Applauſe* incites their ſpeeds.

93.

Thoſe glorious Things ACHYLLES did in *War*
With ALEXANDER ſank not half ſo deep,
As the GREAT TRUMPET That proclam'd them, far
And neer; He envies *this*, *This* makes him weep.
The *Marathonian* Trophies *Larums* are,
Which ſuffer'd not THEMISTOCLES to ſleep:
He ſaid, no *Muſick* pleas'd *his* ear ſo well,
As a *good Voyce*, that did *his* prayſes tell.

94.

VASCO DE GAMA takes great payns, to ſhow
Thoſe NAVIGATIONS which the *World* up-cryes
Deſerve not in ſuch gorgeous Robes to go,
As *his*, which doth aſtoniſh *Earth*, and *Skyes*.
True: But that WORTHY (who did foſter ſo
With *Favours*, *Gifts Rewards*, and *Dignities*
The MANTUAN MUSE) made *that* ENEAS ſing,
And ſet the ROMAN GLORY on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

SCIPIOS, and CÆSARS, *Portugal* doth yeild,
Yeilds ALEXANDRS, and AUGUSTUSES:
But with those *lib'ral Arts* it doth not guil'd
Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.
OCTAVIUS made compt *Verses* in the Feild,
Fiilng up so the *blanks* of *Businesse*,
Forsaken FULVIA will not let me lye
Through CLEOPATRA'S charms on ANTHONY.

96.

Brave CESAR marches conquering all FRANCE;
Nor was his *Learning* silenc't by his drumme:
But (in *this* hand a *Pen*, in *that* a *Lance*)
To th' *eloquence* of TULLY he did come.
SCIPIO (whose *Wit* in other's *Socks* did dance)
Wrote *plays*, ev'n wirh that *Hand*, which had sav'd Rome.
Our HOMER doted ALEXANDER so,
That th'ILIAD was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been *famous* for COMMAND,
Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned *All*:
In LATIUM, GREECE, or the most *barb'rous* Land,
But only in unhappy PORTUGALL.
I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand
POETS adorn our *Countrey*, is the small
Incouragement to such: For how can *He*
Esteem, That *understands not* POETRIE?

98.

For *This*, and not for want of *Ingenie*,
VIRGIL and HOMER, are not born with *Us*:
Nor will ENEAS, and ACHYLLES, bee,
(This *feirce*, Hee *pious*) if the World hould *thus*,
But (which is worst of all) for ought I see,
FORTUNE hath shapt our *Lords*, so *boysterous*,
So *rude*, so careless to be *known*, or *know*,
That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the *Muses* be, by our DE GAME,
To my deer *Countrey* that my zeale was such,
As to commend her *noble Toyles* to FAME,
And her great *deeds* with a bould hand to touch:
For *Hee*, That's like him (only in his *name*)
Deserves not of CALIOPE so much,
Or TAGUS's Nymphs; That They their golden Loom
Should leave, to carve his ANCESTORS *Tomb*.

100.

Love to my *Brethren*, and to do things *juſt*,
Giving all *Portingal-Exploits* their dues,
To ſerve the *Ladies*, to procure *their guſts*,
Are th'onely *ſpurr*, and *int'reſt* of the MUSE.
Therefore, for fear of black *Oblivion's* Rult,
Heroick Actions let *no* man refuſe:
For by *my* hand, or ſome *more* lofty ſtrain,
VERTUE will lead him into HONOUR'S *Fane.*

End of the fifth Canto.

Sixth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THe *Pagan King* could never entertain
The NAVIGATORS well enough he thought,
The friendſhip of the *Chriſtian King* to gain
Of men, whoſe courage had ſuch *wonders* wrought.
It troubled him, his lot ſhould be, to raign
So far from EUROPE, with all good things fraught:
And that his *happy* Station had not bin
Where HERCULES the *Mid-Land-Sea* let in.

2.

With *Games*, *Masks*, *Revels*, *Gambals* on the *Green*;
With *Mooriſh-Dances* (their ſport natural);
With jovial *Fiſhings* (ſuch as EGIPT'S *Queen*
Pleas'd the out-witted ANTHONY withal,
When *Carbonadoed* Fiſh were hang'd unſeen
On her dropt *Hooks*, he *treats* the PORTINGALL
Each day; with *Bauquets*, of *unuſual* Fare;
With *Frits*, with *Foules*, with *Fleſh*, with *Fiſhes* rare.

3.

But *now* the *Captain* (ſeeing time ſpend faſt,
And that the freſh *Wind* wooes him to be gon)
From the indulgent *Land* taking in haſt
Th'appointed *Pilots*, and *Proviſion*,
Reſolves to quit it: of the *Ocean* vaſt
Having no little Portion yet to run.
His leave *now* takes he of the PAGAN free,
Who prays from *All* a laſting *Amitie.*

He

4.

He prays them more, that *Port* (ſuch as it is)
That all their *Fleets* would viſit, when they paſs:
For, greater good he doth not wiſh, then *this*;
To give ſuch men his *Realm*, and all he has.
And, whilſt he breathes, whilſt, what he has, is his;
Whilſt the leaſt ſand is running in his Glaſs;
He will be always ready to lay down
For ſuch a *King*, and *People*, *Life*, and *Crown*.

5.

GAMA went not behind, in *Complement*;
And, *weighing Anchor* without more delay,
To the rich *Kingdoms* of the ORIENT
(Which *he* ſo long had ſought) purſues his way.
Now a *direct* and *certain* Courſe he went:
The *Fleet*, this *Pilot* means not, to *betray*.
Which (therefore) from the *hoſpitable* ſhore
Goes now ſecurer, then it *came* before.

6.

The *Oriental* Billows they divide
Now in the *Indian* Seas: and (ſpying than
Th'*Alcove*, whence PHEBUS roſe as from a *Bride*)
See their deſires fullfill'd within a ſpan.
But ſpightful THYONEUS (grudging the *Tyde*
Of *Happineſs*, which *then* to ſmile began
On PORTINGALS, who well had earn'd the ſame)
Repines, fumes, curſes, and with Rage doth flame.

7.

He ſaw the *Stars* unanimous, to make
Of LISBON, a new ROME; and that in vain
It was for *Him* to hope (alone) to ſhake
That, which the SUPREME POWER did ordain.
Deſp'rate, in fine, OLYMPUS doth forſake,
To ſeek *below* what *There* he could not gain.
Enters the *humid Realm*; and to the *Court*
Of *Him*, that bears the *Trident*, doth reſort.

8.

In the abſtruſeſt *Grottoes* of the DEEP,
Where th'OCEAN hides his head far under ground;
There, whence to play their pranks the *Billows* creep,
When (mocking the lowd *Tempeſts*) they reſound,
NEPTUNE reſides. *There*, wanton *Sea-Nymphs* keep;
And other *Gods* That haunt the *Seas* profound:
Where *arched* Waves leave many *Cities* dry,
In which abides each *watry Deity*.

The

9.

The never fadom'd *Bottom* doth expand
A *Levell*, gravell'd o're with *Silver* fine;
Where lofty *Turrets* riſe from *drayned* Land,
Of *Maſſive* ſtuff, *Tranſparent*, *cryſtalline*:
To which, the neerer you ſhall hap to ſtand,
The leſs will you be able to define
If it be *cryſtal* which your *Eye* ſuvays,
Or *diamond*, which caſt ſuch *glorious* Rays.

10.

The *Gates* are Maſſive *Gold*, richly imboſt
With ragged *Pearle* in their *Mother* ſhell;
In goodly *Sculpture* wrought, of wondrous coſt,
On which vext LIBER's eyes did feed and dwell.
Where firſt old CHAOS (in it own ſelfe loſt)
Varied with proper *ſhadowes*, doth excell.
Then the FOVVR ELEMENTS (tranſcribed *faire*
From that *foule*) *Copy* in their *Colours* are.

11.

There active FIRE got higheſt on the wing,
Which without *matter* did *it ſelfe* ſuſtayn,
Till (to give *Soule* to ev'ry *living* Thing)
By bold PROMETHEUS from the *Sun* twas tane.
Next ſubtle AYRE with the *inviſible Ring*,
Gaping for *places* (importuning, vain)
Now *vacant* in the *world*, which *that* doth not
Step ſtreight into, though nere ſo *cold*, or *hot*.

12.

Warted with *Mountains* (then) was the low EARTH
In her *green gown* ſhadow'd with fruitfull Trees:
Giving thoſe *Creatures*, to which *ſhe* gave *birth*,
Such *ſuſtenance* as *beſt* with *each* agrees.
The carved WATER ſerves her for a *Gyrth*,
And *brancht* (like *Veyns*) ore all her *Body* is;
Innumerable ſorts of *Fiſhes* breeding;
Men with her *Fiſh*, *Earth* with her *moyſture* feeding.

13.

Another *door* upon it carved has
The *War*, between the *Gods*, and *Gyants* bold,
Beneath great ETNA cruſht TIPHOIUS was,
Whence crackling *flames* in *ſulphur Batts* are roll'd.
NEPTUNE himſelf ſtood *heer*, of *breathing Braſs*,
Striking the *ground*, in that *contention* old,
When the firſt *Horſe*, to the rude world, gave *Hee*;
And PALLAS the firſt peacefull *olive-Tree*.

LYEUS's

14.

LYEUS's Choler would not let him ſtay
To view the reſt; and, paſſing through this *Gate*,
The GOD, who (told of his Approach) did ſtay
At th'inner Court, receiv'd him there in ſtate:
Accompanyed with *Nymphs* in bright Array;
Of whom, *each* ſeems to wonder, with her *Mate*,
To ſee the *Water's King*, paid *one* in fine,
Of *many Viſits* made the *King* of Wine.

15.

NEPTUNE (quoth *he*) O! never think it ſtrange,
That BACCHUS comes *thy* ſuccour to implore:
"For *higheſt pow'rs*, and moſt ſecure of change,
"'Tis envious FORTUNE's pride, to triumph o're.
Call all thy *Peers* that in the *Ocean* range,
Ere *more* I ſpeak (if thou wilt hear me *more*)
Down-weight of *miſery* they ſhall diſcern.
Let them *All* hear the wrongs which *All* concern.

16.

NEPTUNE (preſuming it ſome hideous thing
He would impart) doth TRITON ſtreight command
To call the DEITIES inhabiting
The frigid *Waves*, on one; and t'other hand.
TRITON, who vaunts himſelf ſon of the *King*
By SALACEE (ador'd in LUSUS's *Land*)
Was a great naſty *Clown* with all that boaſt:
His *Father's Trumpet*, and his *Father's Poaſt*.

17.

His thick *buſh-beard*, and his *long hair* (which hung
Dangling upon his ſhoulders from his head)
Were ſpungy *Weeds*; ſo wet; they might be wrung:
Which never *Comb* ſeem'd to have harrowed.
The nitty points thereof, were tag'd, were ſtrung
With dark blew *Muſſels*, of their own filth bred.
He had (for a *Montera*) on his Crown
The ſhell of a red *Lobſter* overgrown.

18.

His *Body* naked, and his *genitals*,
That he might ſwim with greater ſpeed, and eaſe:
But with *Maritine* little *Animals*
By Hundreds, cover'd, and *all hid*, vvere *theſe*;
As *Crayfiſh*, *Shrimps*, and other *Fiſh* that cravvles,
(Receiving *theirs* from the pale *Moon's* increaſe)
Oyſters, and *Periwinckles* vvith their ſlyme;
Snayles, vvith their Houſes on their backs that climbe.

His

19.

His great wreath'd *Shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,
With all the *might* he had, he now did ſound;
Whoſe ſhrill and piercing noyſe (heard far and wide
O're all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.
Now all thoſe *Gods* (without excuſes) high'd
To the bright *Palace*, from their Quarters round,
Of that moiſt God, who built the Walls of TROY,
Which angry GREEKS did afterwards deſtroy.

20

Old *Father* OCEAN firſt (with all the *ſons*
And *Daughters*, he begat, inviron'd) went:
NEREUS (That married was to DORIS) runs,
Who peopled all the *Cryſtal Element*:
The Prophet PROTHEUS (his *Flocks* left for once
To range the *bitter Meade* at full content)
He likewiſe came; but *He* already knew
What, FATHER BACCHUS to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came NEPTUNE's ſnowy *Wife*
(URAN and VESTA's daughter ſoveraign)
Grave in her *Gate* (yet had her Graveneſs *life*)
And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.
A *Robe* of *Lawn* (whoſe *Spinſter* had a ſtrife
With *Her*, That with MINERVA ſtrove in vain)
Of her bright *limbs* was the tranſparent *Lid*:
For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair AMPHITRITE (then the flow'rs in *May*
Freſher, and ſweeter) would not wanting bee:
The *Dolphin* (who advis'd her to obay
The love of the *Seas* KING) with *Her* brought *Shee*.
The *Sun* in all his glory, yields the *Day*
To *either's Eyes* (more worth then all they ſee).
They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)
For *Both*, the Spouſes of *one* Husband, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying ATHAMAS run mad,
Came *ſo* to compaſs an *immortal* State)
Went; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.
(*Him* too, the *Gods* did to their Ranks tranſlate)
Toying before his *Mother* tript the Lad
With painted *Cockles*, which ſalt Seas create:
Whom when the looſer ſand moleſts and harms;
Fair PANOPEA bears him in her Arms.

Likewiſe

24.

Likewiſe that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,
And, though a powerfull *Herb* he chanc'd to taſt,
Was chang'd t'a *Fiſh*; ſo from that loſs began
A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at laſt;
Came adding water to the *Ocean*,
Still weeping the lewd Tricks by CIRCE paſt
On his lov'd SCYLLA (*Hee* belov'd by *This*):
"*Hate*, where it ſprings from *love*, ſo mortall is.

25.

Seated (in ſhort) the *Powers* that rule the *ſeas*
In the great *Hall*, majeſtick, and divine;
On gorgeous *Cuſhions* firſt the *Goddeſſes*,
The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *cryſtall* fine,
The *King* with gracious geſtures *All* did pleaſe;
His *Throne* deviding with the *King* of *Wine*.
The *Houſe* is filld with that rich ſea-bred maſſe,
Which doth *Arabian Frankinſence* ſurpaſſe.

26.

When *now* the *whiſprings* of the *Gods* were ceaſt
And *ceremonies* done between the *Kings*:
Burſt THYONEUS began from hidden Breaſt
To powre the *Cauſe* out of his *ſufferings*.
Knitting his brow a little (which confeſt
His leaded *Heart* hung heavy on the ſtrings)
Hee, that with *other's* weapons he may ſlay
The men of LUSUS, thus his cards did play..

27.

PRINCE, who (*of right*) from one to t'other *pole*
The angry *ſea* doſt awe, and doſt command,
Thou that all *earthly* creatures doſt comptroll,
And bridleſt *Nations* with a *roape* of *ſand*;
And (Father OCEAN) *Thou* whoſe Billows roll
About the *world*, and circumſcribe the *Land*,
Leaſt thoſe meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decreed,
It's proper *dwellers* ſhould preſume *t'exceed*.

28.

And you, SEA-GODS, that wont not to permit
Your *Kingdom's* high *perogatives* be broke;
But, whoſo dar'd to treſpaſs upon *It*,
Felt, what it was, *your* vengeance to provoke:
What *tameneſs* this? what dull *lethargick* Fit?
Who had ſuch pow'r to ſtay your *Anger's* ſtroke,
Ready (with cauſe) upon *mankind* to fall,
Frayle as the *Glaſſe*, yet venturing at *All*?

29.

You ſaw, with what unheard of Inſolence
The higheſt HEAV'NS they did invade of yore:
You ſaw, how (againſt *Reaſon*, againſt *ſenſe*)
They did invade the SEA with *Sail* and *Oare*:
Actions ſo *Prowd*, ſo *daring*, ſo *immenſe*,
You ſaw; and *We ſee* dayly more, and more:
That in few years (I *fear*) of *Heav'n* and *Sea*,
Men, will be called GODS; and but *men*, WEE.

30.

You ſee a *little* Generation *now*
(Call'd by the *name* of one that *ſerv'd* me *too*)
With haughty *Boſom*, with undanted *Brow*,
Both *you*, and *me*, and all the *World* ſubdue.
You ſee, your *Sea* with *winged* Oak they Plough.
Farther, then ROMAN EAGLES ever flew.
You ſee, your *Wealth* how they propoſe to drayn,
Your *Statutes* cancel, and your *walks* profane.

31.

When firſt the MYNIÆ went about (ye know)
To cut a *way* through the forbidden *Flood*,
How BOREAS, and his Fellow AQUILO,
(With all the reſt) the *Treſpaſs* then withſtood?
If *They* ſo *ſtormd*, if *they* concern'd were *ſo*,
That, as their own, *your* wrong they underſtood;
You (whom it touches in a *neerer* way)
Why ſit ye *ſtill?* for what do ye *delay?*

32.

Nor think (O *Gods*) that, for your *ſole* concern,
And for the great *Affront* which put I ſee
On *you*, I have forſook the COURT SUPERN:
But for *That* likewiſe which is offer'd *me*.
For, *all* thoſe *Honours* which my *ſword* did earn,
When (as the *World*, and *you*, can witneſs be)
INDIA I quell'd, and quell'd the ORIENT,
I by *this People* ſee trod down, and rent.

33.

For the HIGH RULER, and *his Fates* (who deale
The *under-world*, as pleaſes beſt their *mood*)
Have *markt* theſe men for *Glory*, *Pow'r*, and *Weale*,
Greater then ever, in the *Ocean-Flood*.
And (*Gods*) from *you* I muſt not *now* conceale,
That they teach *ſorrow*, ev'n to *Gods*. 'Tis good:
We too, are *ſlaves* to their *prepoſtrous* Will;
Which gives *Ills* to the *Good*, *Goods* to the *Ill*.

34.

Now therefore from OLYMPUS am I toſt,
To ſeek ſome *Cure*, ſome *Balſome* for my *wound*:
To ſee, if that *eſteem*, I *there* have loſt,
May happily within *your Seas* be found.
More would have ſaid: But *Tears* the paſſage croſt,
Which (trickling down his Cheek in *Ropes*, that bound
His *words*) with ſuddain fury did inſpire
And ſet the *watry Deities* on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their Anger went,
So ſwiftly and ſo high their rage did mount;
That no mature advice it did conſent,
Permit no pawſe, no weighing, no diſcount.
Oraers from NEPTUNE are already ſent
To mighty EOLUS, that without Count
He ſlipt the ſtrugling *Winds* from their ſtrong Caves,
And let no Veſſel *live* upon the waves.

36.

PROTHEUS roſe twice to ſpeak, and went about
His judgement in the matter to propound:
Nor *Any* who were preſent, made a doubt
But that it was ſome *Prophecy* profound.
But ſtill a riſing tumult put him out,
And in their ſence the *Gods* did ſo abound,
That THETYS ſtuck not to exclaime; *Will you*
Be teaching NEPTUNE *what he hath to do?*

37.

Then doth the proud HIPPOTADES enlarge
From their *cloſe priſon* the enraged *Winds*;
And *them* with *animating* words diſcharge
Againſt the Men of never-daunted minds.
For a thick *clowd* hides *Heav'n* (as with a *Targe*)
And ARGUS's hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.
The ſwelling *blaſts* have in a trice o'rethrown
Tow'rs, *Mountains*, *Houſes*. —— But of *that* Anon.

28.

Whilſt in the DEEP was held this *Parlament*,
The wearied *Fleet* (yet free from ſad diſmay)
Before a gentle Wind purſuing went
Thorough the tranquil *Ocean* their long way.
That Time it was, when from the ORIENT
Removed is the *Lamp* that rules the *Day*:
Thoſe of the *firſt* did lay them down to ſleep,
And others come the *ſecond Watch* to keep.

39.

Conquer'd they come with ſleep, and (ill awake)
Repoſe their nodding heads againſt a ſaile.
Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak reſiſtance make
To the *Night*'s Ayre, which blows a nipping Gale.
Yawning, they ſtretch their Limbs; themſelves they ſhake;
With their *Seal'd* Eyes to ope can ſcarce prevaile.
Cures againſt *ſleep* they *practiſe*, they *deviſe*:
Tell thouſand *Tales*, tell thouſand *Hiſtories*.

40.

What better *ſpur* (ſaid one) to *poſt away*,
Or *paſtime* to *deceive* the hours, that creep;
Then by ſome *pleaſant* Tale, wherewith we may
Knock off the *leaden ſhackles* of dull *ſleep*?
Quoth LEONARDO then (who, whilſt a day
He hath to live, will faith to CUPID keep)
A *pleaſant* Tale? then what can do ſo well
As *one* of Love? and *That*, my ſelf will tell.

41.

Reply'de VELOSO; 'tis not *fit*, not *juſt*,
To treat *ſoft* ſubjects in ſo *hard* extreams.
For a *Sea-life* (repleniſht with *diſguſt*)
Permits not *love*, permits not *melting Theames*.
Our *Story* be of WAR, bloody, Robuſt;
For *we* (the *Wefts*, and *Pilgrims* of the ſtreames)
Are onely born to *horror*, and *diſtreſs*:
Our *future* dangers whiſper me no leſs.

42.

To *This* they *All* agreed: and pray'd VELOSE,
What he *commended*, that *himſelf* would *doe*.
I *ſhall* (quoth *He*); then liſten to my *Proſe*:
I promiſe you an *old* Tale, and a *true*.
And (to incite, with apt *examples*, Thoſe
That hear me, *great Beginnings* to purſue)
Of our own *Countrey-men* ſhall treat my *ſtory*:
And let it be the *Twelve* of ENGLAND'S glory.

43.

When JOHN the ſon of PEDRO rul'd our Land
(Temp'ring his *People*'s mouths with a ſoft *Bit*)
After he had with a *victorious* Hand
From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it;
In merry ENGLAND (which, from *Cliffs* that ſtand
Like Hills of *ſnow*) once ALBION'S name did git)
ERYNNIS dire rank *ſeeds* of *ſtrife* did ſow,
Whence *Luſitanian Lawrels* chanc't to grow.

Twixt

44.

'Twixt the *fair damſels* of the ENGLISH COURT,
And *Barons bold* That did attend the ſame,
A hot *diſpute*, beginning but in *ſport*,
To end at laſt in *down-right-earneſt* came.
The *Courtiers* (though the *Courtſhip* is but ſhort
That gives reproachful terms to any *Dame*)
Said: They would prove, that ſuch, and ſuch of Them,
Had been too laviſh of their *Honor*'s gem.

45.

And if with *Lance* in *Reſt*, or *Blade* in *Fiſt*,
To take their parts they had, or *Knights*, or *Lords*;
That *They*, in *open Field*, or *cloſed Liſt*,
Would do them dye, with *Spears*, or elſe with *Swords*.
The weaker *Sex* (unable to *reſiſt*
With *deeds*, and leſs to *ſwallow* ſuch baſe *words*)
Condemning *Nature*, That deny'de them *force*,
Unto their *Kin*, and *ſervants*, had recourſe.

46.

But their *Accuſers* (mark you?) being *great*
And *potent* in the Kingdom; neither *Kin*,
Nor *humble ſervant*, durſt their *Cauſe* abet,
As their *Fame*'s *Champions*, which they ſhould have bin.
With *beauteous Tears* (which, from their bliſsful ſeat,
Might all the Gods to their aſſiſtance win)
Diſtilling down each Alablaſter Cheek,
Unto the DUKE OF LANCASTER they ſeek.

47.

This puiſſant *Branch*, of ENGLAND'S *royal Tree*,
Had warr'd againſt CASTILL with PORTUGALL;
Where his *Camrades*'s *great Hearts* he try'de did ſee,
And their *good ſtars* which bare them out in *All*;
Like proof of their *reſpect* to *Dames* had *He*,
When to that *Land* his daughter he did call;
With whole bright *Beautie*'s beams our *Monarch* ſtrook,
The vertuous *Princeſs* for his *Conſort* took.

48.

He (loath to give them ayd with his own Hand,
Leſt, ſo, he ſhould foment a *civil flame*)
Says: when I paſt to the IBERIAN LAND,
To the CASTILIAN CROWN to lay my clayme;
Such *heavenly parts* in PORTINGALLS I ſcand,
Such *Courtſhip*, *Courage*, ſuch high thirſt of *Fame*,
That they alone (unleſs I much miſtake)
With fire and ſword your juſt defence can make.

49.

To *them* then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you pleaſe
Ambaſſadors from *me* (for *you*) ſhall go,
Who, with meet *Letters* and ſmooth *Sentences*,
The wrong which *you* ſuſtain to *them* may ſhow.
Let *Letters* likewiſe from *your ſelves*, your Seas
Of *Tears* indeare; and from your Pens let flow
Nectar of Words, to charm them to your Ayd:
For *there*'s your *Tow'r*, *There* all your *hopes* are laid.

50.

Th'experienc't *Duke* the *Dames* this counſell gave,
And ſtreight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did *name*;
And, that each *Dame* may know her Champion brave,
Bids them caſt *Lots*, their number being the ſame:
And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have
Deſcry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*;
To her own *Knight*, in *varied* phraſe, each writes;
The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The *meſſenger* arives in *Portugal*:
The *Novelty* doth raviſh all that *Court*:
The gallant *King* would be the firſt of *All*,
Might it with *Regal Majeſtie* comport.
Each *Courtier* longs, it to *his* chance would fall
In ſuch a brave *Adventure* to conſort;
And each one's glory doth in *this* conſiſt,
To hear his name from the *Lancaſtrian* Liſt.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took
Was the eternal name of PORTUGALL;
He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,
Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with Oare, and Sayle.
Armours and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)
All, of the faſhion that did then prevail,
The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Creſts*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.
Horſes, and gay *Capariſons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their ſayles to loſen
And paſs out of the celebrated DWERE,
By Them that had the honor to be choſen
Of famous JOHN OF GAUNT, who knew them *there*.
A *better*, or a *worſe*, in all the *dozen*
(For *skill*, or *force*) there was not: *Peers* they were.
But one (MAGRYSE) in whom new thoughts did riſe,
Beſpake his valiant *Fellows* in this wiſe.

Brothers

54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me
A ſtrong deſire through *forraign Lands* to range;
More *Streams*, then TAJO's, and freſh DWERE's, to ſee;
Strange Nations, Cities, Laws, and Manners *Strange*.
Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,
And now I find this purpoſe cannot change;
I'l go before by Land (with your good leave)
To meet in ENGLAND, traverſing the SLEEVE.

55.

And if (arreſted by *his* Iron *Mace*
Who is the period of each mortal thing)
I hap to fail th' appointed time and place;
To *you* ſmall damage can my failing bring.
Fight for *your ſelves*, and *me* to, in that caſe.
But in my *aug'ring* Eare a Bird doth ſing;
Chance, *Rivers*, *Mountains* (all their malice meeting)
In LONDON-TOWN ſhall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This ſaid, about his valiant Friends he caſt
(In fine) his Armes; and, licenc't, went his ways.
He paſt rough LEON: both CASTELLS he paſt:
Towns, won by *Luſitanian Arms*, ſurveys:
NAVARRE: With *Pyrenean* Mountains (plac't
'Twixt SPAIN, and *France*, as if to part their Frays):
Survay'd (in fine) all that is *rare* in FRANCE,
To BELGIAS great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether *ſickneſs* 'twere, or freſh *Adventer*,
Advancing *not*) He many days did ſtay.
But our lev'n *Worthies* the ſalt *Ocean* enter,
And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.
Arriv'd in the firſt *Port*, to the great *Center*
Of populous ENGLAND (*London*) travail'd They:
Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of THAMES;
Eggd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The *day* was come, and now the hour at hand,
When with the dozen ENGLISH they muſt fight:
The *King* ſecur'd the *Liſts* with an arm'd *Band*:
In *compleat Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight*:
Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did ſtand
A SPANISH MARS in dazeling *Armour* bright:
Themſelves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did ſhine,
With thouſand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

59

But *ſhe*, to whom MAGRISO (who was not
Arrived) fell; in *mourning* Rayment came;
Becauſe to have, it was *her* hapleſs lot,
No *Knight*, to be the *Champion* of her *fame*.
Howe're: th'*Elev'n* (before they leave the *Spot*)
That they will ſo behave themſelves, proclame;
As that the *Ladies* ſhall victorious be,
Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high *Tribunal* took his place
THE ENGLISH KING, with all his *Court* about.
The *Combattants* by *Three* and *Three* did face,
And *fowre*, and *fowre*, their Foes; as it fell out.
The *Sun*, from GANGES, till he ends his *Race*,
Sees not another *Twelve* more *ſtrong*, more *ſtout*,
More highly *daring*, then thoſe ENGLISH were,
Who the lev'n PORTINGALLS confronted there.

61.

The golden *Bitts* the foaming *Palfreys* champ:
Upon the glitt ring *Armes*, the *Sun* curvets,
As when roll'd Cakes of *Ice* reflect his *lamp*,
Or (mingling Rays) on *Daneers* gems it beats.
Now in the *Ladyes*'s hearts ſome little damp
(The *Troops* prepar'd to charge) the odds begets
Of *Twelve* t *elev n*; when (Loe!) incontinent,
A murm'ring uproare round the *Scaffolds* went.

62.

Unto that common *Center*, where the *Rout*
Began this tumult, ev'ry Face inclines.
Enters a *Knight* on Horſe-back, arm'd throughout,
As one, who battail preſently deſignes:
Salutes the *King*; the *Dames*; faceth about,
And, with th'*Elev'n*, the great MAGRISO joynes.
His greedy Arms upon his *Friends* he throws
(*Sure Card*) to lay them next upon his *Foes*.

63.

Then ſhe that well perceiv'd this was the *Knight*
Who came *her* honour to defend and rayſe,
Cloathes too with *Helle's* Fleece; which (more then bright
Vertue) the *brutiſh ſoule* loves, and obays.
The ſignall giv'n, the *Trumpets* blaſts, incite
The warlick *minds*, inflam'd with *rage* and praiſe.
Spurrs are clapt to, *Reyns* ſlackned in a trice,
Speares coucht in *Reſt*, *Fire* from the ſtruck ground flies.

The

64.

The furious *Genets* ſeem, in their Career,
To make an Earth-quake with their thund'ring Hooves.
The *Shock*, in *All* that then *Spectators* were,
At once *Fear*, *Pleaſure*, *Admiration*, mooves.
This, doth not *fall*, but *flye* (diſmounted *cleer*);
That, *Steed*, and all (*He* better *Horſeman* prooves):
One, his *white Armour* in *Vermillion* waſhes:
One, with his *Helmet*'s *plumes* his horſe-croop laſhes.

65.

There fell aſleep for ever, *more* then one,
And a ſhort ſtep from *life* to *death* did make:
Here, runs a *Horſe* (the *Man* ſtrook down) alone:
There, ſtands a *Man*, whoſe *Horſe* the Foe down ſtrake.
The *Engliſh Honor* tumbles from it s Throne:
For two or three of *them* the *Liſts* forſake.
With *Shields*, *Arms*, *Maile*, Thoſe who to *Arms* appeale,
And *Hearts* of *Spaniſh mettle*, have to deale.

66.

To lay out words in counting ev'ry *gaſh*,
Each cruel *thruſt* in that moſt bloody Fight,
Is of thoſe *Prodigals* of *Time*, and *Traſh*,
That tell you *ſtories* which they dreamt laſt night.
Suffice it, I inform you at one daſh,
Through *courage* high, through never-equall'd *might*,
The *Victory* went on the *Ladies*'s ſide:
Ours crop the *Bays*, and *They* are *juſtifide*.

67.

With *Balls* the *Duke*, with *Feaſtings*, and with *joy*,
Treats the *twelve Victors* in his *Palace* faire;
With *Cooks*, the *Bevy* of bright *Dames* imploy
Nets, *Hounds*, and *Haulks*, in *Water*, *Earth*, and *Aire*.
For *Theſe*, their brave *Compurgators*, would cloy
Each *day*, and *hour*, with thouſand *banquets* rare,
Whilſt they in ENGLAND are content to roam,
Without reverting to their deareſt Home.

68.

But great MAGRISO (if we truſt reports)
Great things abroad ſtill greedy to behold,
Clung to thoſe parts: where at the *Gallick Courts*
Highly he ſerv'd the *Flandrian Counteſs* bold.
For *there* (as one unpractis'd in no ſports,
To which *Thou* MARS inur'ſt thy *Schollers* old)
He, hand to hand a FRENCH-MAN in the *Field*
(Like ROME'S TORQUATUS, and CORVINUS) kill'd.

69.

Another of the *Twelve* launcht out, into
HIGH GERMANY: where with an ALMAN *He*
Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue
Thought to have ſhorn his thred of deſtinie.
VELOSO come to a full point; the *Crew*
Pray him, he would not with ſuch brevitie
Paſs the *French Duel*, but be more exact
Therein: as likewiſe, in the *German Fact*.

70.

Juſt *here* (to drink his words, *they* liſtning *All*)
The *Maſter* (Loe! (who in the *Skye* did peepe)
His *whiſtle* ſounds. From ev'ry Corner crawle
The *Saylors*, half-awake; and half-aſleepe;
And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall
The *Top-ſayles*, climbing to the *Scuttle* ſteep.
Awake (he ſaid) ope, and unſeale, your Eyes:
From yon black clowd, ye ſee, the *Wind* does riſe.

71.

Not fully *lor'd* the windy *Top-ſayles* were
When a great *Guſt* upon a ſuddain came.
Strike, cry'd the *Maſter*, (ſo that all might hear)
Strike, ſtrike, the *Main-ſheet*; thrice he did exclame.
The haſty *winds* (for *Tyrants* have no Eare)
Ere *ſtruck* it could be, ruſhing thwart the ſame,
Rend it to rags, with ſuch a hideous raſh,
As if (the *World* deſtroy'd) the *Poles* did claſh.

72.

Then did the *Men* ſtrike HEAV'N with a joynt-groane,
Themſelves with *horror* ſtruck, and pale diſmay:
For (the *Sayle* ſplit) the *Veſſel*, hanging prone,
A pow'r of Water ſcoops up from the Sea.
Lighten (the *Maſter* cryes with mournful tone)
Lighten the Ship: if ye would *live*, obay,
Run others *to the Pump* (w'are at the Brink
Of periſhing) *unto the Pumpe*: We ſink:

73.

Unto the Pumpe th'undanted *Soldiers* ran:
To which *no* ſooner come, *their* parts to do:
But the *Ship* (ſtagg'ring like a drunken Man)
Their heels tript up, *them* to the *Larbord* threw.
Not three the ſturdieſt of the *Saylors* can
Manage the *Helm*, with all their ſtrength put to.
The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:
The *Land-men* loſe their *ſtrength*, *Sea-men* their *Art*.

Such

74.

Such the *impetuous* winds, that to have ſhown
More *force*, and *fury*, they could not deviſe;
Had they at *once* from *all* the *Quarters* blown
To throw down BABELL, which did threat the skyes.
The AMMIRALL upon the overgrown
Mountains of *water*, ſhrinks into the ſize
Of her own *cock-boat*: wondring *her ſelfe*, how
She did to *live* in ſuch a *ſea* till now.

75

The *ſecond ſhip* (in which was PAUL DE GAME)
Had her *main maſt* ſnapt in the midſt and broke:
The *people* in her (almoſt drown'd) the name
Of *Him*, that came to ſave the *world* invoke,
With like vain *Ecchoes* to the Ayre, exclaime
In the *Third*, all CORELLIOS daunted folk;
Although that *maſter* ſo good *order* took,
That, e're the *ſtorm* ariv'd; *her* ſayles were ſtrook.

76.

Now *All* to *Heaven* are hoyſted by the fury
And rage of NEPTUNE, terrible and fell:
Now to the bottom of *his* waves *All* hurry,
As if their keels would knock the Gates of *Hell*.
The *Eaſt*, *VVeſt*, *South*, and *Northern* winds (to woory
The *world* by turns) from ev'ry corner ſwell.
Her ſelf with *Torches* the deformed *Night*
(With which the *Pole* is all on fire) doth light.

77.

The *Halcion* along the ratling ſhore
With *ſtrayned* voyce cryes in a *dolefull* Key,
Rubbing with *this* the overplayſt'red ſoare
Of her own loſs; by *like* tempeſtuous ſea,
The amorous *Dolphins* hide them, which before
Did friske and dance about the *watry* ſea;
Flying the cruell ſtorm in *Caves* obſcure,
Nor in the very *bottom* are ſecure

78.

Never ſuch red-hot *Thunder-bolts* were made,
Rebelling *Gyants* to confound and awe,
By that *foule Smith*, who (by his *faire wife* pray'd)
Forg'd a rich *Armour* for his *ſon in law*:
Nor ever (by the *Thunderer* diſplayd)
That frighted *paire* ſuch flakes of *lightning* ſaw
In the great FLOOD (*they* only left to mourn)
Who *ſtones* to *people* (a *hard* race) did turn.

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves* uncrown,
Bouncing againſt them like a batt'ring *Ram*!
How many aged *Trees* the *wind* ruſht downe,
Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came!
Little thought *They*, the *earth* ſwept with their crowne,
To turn their *Heel's* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,
As little thought the ſands, which there were hid,
To floate upon the *top*, as *then* they did.

80.

VASCO DE GAMA (ſeeing his *Hopes* croſt,
Juſt at the *Butt* and *end* of his deſire,
Seeing the Billowes *now* to *Hell* goe poſt,
Now with freſh fury unto *Heav'n* aſpire:
Confus'd with *horrour* giving *All* for *loſt*,
Seeing no *humane Fence* againſt ſuch *Ire*)
To that HIGH POVV'RE (who is the *ſov'rain Ayd*,
And can *Impoſſibilities* (thus pray'd.

81.

Protector of the *Quires Angelicall*,
Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and angry *ſeas* obay;
Thou, who the *Read-ſea* mad'ſt a double wall,
Through which *thy* flying ISR'ELL to convay;
Thou, who didſt keep and ſave thy ſervant PAUL
From *open Rocks*, and *Shelvs* that *hidden* lay.
And ſav'd'ſt (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd
The ſecond PLANTER of the drowned WORLD:

82.

If *we* have paſt *new* dangers numerous
Of *other* SCYLLA'S and CHARIBDESSES;
Other dire *Syrts*, and *Quickſands*, *infamous*
ACROCER AUNIAN ROCKS in *other* ſeas;
Why, in the *Cloſe*, doeſt thou *relinquiſh us*?
Why, throw us *off*, after ſuch ſcapes a *Theſe*,
If with our *labours* thou art not offended,
If thy ſole ſervice be *thereby* intended?

83.

O *happy* men, whoſe lot it was to dye
On whetted point of *Mauritanian* Lance;
Whil'ſt, ſmear'd with *beawteous duſt of* AFFRICK
The CHRISTIAN FAITH they (fighting) did advance
Whoſe *glorious deeds* remain in *Hiſtory*,
Or carv'd in everlaſting *Verſe* perchance,
Who loſing a *ſhort life*, a *long*, did git:
Death ſweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilſt

84.

Whilſt this he ſays, contending *Winds* (that roare
Like two *wild Bulls* when one with t'other copes)
Augment the *horrid Tempeſt* more and more,
And (*ratling*) whiſtle through the Spiny Ropes.
The flaſhing *Light'ning* never does give o're;
The *thund'ring* ſuch, that there are now no hopes
But that HEAV'N'S *Axles* will be ſtreight unbuilt:
The ELEMENTS at one another tilt.

85.

But, ſee, the *amorous* ſtar, with twinkling Ray,
Conſpicuous in the EASTERN HEMISPHERE!
Fair *Harbinger*, and *Uſher* of the *Day*,
It viſits *Earth*, and *Sea*, with forehead cleare.
She, from whom arm'd ORION ſlinks away,
And who this *Star* ſits guiding in her *Spheare*;
Spying what *Risk* her deare *Armada* ran,
At once with *Anger*, and with *feare*, grew wan

86.

Here hath been BACCHUS (ſays ſhe) I am ſure:
Will he ne're leave this rancour? but in vain.
He ſhall not *wag* the Ruine to procure
Of *mine*, but I will have him in the Train.
She ſtoops like *Lightning* from OLYMPUS pure
Upon the troubled *Kingdom* of the MAYN;
Her *Nymphs* to crown them (as for wagers) bids
With *waking* ROSES that new ope their lids.

87.

With *thouſand-colourd* Garlands ſhe commands
Their flowing *locks* a little be comptroll'd:
(*Who* would not judge, LOVE there, with his own hands,
Inamell'd *painted flow'rs* upon *true gold*?)
Her purpoſe is, to fetter in thoſe *bands*
Th'*inamourd Winds*, where *there* they wander *bold*:
The Faces of thoſe loved *Nymphs* to ſhew them
(More faire then *Stars*) to charm and to ſubdue them.

88.

And ſo it prov'd. For ſhe no ſooner did,
But preſently they faint, they dye away.
Under their wings their baſhful heads they hid:
In humble poſture at thoſe feet they lay.
The ſlip, *Thoſe* take them up in; is the thrid
Of that bright Hair, which ſcorns the mid-day's Ray.
Then, to her ſervant BOREAS, thus did ſay
His ſweet and boſom friend, ORYTHIA.

Fierce

89.

Fierce BORREAS, *This* is not the way to prove
That e're thou *lov'dſt*, as thou pretend'ſt to doe;
For meek, and ſoft as his *wings* down, is LOVE:
And *fury* ill beſeems a *Lover* true,
Either this *madneſs* from thy mind remove.
(What ſhall I ſay? couldſt *thou* indure a *ſhrew*?
I ſhall be frighted with it, *wee* muſt ſever:
" *Feare* choler may ingender, but *love* never.

90.

Fayre *Galatea* likewiſe lays the caſe
To bluſtring NOTUS, who, full well ſhe knows,
Hath many a *long* ſigh fetcht for that ſweet Face,
And is at her *devotion* doth ſuppoſe.
The *Raunter* (ſcarce believing ſuch a grace)
His heart, too ample for his boſome grows.
The pleaſure of his *Miſtreſſe* to fullfill,
He thinks it a cheap bargain, to ſit ſtill.

91.

The *others* take the *other* winds aſide,
And her too boyſtrous *lover* each reproves.
They give them to the Queen of *Beautie*, tyde,
Calme as the *Lambs* and gentle as *her* doves.
She gives them back to *them*, and (their *faith* tryde)
Promis'd return eternall of their loves:
Worn on the *Nymphs*'s white hands, e're thence they ſtir,
In the *whole voyage* to be *true* to *Hir*.

92.

Now riſing SOL with *gold* thoſe *Mountayns* lips
Which GANGES (*murmuring*) waſhes: when a Boy
From the tall *Am'rall's ſcuttle* ſhews the ſhipps
LAND, to the prow; with *that* (late *ſtorm's* Annoy,
And halfe their *Voyage*, over (each heart skips,
Repriev'd from its vain fears. For *now* with joy,
The *Pilot* (whom MELINDIANS to them put)
Cryes: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

This is that *Land* (I'm ſure) for which y'are *bound*:
This, the *true* INDIA, which we ſee before:
Then (if your vaſt deſires *one* world can bound)
Quiet your *Hearts*, ye *have* what ye *explore*.
Now GAMA could not hold, when as he found
(To his high joy) the *Pilot* knew the ſhore,
With *Knees* ſticht to the *decks*, *Hands* ſpread to Heaven,
Eternall thanks by *him* to GOD are given.

Thanks

94.

Thanks he did give to GOD (and well he might)
Who was not onely pleas'd, to *Him* to show
That LAND, which he had sought through so great fright,
And for the same such *shocks* did undergo:
But snatcht him with *strong Hand* that very night
From *watry Grave*, through *winds* that raged so,
Through *Thunder's* stroke, through blasting *Lightning's* beame
As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful *dangers*, by such *Brunts* as these,
By such *Herculean* labours, and vast *toyles*,
They That in GLORIE's *Schools* take their *degrees*,
Acquire *immortal Lawrels* and *fat spoyls*;
Not *wholly* leaning, against rotten *Trees*
Of *ancient Houses*, not, on empty *Styles*;
Not, on rich *Couches*, wrapt in *Sables* soft,
Of the *Muscovy Merchant* dearly bought.

96.

Not, by *new-fangled dishes* exquisite;
Not, by eternal *Visits* tedious;
Not, by *successive pleasures* infinite,
Effeminating Bosomes generous;
Not, by a never quenched Appetite:
Whereby, *old Wantons* FORTUNE makes of us
To that degree, We know not how to rise,
Or step, to any *Vertuous Enterprise*.

97.

No, but by tearing out of *Horror's* mouth
Honours, which we may truely call our owne;
By cloathing *Steel*, incountring *Hunger*, *Drowth*,
VVatchings, *high winds*, and *Billows overgrown*;
Conqu'ring dull *cold*, in Bosome of the *South*,
T'other *extreme* of the inflamed *Zone*;
Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,
The Spice, and Sawce, with which the *Valiant* eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a *Face* (where doubt
Sate once) *secure*, *serene*, fearless of *Harm*,
To march through *Bullets* whizzing round about,
And taking *here* a *leg*, and *there* an *Arm*.
These (HONOUR's Brawn) make a man proof throughout,
Make him scorn *Mony*, and *false Honour's* charm:
Money, and *Honours*, which light FORTUNE made;
Not VERTUE; who is *just*, *solid*, and stayd:

The

Sure,

99.

SHEE, ſhapes an underſtanding *round*, and *cleer*,
EXPERIENCE the *Hammer* and the *File*:
SHEE conſtant ſits (as in a *Throne* or *Spheare*)
Regarding buſie *Mortalls* with a *ſmyle*:
SHEE (where *diſcretion* doth a *Kingdom* ſteer,
Nor partiall *Favour merit* doth beguile)
Is ſuddainly caught up, *High Rooms* to fill:
Not, by her ſeeking; but, againſt her will.

End of the ſixth Canto.

Seventh Canto.

STANZA. 1.

VVEllcom, O wellcom (Friends) to that good LAND
Which by ſo many hath been coveted,
'Twixt INDUS, and the ſilver GANGES's ſtrand,
In the *Terreſtriall Heav'n* that hides his head.
Valiant and *Happy* men, put *forth* a *Hand*
To crop the *Lawrells* which from *others* fled:
For (*loe!*) ye ſee; before your faces, *loe!*
The *Territory* where *all Riches flow.*

2.

To *you* I ſpeake, ye *ſons* of LUSUS old;
Who, of the *world* compoſe ſo *ſmall* a ſtake.
What talk I of the *world?* of that *ſmall fold*
Belov'd by *him*, who the *round world* did make.
You, whom from conquering of *Nations* rold
In *Vice* not only *dangers* did not take;
But neither *Avarice*, or want of love
To Holy CHURCH, whoſe *Head* is crown'd *Above.*

3.

You (PORTINGALLS) as *ſtout*, as ye are *Few*;
Who never care how ſmall your numbers be:
You, who are *Uſurers* of *loſſes*: *you*,
Who *frayle life* chaffer for *eternitie*
Thus PROVIDENCE was pleas'd That *him* (who drew
The ſhorteſt *lott*) we of more uſe ſhould ſee
T'extend *the Fayth*, then all the CHRISTIAN KINGS:
"So much thou (CHRIST) exalteſt little Things!

4.

The haughtie GERMANS, a *great Flock* (behold!
In a *large paſture*, into *Factions* broke;
Who (not to be reſtrayn'd within *one Fold*,
Nor yet content to juſtify with ſtroke
Of *Argument* what *ſev'rally* they hold)
Some *for*, and ſome *againſt* the *Roman Yoke*,
Their *fatall* piſtols in *that Quarrell* ſpan,
Which ſhould be all diſcharg'd at OTTAMAN.

5.

See ENGLAND'S *Monarch*, ſtyling himſelf yit
For deeds long paſt KING of the HOLY TOVVNE,
The filthy ISMAELITE poſſeſſing it
(What a *reproaching* Title to a CROVVNE!)
How in his frozen Confines he doth ſit,
Feeding on empty ſmoake of *old* Renown;
Or gets him *new*, on *Chriſtian* Foes alone,
Not, by recov'ring what was once his own!

6.

Meane time an UNBELEIVER is for *Him*
Head of IERUSALEM on *earth*, whilſt love
Of *earth*, hath made him an unuſefull *limb*
Of the IERUSALEM which is *Above*.
Of the FRENCH then, what ſhall we ſay, or deem,
Who (call'd MOST CHRISTIAN) doth his *ſtyle* diſprove.
Who doth not only in her *Ayd* not come:
But ev'n *invites* the *ſcourge* of CHRISTENDOME?

7.

To CHRISTIAN'S Lands findſt thou thy *Title* good
(Having ſo fayre a *Kingdom* of thine own)
Not, to CYNIFIUS, and NYLE'S ſev'nfold Flood,
Old Enemies to *true Religion*?
There ſhouldſt thou vent the heate of thy *French* blood,
'Gainſt the Rejectors of the *Corner-ſtone*.
LEVVIS, and CHARLES, left thee their *Name* and *ſeat*:
Not that which ſtyl'd *one* SAINT, the *other* GREAT

8.

In the laſt place, what ſhall we judge of *Them*,
Who by baſe *ſloath*, and *Ryot* (rather *Rot*)
Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's ſtream,
Their ancient *Valour*, buried, and forgot?
From *Lux*, *Oppreſſion* ſpringing; from this ſtem,
Diſſenſions in a *people* giv'n to plot:
I ſpeake to *Thee* (O ITALIE) brought loe
With thouſand *Vices*, and thine *own* worſt Foe.

9.

Ah, fooliſh CHRISTIANS! are *you*, happilie,
Thoſe *Teeth* which CADMUS did to Earth commit,
Self-Bane (for *Children* of one *wombe* ye bee,
And *All* one heav'nly *Father* did begit)?
The HOLY SEPULCHER do ye not ſee
Poſſeſt by *dogs*? how *Thoſe*, themſelves can knit,
To wreſt from *you* your *old Inheritance*,
And on your ſhames their name in *Arms* advance?

10.

Ye ſee it is a *principle of ſtate*,
A rooted cuſtome, in the HAGARENE,
Armies on *Armies* to accumulate
Againſt the *people* That on CHRIST doe leane.
But, amongſt *you*, doth ſow rank *ſeeds* of *Hate*,
And *Tares* of *ſtrife*, the *Enemie unclean*.
How can ye ſleep *ſecure*, how can ye cloſe
Your *Eyes*, having both *them*, and *you*, your *Foes*?

11.

If love of *powre*, and *empire* uncomptroll'd.
Set you a work to conquer *others Lands*;
Both HERMUS and PACTOLUS's ſtreams behold,
Rouling into the Ocean *golden ſands*!
ASSYRIA ſpins, and LYDIA, thrids of gold;
AFFRICK'S rich *Mynes* imploy her *Negroes* hands.
Againſt THE TURKE let Bootie league you all:
If not, to ſee THE HOLY CITY Thrall,

12.

That *Helliſh project* of the IRON AGE,
Thoſe *Thunderbolts of Warr* (the *Cannon-Ball*)
At TURKISH GALLEYS let them ſpit their Rage,
And batter proud CONSTANTINOPLE's Wall.
Thence, to their *Holes* in *Caſpian* Cliffes, ingage
The frighted *monſters* back again to craw'l,
And *Scythian* Wains, that in *your* EUROPE build,
With *barb'rous ſpawn* her *civill Countreys* fild.

13.

The THRACIAN, GEORGIAN, GREEK, ARMENIAN,
Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay
(*Sad Tribute*!) to the brutiſh ALCORAN
Their *Chriſtian-children*, to be bred that way:
To ſcourge the arrogant MAHUMETAN
Your *hands* unite, your *heads* together lay.
Unwiſe, ungodly, Glory; ceaſe purſuing:
By being *valiant* to your *own* undoing.

But

14.

But whilſt (*mad People*) you refuſe to ſee,
Whilſt thirſt of your own blood diverts *you* All;
Chriſtian-Indeavours ſhall not wanting be
In this ſame little *Houſe* of PORTUGALL.
Strong places upon AFFRICK's Coaſt has *ſhe*;
In ASIA a *Style Monarchicall*;
Dominions in AMERICA ſhe has;
And, were there more *Worlds*, Thither ſhe would paſs.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,
To our Sea-faring *Worthies* what befell;
After that gentle VENUS, with a *File*
Of BEAUTIES, the *inamour'd Storm* did quell:
After they came in ſight of that vaſt *ſoyle*,
Sought with a purpoſe ſo unchangeable,
The CHRISTIAN FAITH into the ſame to bring;
To introduce *new Laws*, and a *new King*.

16.

No ſooner come at that *new* Land, a ſort
Of little *Fiſher-barks* they light among,
Directing them the way into the *Port*
Of CALICUT, whereto the ſame belong.
Thither they bend their *Prows* (being the *Court*
Of MALABAR) A *City* fair, and ſtrong:
In which a *King* his Reſidence did hold,
Who, round about, a ſpacious LAND comptrold.

17.

On this ſide GANGES and the YND beyand
A large and famous Province is markt forth;
On the *South* bounded by the *Ocean-Strand*,
By the *Emodian Mountain* on the *North*,
Sundry both *Laws* and *Kings* obeyth this *Land*,
Sundry pretended *Deities* ador'th:
Some, beaſtly MAHOMET; ſome, *Idols* dead;
Some, *Living Creatures* in that *Region* bred;

18.

In that *long Mountain*, which all ASIA laces
(Running athwart ſo vaſt a *Continent*,
And borrowing ſev'ral names of ſev'ral places
Through which it runs) Two *Fountains* have their vent;
Whence YND, and GANGES (ſtarting for *two Races*
At the *ſame Poſt*, and at the ſame length ſpent)
Dye in the INDIAN SEA: Now *This*, and *Ihey*,
Make *the true* INDIA a *Pen-Inſula*.

19.

'Twixt theſe expiring *Rivers*'s Mouthez wide
From the broad *Countrey* a long *point* extends,
In faſhion not unlike a *Piramide*,
Which (fronting CEYLAN'S *Iſle*) in th'Ocean ends.
And where (firſt thruſt out of the Mountain-ſide)
The great *Gangetick Arm* a *Richneſs* lends,
Tradition ſays; the *Folk*, That there *did* dwell,
Of dainty *flow'rs* were nouriſht with the ſmell.

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That *now* are found
(In names and manners diff'ring from the old)
Are DELIIS, the PATANS, who moſt abound
In *People*, and in Countreys which they hold;
The DECANIES, the ORIAAS; That found
Their hopes of beeing ſav'd, in what th'are told
Of ſounding GANGES. Then, BENGALA'S Land;
With which can none in Competition ſtand.

21.

CAMBAYA'S Warlike *Kingdom* (this of yore
Held great KING PORUS, as the fame doth goe):
The *Kingdom* of NARSINGA; pow'rful more
In *Gold*, and *Jewels*, then againſt a Foe.
Here (from the INDIAN OCEAN'S Billows hoare)
Diſcerned is of *Mountains* a long *Rowe*;
Serving for *Nat'ral Walls* to MALABAR,
Inroads of thoſe of CANARA to bar.

22.

GATE the *Countrey*'s *Natives* call this *Ridge*:
From foot whereof skirts out a narrow *Down*,
Which (*backt* by *that*) is by a natural Seige
Of angry *Seas* affronted. *Here* the *Town*
Of CALICUT (undoubted *Sov'raign Liege*
Of all her *Neighbours*) reares her lofty *Crown*:
Seat of the EMPIRE, Fair, and Rich; and *Him*
That's *Lord* thereof, they ſtile the SAMORIM.

23.

The *Fleet* arriving cloſe to that rich ſtrand,
A PORTINGALL is ſent in a *long-Boate*
To let the *Pagan Monarch* underſtand
Their coming from a *Region* ſo remote.
He (through the *River* entering the *Land*,
Which enters there the *Sea* by a wide *Throate*)
With his ſtrange *Colour*, *Phyſnomy*, *Attire*,
Makes all the flocking *Multitude* admire.

Amongſt

24.

Amongſt the *Rout*, which *Him* did ſwarm to ſee,
Comes *one*, trayn'd up in the ARABIAN's Lore,
Having been born in Land of BARBARIE,
There, where ANTEUS was obey'd of yore.
Whether, the *Luſitanian* People, *He*
Knew meerly as a *neighbour* to that ſhore;
Or (bitten with their *Steel*) was ſent ſo far
On FORTUNE's errand by the chance of War:

25.

The *Meſſenger* with jocund Face ſurvay'd,
He, in plain *Spaniſh* gave him thus the *Haile*;
How, to *this World*, in name of Heav'n (*Cam'rade*)
So diſtant from thy native *Portugale!*
Op'ning a paſſage through rough *Seas* (he ſaid)
Which never *mortal Wight* before did ſayle,
We come to ſeek of INDUS the great ſtreame,
Whereby to propagate the GOSPEL's beam.

26.

Aſtoniſht at ſo great a *Voyage* ſtood
The MOOR (his name MONSAYDE) briefly told
Their ſad *diſaſters* on the *azure Flood*,
And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this ſame LUSIAN bold.
But ſince, his main Affair (he underſtood)
Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;
He tells Him, *He* at preſent is not there:
Being retir'd into the Countrey neer.

27.

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin
Of their prodigious paſſage through the MAYN)
Pleaſe him, to make his homely *Neſt*, his Inne;
With Victuals of the *Land* hee'l entertain
Him *There*: and, being well refreſht therein,
Himſelf will bring him to the *Fleet* again.
For that, the *World* hath not a thing more ſweet;
Then in a *diſtant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28

The PORTINGALL with Boſome not ingrate
Accepts the Offer, kind MONSAYDE made.
As if their friendſhip were of ancient date,
With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.
Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they ſtraight:
Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* ſurvay'd.
They climbe the *Amiral*: where both Man and Boy,
Receive MONSAYDE with a gen'ral joy.

The

29.

The *Captain* (rapt) *Him* in his Arms did ſqueeze,
Hearing the *Muſick* of the *Spaniſh Tongue*;
And (ſeated by him) Shreives him by degrees
Touching the *Land*, and things thereto that long.
But, as in THRACIAN RHODOPE the *Trees*,
And *Bruits*, to hear *his* golden *Lute* did throng
Who did his loſt EURIDICE deplore:
So throng'd the *common-men* to hear the MORE.

30.

He thus begins. O *men!* whom NATURE plac't
Neer to the *Neſt* where I my birth did take;
What *Chance*, or ſtronger *Deſtiny*, ſo *vaſt*
So *hard* a *Voyage*, made you undertake?
For ſome *hid cauſe* from TAGUS are ye paſt,
And unknown MINIUS, through that horrid *Lake*
On which no *Barke* before did ever floate,
To *Kingdoms* ſo *conceal'd*, and ſo *remote*.

31.

GOD, GOD hath brought you: *He* hath (ſure) ſome grand
And ſpecial buis'neſs *here* for *you* to do.
For *this* alone, he leads you by ſtrong Hand
Through *Foes*, *Seas*, *Stormes*, and with a *heav'nly Clew*.
INDIA is *this*, with ſev'ral *Nations* man'd:
Great NATURE's bounty *All* beholding to
For gliſt'ring *Gold*, for ſparkling *Stones* of price,
For oderiferous *Gums*, for burning *Spice*.

32.

The *Province* ye are anchor'd now upon,
Is called MALABAR. In the old way
It worſhips *Idols*: The *Religion*
That bears in all *theſe* parts the greateſt ſway,
Held 'tis, by *ſev'ral Kings*: yet onely *one*
Rul'd it of old, as their *Traditions* ſay.
The *laſt King*, was SARAMA PERIMAL,
Who in one *Monarchy* poſſeſt it *All*.

33.

But, certain *ſtrangers* coming to this *Ream*
From MECHA in the *Gulph* of ARABIE,
Who brought the *Law* of MAHOMET with Them
(In which my *Parents* educated *me*)
It ſo befell, with their great *skill*, and ſtream
Of *Eloquence*, *Theſe* to that hot degree
This PERIMAL unto their *Faith* did win,
That he propos'd to dye a *Saint* therein.

Ships

34.

Ships he provides and therein (curious)
For *Off rings* lades his richeſt Merchandize;
To turn *Monaſtick*, and *Religious*,
There, where our LEGISLATIVE PROPHET lies.
Having no *Heir*, left of the *Royal Houſe*;
Before he parted, he did *cantonize*
His *Realm*. Thoſe ſervants, he lov'd beſt, he brings
From *want*, to *wealth*; from *Subjects*, to be *Kings*.

35

To *one*, COCHIN; t'*another*, CANANOUR;
CHALE, t'a *Third*; t'a *Fourth*, the PEPPER-ISLE;
To *This*, COULAN; To *That*, gives CRANGANOUR;
The reſt, to them who moſt deſerv'd his ſmile.
One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r
On his Affections) was forgot the while.
For whom was left poor CALICUT alone,
A *City* ſince; Rich, great, by *Traffick* growne.

36.

This gives he *Him*: and (to eke out the ſame)
A ſhining Title *Paramount* the Reſt.
That done, his *Voyage* takes; his life to frame
So, as to raign hereafter with the *Bleſt*.
And hence remain'd of SAMORIM the name
(By which *imperial pow'r*, and *heigth* s expreſt)
To that *young man* and to his *Heirs*: from whom
This (who the EMPIRE now injoys) is come.

37.

The NATIVES'S manners (*poor*, as well as *rich*)
Are made up all of *Lyes*, and *vanitie*.
Naked they go: onely a *Cloth* they ſtitch
About thoſe *Parts* which muſt concealed be.
Two *Ranks* they have, of People; *Nobles*, which
Are NAYRES ſtil'd: and *Thoſe* of *baſe degree*
Call'd POLEAS. To *Both* the *Law* preſcribes
They ſhall not marry out of their own *Tribes*.

38.

And *Thoſe* That have been bred up to *one Trade*,
Out of *another* may not take a *Wife*;
Nor may their *Children* any thing be made,
But what their *Parents* have been all their life.
To touch a NAYRE with *their* Bodye's *ſhade*,
A ſcandal is to his *Prerogatife*.
If *themſelves* chance to touch them as they meet,
With thouſand *Rytes* himſelf he waſhes ſweet:

Juſt

39.

Juſt ſo the JEWISH PEOPLE did of yore
The touch of a SAMARITAN Eſchew.
But, when ye come into the *Countrey*, more,
And things of greater ſtrangeneſs ye ſhall view.
The NAYRES onely go to *war*: Before
Their *King*, they onely ſtand a Rampire trew
Againſt his Foes. *A Sword* they alway weild
With their *right-hand*, and with the *left* a *Sheild*.

40.

Their *Prelates* are call'd BRAMENS (an *old* name,
And (amongſt *them*) of great *Preheminence*):
Of *his* fam'd *Sect*, who *Wiſdom* did diſclame,
And took a *ſtile* of a more *modeſt* ſence.
They kill no *living thing*, and highly blame
All *fleſh* to eat with wondrous abſtinence:
But *other* fleſh their Law doth not forbid,
Yet *They* as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their Wives are common: but are ſo to none
Save thoſe, who of their *Husbands*'s Kindred are.
(O bleſſed *lot*, bleſt *Generation*,
On whom fierce *jealouſie* doth wage no war!)
Theſe are the *Cuſtomes*, but not *theſe alone*,
Which are receiv'd by Thoſe of MALABAR.
The LAND abounds in Trade of all things; Iſle,
Or *firm-Land* yields from CHINA unto NYLE.

42.

Thus did the MOOR recount. But Goſſip FAME
Crying the *Newes* about the *City* went
Of a *ſtrange people* come, with a ſtrange name:
To be inform'd the truth when the *King* ſent.
Now, through the gaping ſtreets, invirond came:
With either *Sex*, and *Ages* different,
The *noble Men* diſpatched by the *King*
The *Gen'rall* of the *Fleet* to *Him* to bring.

43.

And *Hee* (thus licenc't by the SAMORIM
To diſembarque) departs without delay,
The nobleſt of his LUSIANS hon'ring *Him*
As his bright Trayn (*himſelf* more bright then *They*)
The ſweet variety of colours trim
Dazles the raviſht people all the way,
The compaſt *Oare* ſtrikes, leiſurely the *water*
Of the *Sea* firſt; of the freſh *River* after.

Upon

44.

Upon the *Key* a potent *Officere*,
Whom in *their Tongue* the CATUAL they call,
Begirt with NAYRES, ſtood to welcome *There*
The brave DE GAME with *Pompe* unuſuall:
Whom in his Arms himſelfe to land did beare,
Then points him to a *Cowch Pontificall*:
On which (*their* cuſtome of moſt antient date)
Upon *mens ſhoulders* he is born in ſtate.

45.

Thus *Hee* of LUSUS, *Hee* of MALABAR,
Move to the place where *them* expects *the King*.
The other PORTINGALLS, and NARYES are
Their *Infantry* advancing in a Ring.
The *multitudes* (like *Baggage* in a *War*)
Confuſed, peſter one and t'other *Wing*.
They would aske queſtions, but have not the pow'r:
Their mouths were ſtopt for *that* in BABEL's Tow'r

46.

Ride talking GAMA, and the CATUAL,
Of things which the *Occaſion* miniſtred:
MONSAYDE the *Interpreter* of *All*,
As underſtanding what by each is ſed.
Thus marching, and ariving where the tall
And ſumptuous *Fabrick* did erect it's head
Of a rich TEMPLE in the *Citie's Center*,
At the large two leav'd door abreſt they enter.

47.

There ſtand the Figures of their *Deities*
Carv'd in cold *ſtone*, in dull and ſtupid *wood*:
In various *ſhapes* preſented to the Eyes,
In various *poſtures* as the *Feind* thought good.
Some, in yet more *abominable* wiſe,
(CHIMERA-like) with ſhapes *repugnant* ſtood.
The CHRISTIANS (us'd t'adore GOD-*Man*) deride
To ſee *Men Beaſts*, and *Monſters* deifide.

48.

One's humane Head a paire of *Horns* diſgraces
(JUPITER HAMON ſtood in LYBIA ſo):
Another had one Body, and *two* Faces,
(Thus the old ROMANS did old *Janus* ſhow):
A *Third*, with hundred *Hands*, fifty *embraces*
(Like BRIAREUS) pretends at *once* to throw:
A *Fourth Hee* grinns with a *dogs* Face (the plain.
Ador'd ANUBIS in MEMPHITICK FANE).

49.

Here, by the *barb'rous* people of that *Sect*
Their *Superſtitious Worſhip* being payd;
Their courſe, without digreſſion *Both* direct
To where the *King* of theſe vain GENTILES ſtayd.
The *Trayn* augments; through *Thoſe*, who the aſpect
Of the ſtrange *Captain* to behold, aſſay'd.
Women, and *Boys*, from all the *Houſes* gaze:
Theſe *tyle* the *Roofs*; *Their* Eyes, the *Windows glaze*.

50.

Now they approach with ſlow and ſolemn pace
The beautiful and oderiferous *Bow'rs*,
Which barr'd the *proſpect* of the *Royal Place*;
In *ſtructure* ſumptuous, though not high in *Tow'rs*.
For *They* their nobler *Buildings* interlace
With fanning *Groves*, and aromatick *Flow'rs*.
Thus liv'd enjoying that rude *People's King*
In *City*, *Countrey*; and in *Winter*, *Spring*.

51.

On the fair *Frontiſpieces*, *Ours* deſcry
The ſubtlety of a *Dædalian* Hand,
Fig'ring the moſt remote *Antiquity*
In laſting *Sculpture* of the INDIAN-LAND.
So *lively* are preſented to the Eye
Thoſe *Ancient Times*; That *They*, who underſtand
From learned *Writers* what the *Actions* were,
May read the *Subſtance* in the *Shadow* There.

52.

Appears a copious *Army*, which doth tread
The *Oriental* Land, HYDASPES laves.
By a ſleek ruddy *Warriour* was it led,
Fighting with *leavy Javelins* curl'd in waves.
NYSA ſtood by her *Founder*: by *Her*, ſlid
The *River's* ſelf, waſhing her *winy* Caves.
So right the *God*, that THEBAN-SEMELE
(Had ſhe been preſent) would have cry'de; *'Tis* HE.

53.

Farther, a vaſt *Aſſyrian* multitude,
That drank whole *Rivers* e're they quencht their thurſt.
A *Woman* Captain, with rare Form indude;
And of a *Valour*, great, as was her *Luſt*.
By her ſide (never cold) her *Palfrey* chew'd
The foaming *Bit*, and (fiery) paw'd the duſt,
(Her NINUS's *Rival*) with whom yet 'twas done
More innocently, then ſhe *lov'd* her *Son*.

53.

Yet *farther*; trembled in the *fancied* wind
The glorious *Ensignes*, GREECE triumphant bore
(The *world's* THIRD MONARCHY) spreading from YND
One con'qur'ing *wing* to the *Gangetick* shore.
A *young man* led them, of a *boundless* mind,
From head to foot with *Lawrells* cover'd ore:
Who would not bee (so high his Thoughts did rove)
The son of PHILIP, but the *son* of IOVE.

54.

The LUSIANS feasting with these *Acts* their eyes,
The CATUAL unto the *Captaine* sayd,
The time draws neer, when *other Victoryes*,
Shall blot *these* out, which thou hast *now* survayd,
Heer shall be graven, *modern Histories*
Of a *strange people*, that shall *us* invade.
Such our deep *Sages* find to be our doom,
Poring into the things which are to come.

55.

By the *black Art* they doe moreover tell;
That, to prevent so great approaching *Ill*
By *humane wisdome*, tis impossibel:
'For vaine, is *earthly wit*, against *Heav'n's will*.
But, say withall; Those *strangers* shall excell
So much in *Martiall* and in *civill* skill;
That through the *World* it will in after story,
Be sed: The *Conqu'rers* are the *Conquerd's* glory.

56.

Discoursing thus they enter the gilt Hall,
Where leanes that EMPEROR magnificent
On the rich *Cowch* (which take it worke, and all)
Could not be matcht beneath the *Firmament*.
His *Face* and *posture* (that *Majesticall*;
And this *secure*) his *Fortune* represent:
His *Robes* are *cloth of gold*: *A diadem*
Upon his *head*, with many a flaming *gem*.

57.

An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen
Upon the knee did ever and anon
Of a hot *plant* present him a leaf green;
Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.
Then did a *Bramen* of no mean esteem,
Approach DE GAMA with slow motion;
To presant *Him* unto the MONARCH great:
Who *there* before him, nods him to a seate.

59.

De Gama ſeated neer to the rich Bed
(*His* Eyes keeping off) with quick and hungry,
The Samorim upon the *Habit* fed
Of his new *Gueſts*, their uncouth *hew*, and *Guyſe*
With an *emphatick Voyce* from a *deep head*
(Which much his *embaſſie* did authorize
Both with the *King*, and all the *People* there)
The *Captain* thus accoſts the *Royall eare*.

60.

A potent *King* (who governs yonder, where
Hev'n s ever-rolling wheeles the *day* adjourn,
Benighting earth with earth; that *Hemiſphere*
Which the *ſun* leaves mourning till his Return)
Hearing from Fame (which makes an *Ecchoe* there)
How this Imperiall Crovvn by *Thee* is worn.
(The ſum'd up *Majeſtie* of Indian Land)
Would enter with thee into *Friendſhip's Band*.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy Court ſend *me*,
To let the know; that *whatſoever* ſtores
Goe on the *Land*, or goe upon the *ſea*,
From Tagus there, to Nyle's inriched ſhores:
All that by *Zeland Merchants* laden be:
By *tributary Ethiopian*-Mores:
From *ſeething River*, or from *frozen Barr*:
Heapt up and *centerd* in his *Kingdom*, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with *leagues* and *mutuall Tyes*
Of *Peace* and *Freindſhip* (ſtable and divine)
Allow commerce of ſuperfluities,
Which bounteous Nature gave *his Realms* and *Thine*,
(For *Trade* brings *Opulence* and *Rarieties*,
For which the *Poor* doe *ſweat*, the *Rich* doe *Pine*)
Of two *great* fruits, which will from thence redound,
His ſhall the *glory*; *thine*, the *Gain* be found.

63.

And (if it ſo fall out, that this faſt knot
Of *Amitie* be knit between you two)
He will aſſiſt thee in all adverſe lot
Of *Warr*, which in thy *Kingdom* may inſue,
With *Soldiers*, *Arms* and *Shipps*; and coldly, not,
But as a *Brother* in that caſe would doe,
It reſts, that thou reſolve me in the cloſe,
What he may truſt to touching this *propoſe*.

This

64

This was the *Errand* of the *Captain* bold,
To whom the *Pagan Monarch* answer'd thus:
Ambassadours from such farr *parts*, we hold
No little honour to our *Crown*, and *Us*,
Yet shall not in this case our *will* unfold)
Till with our COUNCELL we the thing discuss:
What this *King* is, informing our self well,
The *people* and the *Land* whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the *Quoyle*
Of labour past, and nauseating *Seas*:
Whom we will back dispatch, within a while,
With such an *answear* as shall not displease.
Now *Night* (Task mistresse of all *earthly* Toyle)
Gives *humane labours* wonted stint; to ease
Exhausted *limbs* with sweet *Vicissitude*:
Eyes, with the *leaden* Hand of *sleep* subdude

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the *Court*,
The PRIMERE MINISTER of INDIAN LAND
(With the Applause of people of each sort)
Did feast DE GAMA, and his valiant *Band*:
The CATUALL (that he may make report
To his *dread Leige*, who gave him in command
To find it out; which *way* the strangers came,
What *Laws*, what *Faith*, what *Countrey*, and what *name*)

67.

Soon as he spyes the fired *Axel-tree*
Of the fayre *Delian* youth the *day* renew,
Sends for MONSAYDE; upon Thorns, to bee
At large informed of this NATION new.
Prompt and inquisitive, he asks if *Hee*
Can give him full *Intelligence* and trew,
What these strange people are (for he did heare,
That to his *Country* they are neighbours neer.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing
He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford;
As that which was a service to the *King*,
Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.
MONSAYDE answers: That which I can bring
Of light thereto, is spoken in a Word.
Thus much I know; *they* are of yond fame SPAYN,
Where PHEBUS, and my *Nest*, bathe in the *Mayn*.

69.

By them a certain *Prophet* is ador'd,
Born of a pure and incorrupted *Mayd*,
Conceiving by the *Spirit* of the *Lord*,
The *Lord* of life, by whom the *world* is ſwayd.
Of them, that which *my Parents* did Record,
Was that of bloody *Warr* the noble Trade
To it's full pitch by their ſtrong *Arm* is wound:
Which to our coſt *their predeceſſors found.*

70.

Them (arm'd with *vertue* above humane ſtrayne)
They threw out of their delectable *Seates*
By golden TAGUS, and freſh GUADIANE,
Through glorious and memorable Feats:
Nor ſo content (ploughing the ſtormy *Mayn*
Toth' *Affrick ſide*) ev'n in our owne *Retreates*
Let us not live ſecure: but pull us out
From our Strong *walls*, and *there* our *Armies* rout.

71.

Nor have they ſhown leſſe ſtrength of *Hand* and *Brayn*,
In whatſoever *other* warrs did chance
With many warlick *Nations* of their SPAYNE,
And ſome that fell down by the way of FRANCE.
So that, in fine, no ſtory doth remayne,
That ever they were quelld by *forreign Lance*;
Nor for thoſe HANNIBALS (I will be bound)
As yet, was ever a MARCELLUS found.

72.

But if this *Information* (as I make
Accompt it does) appear to *Thee* too ſhort,
Of *them*, let *them* inform thee. Thou mayſt take
(So doe they hate a *lye*) their *own* report.
Goe view their *Fleet*, their *Arms*, and how they rake
With *founded Braſs*, which tames the ſtrongeſt Fort:
And it will pleaſe thee, of the PORTINGALL
To ſee the *ciuill Arts*, and *Martiall.*

73.

To ſee the things the MOOR exalted ſo,
Now the IDOLATER is of a flame,
Calls for his *Barge* in haſt, for he will goe
To view the *ſhips* in which DE GAMA came.
Together from the cover'd *ſhore* they rowe:
Cov'ring the *ſea*, the NAYNES doe the ſame.
They climbe the ſtrong and goodly *Ammirall*:
By her long ſide *aboard* doth *hand* them PAUL.

Her

74.

Her *waſte-cloaths* Scarlet, and her *Banners* are
Of the rich *Fleece* which by a *worm* is bred:
In *them* are painted glorious deeds, in War
Atchiev'd by valiant Hands of WORTHIES dead.
Here a *pitcht-Field* and *there* a *ſingle jar*;
Fierce one, and t'other: *Pictures* full of dread!
From which, ſince *them* the *Pagan* firſt did ſpye,
He never could recal his greedy *Eye*.

75

To know, the Things he ſees, he doth beſeech.
But firſt, DE GAMA prays him ſit, and prove
A little of thoſe delicacies, which
Thoſe of the *Sect* of EPICURUS love.
The foaming *Goblets* with the *Liquor* rich,
Devis'd by NOAH, ſwell, their banks above.
The *Pagan* ſits; but cannot *Eat* (he ſaith)
Truth is, it croſt a *præcept* of his *Faith*.

76.

The *Trumpet* (which in *Peace* doth repreſent
War, to the Fancy) rends the Ayre. In Thunder
The fired *Diabolick-Inſtrument*
Speaks audibly to it's infernal *Founder*.
The *Pagan* obſervs *All:* but (moſt intent
On the *Defunct*) ſeems to confine his wonder.
To thoſe brave *Deeds*, which in a little *Spheare*
Are by *Mute Poetry* deſcribed there.

77.

He ſtarts upon his Feet; with *Him* (betwixt
Whom, he was plac't *both* the DE GAMES: and, from
VASCOS ride ſide COELLIO. The MOOR fixt
His Eyes, upon the warlike *Tranſcript* dumb
Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt
Something divine, nor, till the *World*'s one Tomb,
Shall ever dye. Clad in the *Greekiſh mode*.
A *Bough* in his right hand, what he was ſhow'd.

78.

His right hand held a *Bough* —— But O blind man
I! That (unwiſe, and rude) without your clew
(*Nymphs* of MONDEGO, and the *Tagan Stran*)
A courſe ſo long, ſo intricate, purſue.
I lanch into a boundleſs *Ocean*,
With *Wind* ſo contrary; that, unleſs *you*
Extend your favours, I have cauſe to think
My brittle Barke will in a moment ſink.

Behold

79.

Behold how long, whilſt I ſtrain all my *pow'rs*
Your TAGUS ſinging, and your PORTUGALE;
FORTUNE (new Toyles preſenting, and new Sow'rs)
Through the *World* draggs me at her Charets-Tayle):
Sometimes committed to *Seas*'s rolling Tow'rs,
Sometimes to bloody dangers *Marteale*!
Thus I (like deſperate CANACEE of old)
My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

80.

Now by declin'd and ſcorned *poverty*
Degraded, at Another's Board to eate.
Now (in poſſeſſion of a Fortune high)
Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.
Now ſcapt, with my life onely, which hung by
A ſingle Thrid (ev n *that* a load too great):
That 'tis no leſs a wonder, I am here,
Then JUDA's *King*'s new leaſe of fifteen yeere.

81.

Nay more (*my* Nymphs) I thus being made an *Iſle*
And *Rock* of *want* (ſurunded by my *Woes*)
The ſame, whom I ſwam ſinging all that while,
Gave me, for all my *Verſes*, but courſe *Proſe*.
Inſtead of hoped *Reſt* for long *Exile*,
Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):
Unworthy *ſcandals* they therein did hayle,
Which laid me in a miſerable Jayle.

82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned Lords your TAGUS breeds!
What *Patrons* of *good Arts* we live among!
Are *theſe* the *favors*, and are *theſe* the *meeds*,
For *Him* That makes *them* glorious with his *Song*?
What *Precedents* are theſe, what likely ſeeds
To raiſe in future curious WITS and ſtrong,
To regiſter the Acts of all thoſe men,
That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen*?

83.

Then in this *Flood* of *Ills* let it ſuffice
That *your* ſole grace and favour I obtain;
And chiefly *here*, where ſuch Varieties
Of honorable *deeds* I muſt explain.
Give it me onely *you*: For (by your *Eyes*)
On any, that deſerves it not, one grain
I will not ſpend: not flatter DUKES, nor KINGS,
Pain of ungrateful to your *ſacred ſprings*.

Nor

84.

Nor think, O *Nymphs*, I'l waste *your* pretious *Fame*
On *Him*, who to his *King* and *Country*'s *weal*
Prefers his *private interest* (The same
Will from the *Throne*, yea from the *Altar*, steale).
No, no *Ambitious man* shall hide his shame
Under my *leaves*, who mounts, that he may deale
More largely to his *Lusts*, and exercise
His *Office*, not, but his *impieties*.

85.

No man, That stalks with *popularity*,
Thereby to catch the *Prey* he hath design'd:
Who, with the erring *Vulgar* to comply,
Changeth as oft as PROTHEUS, for the *Wind*.
Nor (MUSES) fear, that ever sing will *I*
Whom, with grave *Face*, grave *case*, grave *pace*, I find
(To please the *King* in the new *Place* he's in)
Fleece the poor *People* to the very skin.

86.

Nor *Him*, who finds it just (and so it is)
The *King*'s Laws should be kept in ev'ry thing:
But does *not* find it just (and that's amis)
To pay the sweat of *those* that serve the *King*.
Nor *Him*, who *says his Book*, and thinks with *This*
(Though *unexperienc't*) he hath wit to bring
All to his *Rules*: and, with a niggard Hand,
Rates *services*, he doth not understand.

87.

Those (and those WORTHIES *onely*) will *I* sing,
Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,
First for their GOD, and after for their KING;
To be repaid with *use* in due renown.
Help me APOLLO, and the *Muses*'s Ring,
With doubled *Rage* their Lawrell'd heads to crown:
Whilst (almost tyr'd) I *here* take breath a while,
So with fresh *Spirits* to renew my Toyle.

End of the seventh Canto.

Eighth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

ON the firſt *Figure* ſtuck the HAGARENE,
Which in the waving *Flag* did come and go:
Upon a *leavie ſtaffe* it ſeem'd to leane,
With a long combed Beard, white as the ſnow.
Who this grave *Warriour* is, and what ſhould meane
That ſame *device* he bears, he longs to know.
PAUL tells him: whoſe wiſe words which here inſue,
MONSAYDE rendred, who both *Idioms* knew.

2.

Theſe FIGURES all (which, *moving*, ſeem *alive*)
As *fierce* and *warlike* as they ſhow, for here;
By the bright fame that doth of them ſurvive,
In *truth*, and *Fact*, more *fierce* and *warlike* were.
They ſtand *far off* in time: Through *perſpective*
Of cleer WITS yet, they *doom* both *great* and *neer*.
This thou now ſeeſt, is LUSUS, from whom *Fame*
Gives to our *Kingdom* LUSITANIA's name.

3.

He was that THEBAN's *Son*, or elſe *Camrade*,
Who in ſo many *Lands* did *Lawrels* gaine.
Following the *Wars* (which he did make his *Trade*)
This LUSUS built at length a *Neſt* in SPAINE,
With thoſe delicious *Fields* ſo well apaid
(Th'*Elyſian* once) 'twixt DWERE, and GUADIANE;
That *there* he ſet up his long Reſt. *He* gave
A *Name*, to *Thoſe*; and *Thoſe*, to *Him*, a *Grave*.

4

The *leavy ſtaffe* (he bears for his *Device*)
The *Thyrſus* is, That BACCHUS ſelf did beare;
Which is to *Us*, a *letter* of *Advice*
And this was his own *Son*, or *Friend* as deare.
Seeſt Thou *Another*, who long *Seas* did ſlice
With wand'ring *Keele*, and Lands by TAGUS there,
Where he a *Fane* to PALLAS ſacred calls,
And is the *Author* of *eternal Walls*?

It

5.

It is *Ulysses*: who that *Temple* founded
For *Her* with Eloquence his *Tongue* that guilded.
If he in ASIA *here* fair TROY confounded,
In EUROPE there great LISBON hath he builded.
Who may this *other* be, which *dead* and *wounded*
That sows the *Field* (his sword with both hands weilded)
Death and *Destruction* on great *Hoasts* that flings;
Where *painted Eagles* flye with *true ones* wings?

6.

Thus said the *Pagan*. Thus replyes DE GAME.
This, thou *now* seest, a keeper was of *Ewes*
(And know, that VIRIATUS was his name)
But, better then a *Hook*, a *Sword* could use.
With *this*, he did affront the *Roman Fame*,
Invincible: nor *Fame* once got, did loose.
No, ROME had ne're with *Him*, nor shall (that's more)
That luck, with PYRRHUS which she had before.

7

By *Valour* not, but creeping *trechery*,
They rob'd him of his life. Why doest thou wonder?
In desp'rate Cases MAGNANIMITY
It self, doth teare it's proper laws in sunder.
Behold *Another* (for Indignity
Receiv'd) with *Us* that did his *Countrey* thunder!
To gain immortal *Honour* he chose well
With *whom* to do it, if he must *rebell*.

8.

With *Us*, behold, *He* likewise puts to flight
Those *Birds* that are the *Favourites* of JOVE!
So long ago, *Nations* of greatest might
Knew how to yield, when *against ours* they strove.
See with what *wyle*, and artificial *Slight*,
Our People *he* to fight *his* Quarrel drove,
Th'*inspiring Hind*, that helpt him with Advice!
He, is SERTORIUS: *she*, is *his* DEVICI.

9.

Behold that *other* Flag! *There* painted, see,
Of our first *Kings* the great *Progenitor*!
We make him an HUNGARIAN; but, there bee,
That do affirm, he was a LORRAIGNOR.
After that overcome the MOORS had *he*,
GALLEGOS, and the LEON-WARRIOR,
Went holy HENRY to the *Holy War*:
To *sanctifie* the *Trunk* whence our *Kings* are.

10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who* is *this* (demands)
Tell me, *who this* is (cryes the CATUALL)
That doth, ſo many *Troops*, ſo many *Bands*,
Deſtroy and ſcatter with a *Force* ſo ſmall?
So many *Battailes* ſtrikes with his own hands?
With whoſe fierce *Rams* ſo many ſtrong *Tow'rs* fall?
That fights in *blood* up to the Saddle-bow,
Whilſt *Flags* and CROWNS fall at his feet like ſnow?

11.

'Tis *firſt* ALPHONSO (doth DE GAMA return)
Who from the MOOR all PORTUGALL did take.
FAME by the waters of black STYX hath ſworn
Ne're more to ſing of ROMAN for *his* ſake.
He, *lov'd of Heav'n*, with *love* of *Heav'n* did burn;
Whom GOD the ſcourge of MOORS (his Foes) did make:
Their *Throne* and Walls broke down to let CHRIST in,
And nothing left there for his *Heyrs* to win.

12.

Had CÆSAR fought, had ALEXANDER GREAT,
With ſuch thin *Troops*, ſo ſlender, and ſo ſhort,
Againſt ſuch num'rous *Armies*, as were beat
By this brave *King*, of every kind, and ſort:
Believe t nor *He*, nor *He*, with JOVE had eat;
Nor their proud *Fames* made ſuch a lowd report.
But leave *his* Acts (too glorious to unfold!)
His *Vaſſails* deeds are worthy to be told.

13.

This, whom thou ſeeſt upon his *pupil* (broke)
All patience loſt, caſting an angry Face;
Bidding him rally up his ſcatt'red Folke,
And turn again to juſtifie the place:
Turns the *young man*, turns the *old man* That ſpoke,
And turns with *them* the *day* in a ſmall ſpace:
EGAS the name, which the brave old man hath,
Tutor of MARY, *myrrour* of *Subjects faith*.

14.

There, how he marcheth with his children, look,
(Bareſoot, and Ropes about their Necks) t'his end;
Becauſe the *young man*, as he undertook,
To pay CASTELL low *Homage* could not bend!
He rays'd the *Seige* with *Craft*, and *Oaths* he took,
When vain were *Arms* the *Rampire* to defend.
He pays the *forfeit* with his *Babes*, and *Wife*:
And, to preſerve his *Maſter*, gives his *life*.

Leſs

15

Leſs did that CONSULL, who through folly was
Caught at the CAUDINE GALLOWS in a Trap,
When *Him* inſulting *Samnites* forc't to paſs
Under that *ſhameful yoak* they there did clap.
He, (brave and conſtant) did *himſelf* diſgrace,
To ſave his *Army* in ſo ſad miſhap:
This gives to *ſhame*, and *death*, *himſelf*, his deer
Children, and guiltleſs *Spouſe*: the laſt goes neer.

16.

Seeſt thou *this man*, who from an *Ambuſcade*
Beats up a *King*, beſieging a ſtrong Town,
The *Leaguer*'s rays'd, the *King* his pris'ner made:
A *deed* great MARS could wiſh had been his own!
See him again (now *Head* of an *Armade*)
Maſſacring MOORS upon the watry *Down*!
Boarding their *Galleys*, carrying cleer away
PORTUGAL's mayden *Victory* at *Sea*!

17.

It is DON FUAS ROUPINIO; on the *Land*,
And on the *Ocean*, gaining equal *Fame*:
Which from the *fired Galleys* (neer the Strand
Of AVILA) ſhines glorious in *their* flame.
See, how content he fails by the ſame Hand,
The Fortune alter'd, but *the Cauſe* the ſame!
Like *Palme* (depreſt in vain) through ſhafts of MORES
His happy *Soule* to *Heav'n* triumphant ſoares.

18.

Seeſt thou not, landing *there* in ſtrange Attire
From a great *Navy*, Troops *Auxiliar*;
Not without which, our firſt *King* did acquire
LISBON (their *Prologue* to the *Holy-War*)!
Of *theſe*, did HENRY (famous *Knight*.) expire.
Behold *Palms* ſprouting from his Tomb! They are
CHRIST's ſupernatural *Badge*, for Him to weare
Who, born a GERMAN, dyed a *Martyr* there.

19.

See a *Prieſt* brandiſh (not in vain) his Blade
Againſt ARRONCHEZ, with revenge ſharp whet,
To quit for LEYRIA, which They taken had
Who couch the *Speare* in *Reſt* for MAHOMET!
'Tis PRIOR TEUTON. —— But, a *Seige* is laid
To SANTAREN. Look, how *Secure*, and *Great*,
That FIOURE plants upon her ſcaled wall
The ever-winning *Cinques* of PORTUGALL!

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where SANCHO overthrows
In a fierce war the ANDALUSIAN MOORE.)
He kills th'*Alferez* charging *through* the Foes,
And makes SEVILIA'S *Standard* mat the floore.
MEM MONIZ 'tis; (How like his *Sire* he ſhows,
The *Phenix* of his *Aſhes?*) worthy ſure
The *Royal Flag*, and *This*; who *his*, did put
Up, with his *Hand*; the *Foe*'s feld at his *foot*.

21.

See *Him*, that by his *Lance* deſcending ſlid
With the two *Centenells*'s two *heads* by night,
To where he hath his men in *ambuſh* hid,
With whom he gains the *Town* by *force* and *ſlight!*
That takes for *Arms* the *Knight*, who take *that* did,
And the cold *Heads* in one hand of the *Knight*.
He, That atchiev'd this unexampled *deed*,
His *name*, is GERRARD: *Surname, without dreed*.

22.

Doeſt thou not ſee a wrong'd CASTILIAN
By their *ninth* King ALPHONSO (for old gall
To thoſe of LARA) to the MOORS That ran,
Making himſelf a Foe to PORTUGALL?
ABRANTES with thoſe *Infidels* he wan
With whom into our Countrey he did fall:
But a bold PORTINGALL, with a ſmall Force,
Here takes him pris'ner; routed Foot and Horſe.

23.

DON MARTIN LOPEZ is the man, that crops
The *Lawrels* he was graſping. But behold
An *Apoſtollick Warriour*, That chops
For *Lance* of *Steel* his *Croſiers ſtaffe* of *gold*!
See, how *erect* the *ſtagg'ring* minds *he* props!
How *hot* to fight the MOOR, his men grown cold!
Behold his *Viſion* in auſpicious skyes,
With which the *few* he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then SEVILL'S *King*, and *He* of CORDOUA,
With other *two*, Loe routed! Nor alone
Routed, but *ſlain*! The ſtrength that got this *Day*,
Was not of *Man*: GOD claim'd it as his owne.
See now ALCACER hath no more to ſay,
Though, lin'd with *ſteel*, her *Battlements* of ſtone.
To MATTHEW (LISBON'S *Biſhop*) ſhe ſubmits:
Who Sprigs of *Palme* into his *Miter* knits.

Behold

29.

Behold a *Maſter* poud'ring from CASTEEL
(A PORTINGALL by Birth) ALGARVES Land
How he does conquer, his devouring Steel
Incount'ring none that can the ſame withſtand.
Strong *Towns* (by broad day ſcal'd) *ſee*, what they *feel*:
Such his good *ſtar*, ſo certain is his *Hand*.
Big with Revenge (Loe!) TAVILA he takes,
And makes it ſmart for the SEVN HUNTERS's ſakes.

20.

See, how of SYLVES Maſter he became
By *Stratagem*! (the MOOR paid dearer for't)
CORREA DON PELAYO is his name,
In whom (to envy) *Wit* and *Force* conſort.
But the PAYR-ROYAL thou *o'reſteſt* of FAME,
That did ſuch Fears in *French* and *Spaniſh Court*.
By *Faſts*, and *Tournaments*, and *Duels*, there,
Immortal *Lawrels* they did win and weare.

31.

Loe, by the name of KNIGHTS ADVENTURERS,
Into the *Kingdom* of CASTEEL they come;
Where, in BELLONAS *ſports*, not one but beares
The *prize* away (they prove *true jeſts* to ſome)!
See, dead, the prow'd *Caſtilian Cavaleers*,
That challeng'd one of them by ſound of drum!
RIVERS GONZAGUE was *He*. Propt with his *Sword*,
His *Gyant-Fame* did LETHE'S *River* ford.

32.

Mark well that *Knight*, by FAME ſo lov'd and ſung,
That her old *Theames* are ſcorn'd, are out of date!
Of his dear *Countrey*, by one thrid that hung,
On his ſtrong ſhoulders he ſuſtayn'd the weight.
See, where (with *Anger* dide) a peale *he* rung
To a cowd *People*, and degenerate,
That they a *ſtranger's yoake* might from them fling,
And take the *ſweet one* of their *native King*.

33.

See, through this *Counſel*, and *his proweſs* too,
Guided by GOD, and his good *ſtar* alone,
What was *impoſſible* in *humane* view,
The vaſt *Caſtilian* Army overthrown!
See, through his *Valour*, *force*, and *care*, a new
Cleer Victory (inferiour unto none)
Over a *People*, fierce as num'rous, Here
'Twixt GUADOANA and GUADALQUIVIR!

20.

Seeſt thou not *There* how almoſt routed is
The *Luſitanian Hoaſt*, through the retreat
Of this *Religious Leader* (whom they miſs)
Th'aſſiſtance of the *Lord of Hoaſts* t'intreat?
See, with pale haſte he's now found out by *his*,
Who tell him, there's no dealing with ſo great
A *Pow'r*; that he *himſelf* would look thereto,
And with his preſence cheer his fainting *Crew!*

21.

But ſee, with what a *holy careleſneſs*
He anſwers them; *'Tis yet too ſoon to goe:*
As who, by *Faith*, already did poſſeſs
The *Victory* which GOD will ſtreight beſtow.
POMPILIUS thus (his *Kingdom* in diſtreſs
By ſuddain inroad of a potent Foe)
To Them That bring him the *ill News*, replyes;
And I (ye ſee) *am off'ring ſacrifice.*

22.

What his name is thou long'ſt to know (I ſee)
That with ſuch boldneſs on his GOD did ſeize:
The LUSITANIAN SCIPIO it ſhould bee,
Were not a greater NUNIO ALVAREZ.
O *Countrey* bleſt in ſuch a *Son* as He,
Indeed thy *Father!* whilſt SOL compaſſes
This *Globe* of NEPTUNE, and of CERES yellow,
To mourn again, thou ne're ſhalt own his fellow.

23.

Victorious, ſee, in the ſame *war*, and *Cauſe*,
Another *Captain* of a *Squadron* ſmall!
He routs *Commendum'd Knights*, and lays his paws
On the great *Prey* they marcht away withal.
See where his reeking Blade again he draws,
Reſcuing his *Friend* from *Foes* That lead him Thrall:
His *Friend*, a martyr for his loyalty!
PEDRO RODRIGUEZ LANDROAL was *Hee.*

24.

See yon *Faith-breaker*, paying an old ſcore
And the baſe *pelfe* he up at int'reſt took!
GIL-FERNAND-ELVAS plays his *Auditore*,
And with the *Debtor*s death croſſes the Book.
Here drowns, in their *Caſtilian* Owners gore,
The SHERREZ-*Fields* (their *ſacks* they may go look).
But ſee PEREYRA; who, like Lightning thrown
Upon the *Foe's Armada*, ſhields his *own!*

Behold

35.

Behold, how poor *ſev'nteen* of PORTUGALL
(Upon a *Mountain*) brave reſiſtance make
Againſt *four hundred* of CASTEEL, That wall
Them in on ev'ry ſide, to ſweep the Stake!
But (to their coſt) *theſe* find a crew ſo ſmall
More then *Defendants* in that bloody *Wake.*
A deed deſerving everlaſting *Rimes:*
Match it *elſewhere*, in *old* or *modern* Times.

36.

Of *Ours* (I grant) *three hundred* did ingage
And rout a thouſand ROMANS, in that Time
When VIRIATUS came upon the Stage,
Aud his *Fame* lightned through each wond'ring *Clime.*
Whence *Thoſe*, who follow'd *him* in that brave *Age*,
Left to their *Race* this *Legacie* ſublime,
Never to fear a *Foe* for *multitude:*
Which, that we do not, pretty well w'have ſhew'd.

37.

Two *Princes* here (PEDRO, and HENRY) ſee
Generous *Progenie* of our *firſt* JOHN!
The *one*, forc'd FAME into HIGH GERMANIE
To lacquay him (defrauding death of *one*):
T'other, to trumpet *Him* through the wide SEA
For *it's diſcov'rer*; and (his *Pen* by thrown)
Makes enter'd CEUTA ſee on t'other ſide
His *Lance* can prick the bladder of her Pride.

38.

Behold the *Earle* DON PEDRO, holding out
Two *Seiges*, 'gainſt the pow'r of BARBARIE!
Behold *another Earle*, as ſtrong, as ſtout,
As MARS himſelf, and fam'd for *Chevalrie!*
Who, not content (with Foes claſpt round about)
ALCACER to defend moſt gallantly,
Of his KING too the pretious *life* defends;
And (as his *Bulwark* there) his *own* expends.

39.

Many a FIGURE, in theſe *Flags* that wants,
The PAINTER (truly) did to add intend,
But *Pencils* he doth lack, lacks *Oyle*, and *Paints:*
"*Meed*, *Honour*, *Favour*, are *Arts's Life*, *Nurſe*, *Frend.*
The fault in our degenerating *Plants*
From thoſe high *Trunks* of which they do deſcend.
Of *Vanitie* we ſee ſufficient *Flow'rs:*
But where's the good *Fruit* of their *Anceſtours?*

40.

Thoſe *truly noble Anceſtors* of theirs
(From whom this ſwelling greatneſs had it's *Riſe*)
For VERTUE's love, digeſted bitter Cares,
And of their *Houſes* to inhance the Price.
Blind! to *intaile* (with wealth) *ſloath* on their *Heirs*
(VERTUE ſupplying *fewel* unto *Vice*)
Disfig'ring them to boot: For, in this caſe,
"The *Founder's Glory* is his *Seed's diſgrace.*

41.

Others there are, with *wealth*, and *Pow'r* that flow
Above their Banks; nor *nobly born*, nor *faire.*
The fault of KINGS: who on one *Minion* throw
(Sometimes) more then a thouſand *worthier* ſhare.
Of *Theſe* wouldſt thou behold the *Pictures?* No:
It is a *vanity* their Friends can ſpare.
As *monſtrous* Creatures MYRRORS fly, or break:
So *theſe men* hate the PICTURE that doth *ſpeak.*

42.

I not deny, but *ſome* (whom I could name)
Deriv'd from *great* and *worthy* Anceſtry;
By high and honorable *Parts* proclame,
And correſpond with, their *nobility:*
Who, if the *light* of their *Fore-Fathers* Fame
Their brighter *Vertue* do not *clarify*;
Yet, keep it *in* they do. But, of this *Crew*,
The PAINTER tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus PAUL DE GAMA blazons thoſe great deeds
Which *there* in various *Ink* are written faire;
Which by a *Maſter's hand* (whoſe skill exceeds)
In ſo cleer *Perſpective* there painted are.
Th' intentive CATUAL diſtinctly reeds
The *Hiſtory*, as legible, as rare:
A thouſand times he *askt*, a thouſand *heard*,
The *Battails delicate* which *there* appear'd.

44.

But cleft was now the *Sun's* ambiguous light
Between the one and t'other *Hemiſphere*;
In neither was it *day*, in neither *night*,
But *morning's twylight* here, and *Ev'nings* there:
When, from the warlike *Ship*, the FAVOURITE
And noble NAYRES, to the *City* ſteer
To court dull *ſleep*; which *broods* all living Things
Of ſable *Night* under the downy wings.

Meane

45

Mean time the famous *Augurs* of the Land
(Who falſly think, or ſo are thought at leaſt,
To ſee by *magick* all things beforehand
In entrails of a ſacrificed Beaſt)
Do their *black office*, at the *King*'s command,
To ſcrutinize, what ſhall befall the EAST
By the arrival through the hanſell'd *Maine*,
Of theſe unheard of *Gueſts* from unknown SPAINE.

46.

Of Lyes the Father ſhews them *here* ſignes true;
That a ſtrong *yoake*, which they ſhould ne're remove,
Their endleſs *Bondage*, ſhall, this *People* new,
Their *wealth*'s conſumption, and *their* people's prove.
The frighted AUGURS with pale horror flew
To tell the KING, that which infernal JOVE
Made legible by their aſtoniſht Eyes
In the *red letters* of the *Sacrifice*.

47.

Confirming *This*, T'a *Prieſt* (a *Zealous* one,
And *pillar* of the *Law* of MAHOMET,
Whoſe Boſome with that Gall did over-run
Wherewith both *Sects* againſt CHRIST's *Law* are ſet,
In that *falſe Prophet's* ſhape, who from the Son
Of Bond-mayd HAGAR did deſcend) the yet
Inraged BACCHUS, and who never cleers
His filthy ſtomack, in a Dream appeers.

48.

And, *guard you, guard you*, People *mine* (quoth *He*)
From *Ills* provided for you by the *Foe*,
That cuts a paſſage to you through the Sea:
Guard you, before the danger neerer grow.
Th'amazed MOOR ſtarts from his Reſt, to ſee
Who gave him this *Alarum*. Thinking *Tho*,
'Tis but a *Dream* (like common *Dreams*, in deep
Of Night) returns into the Arms of *ſleep*.

49.

BACCHUS returns, and ſays. Knowſt thou not (MORE)
The great *Law-Giver*, who the ALCORAN
Shew'd thy *Fore-Fathers*, without which Thy *ſtore*
Would fail, and half thy *Flock* be CHRISTIAN?
Rude, do I watch for *Thee*, and doeſt *thou* ſnore?
Well, thoſe *white Gueſts* (I'd have thee to know, than)
Shall bring great dammage to that *Law*, my *Pen*
Deliver'd over unto *ſtupid* Men.

50.

Now whilſt this People's ſtrength is not yet knit,
Think how ye may reſiſt them by all ways.
For, when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,
Upon his *morning Beauty* Men may gaze;
But let him once up to his *Zenith* git,
He ſtrikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays*:
So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too't,
If ye permit theſe *Cedars* to take root.

51.

This ſaid: both *he*, and *ſleep*, vaniſh at once.
The MOOR remains: rockt in his Bed with fright.
Th'infuſed *poyſon* working in his ſconce,
He ſtarts, and to his ſervants cryes *a light*.
When the new light (which doth precede the *Sun*'s)
Diſclos'd it ſelf *Angelical*, and *white*:
The *Chief* of that vile SECT he did convoke,
To whom his *Dreame* in every point he ſpoke.

52.

Then ſev'ral, and croſs Reaſons they diſcourſe;
As they from *others*, or *themſelves*, diſſent.
Secret *way-layings*, open *Feud*, and *Force*,
And ſev'ral ways of each they do invent.
But, when *thoſe* ſeem'd too *fine*, and *theſe* too *courſe*,
To take a middle way is their intent.
To do *their* buis'neſs with *another*'s Hand,
They mean to bribe the *Grandees* of the *Land*.

53.

With *Gold*, and other *Preſents* underhand,
The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gaine;
Giving them *ſpecious'ly* to underſtand,
Theſe *Gueſts* will put a *period* to *their* Raigne:
That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,
Who, plying to and fro the *Weſtern Mayne*,
Live on *Pyratick* ſpoyle, without (in fine)
Or KING, or LAWS, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.

O how a Perfect KING it doth behove
To chuſe his FAVOURITES and COUNCELL ſuch
As are lin'd through with VERTUE, and *her* love;
As feel of CONSCIENCE a true *inward* touch!
For *He* (who in the *higheſt Orb* doth move)
Of things *remote* can onely have ſo much
Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*
That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.

Nor ev'n on VERTUE let him ſo much dote,
T'adore't in *picture*, or without *Controule*
T'imploy't; as ſome, who in a ſimple Coat
Have truſt an *Hypocrite* (a *preying Foule*)
And, if a *Saint* indeed, hee'l ſpeak by rote
In *worldly* matters: For the *Dove* like ſoule
Seeld with an ANGELL'S *Quill*, hath *Eyes* to find
The way to *Heav'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.

56.

But *here*, theſe avaritious CATUALS,
Who did that *Pagan-Kingdom* rule and ſway,
Brib'd by *infernal* People to play falſe,
The *Portingal Diſpatches* did delay.
Now the wiſe *Leader* of the PORTINGALS,
Of all the *Indian Prince* can do, or ſay,
Caring for nothing back with him to bring
But *news* of this *diſcov'rie* to the King:

57.

In *this alone* takes pains. For well he knew,
When he ſhould carry back *this news alone*,
That *Navies*, *Arms*, and *ſoldiers* would inſue
From MANUEL, who fills the *Regal Throne*;
With which to CHRIST, and *Him*, he would ſubdue
The *Globe* of *Earth*, and *Sea*: That *Himſelfe* s one
Sent out but as a *Dove*, as a *Line* hurld,
To *ſpy*, and *ſound*, this OCEAN, and this WORLD.

58.

Reſolv'd he is, the *Pagan King* to find,
And pray *diſpatch*, that he may take his leave;
Which *now* he ſees, thoſe ſpightful People mind
(If *they* can help it) he ſhall ne're receave.
The *King*, who with ſuggeſtions of that kind
Was ſhook and ſtartled you muſt needs conceave
(Too *credu'ous* to *ev'ry* AUGUR'S word,
Much more to *All*, and when the MOORS concurr'd):

59.

Freez'd with this fear hath his ignoble Breſt.
On t'other ſide the *ſacred Thirſt* of *Gaine*
(A *Vice* in *Him* that's *Paramount* the reſt)
Kindles a *fire* which *thaws* that *Froſt* againe.
For his *advantage* he ſees manifeſt,
If he with *cleer intentions* entertaine,
And with *firm Actions* cheriſh, and purſue,
The *League* which PORTUGAL invites him to.

His

60.

His COUNCELL then commanded to attend,
He found no *One* that did in this comply:
Becauſe on *Thoſe*, who ſhould their judgements ſpend,
Money had done it's office pow'rfully.
For the magnanimous *Captain* he doth ſend.
To whom (arriv'd) with a *Majeſtick* Eye;
If, *here*, the pure and naked *Truth*, to me
Thou wilt *confeſs*; I pardon thee (quoth *He*).

61.

I am aſſur'd, th' *Ambaſſage* thou haſt done
To *me* in thy *King*'s name, is meerly coyn'd:
For that, nor *King*, nor *Countrey* doeſt *Thou* own,
But (*vagabonding*) ſayl'dſt with ev'ry wind.
From fartheſt SPAIN's remoteſt *Region*
Would any *King*, or *Prince* (in his right mind)
A *ſingle ſhip* much leſs a *Navy* ſend,
Through ſo *incertain* ways to the WORLD's *end*?

62.

And, if *thy King* ſupport his Majeſty
Which great and potent *Realms*, which he commands;
Thy *unknown Truth* to prove and teſtifie,
What pretious *preſents* knit this *friendſhip*'s bands?
"In *reſents* rich, in ſumptuous *Guifts* and high,
"*Kings* ſpeak their loves: *Their Rhet'rick's* in their *Hands*.
A *Hand*, that gives not *Any* falſifies:
Nor will a *Sea-man*'s teſting it ſuffice.

63.

If baniſht from thy *native ſoyle* thou *be*
(As many a *man* hath *been* of great *Renown*)
Welcom, by JOVE, both to my *Realms*, and *me*:
"For to the *Valiant* ev'ry *Land*'s his *own*.
Or if, a *Pyrat*, thou infeſt the *Sea*;
Spare not through *fear*, or *ſhame*, to make *that* known:
"For in all times, a vital breath to draw,
"NECESSITIE hath been *exempt* from *Law*.

64.

He ſaid. DE GAMA (finding this *new* Face
Of *Things*, is from the greedy CATUALLS;
Suborn'd, by ISHMAEL's malicious Race,
The *Royal Ear* to poyſon with things falſe)
With ſuch a high *aſſurance*, as the Caſe
Requir'd, inſtead of freſh *Credentials*,
(Which VENUS ACIDALIA did inſpire)
To his wiſe Breaſt (ſurcharged) thus gave fire.

If

65.

If the gilt *Cup* of *Lyes* (which MAN betrayd
Out of his *Paradice*) had not *pledg'd* bin
By our *firſt Parents*, and by them *convayd*
From *hand* to *hand* through foul *original ſin*;
Till in the *hand* of MAHOMET it ſtayd,
Who ſuckt the very *dreggs* that were therein:
Moſt mighty *King*, thou never had'ſt receiv'd
This *Calumny* by that damn'd *Sect* conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no *good* that's *great*
Done withour *great Contract*; and *Actions tall*
(For man his bread in his Brows ſweat muſt eat.)
That ſtand *on tiptoe*, are tript at by *All*;
Therefore *they* brand me for a *Counterfait*,
Therefore doeſt *Thou* my *Truth* in queſtion call,
Although ſo *cleer*, that *ſee it* needs thou muſt,
Didſt thou not *credit* whom thou ſhouldſt MISTRUST.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the *Sea*,
Or (wreck of *Fortune*) baniſht my dear *Home*;
What need I go ſo far to ſeek my *Prey?*
For unknown *Manſions* need I hither roam.
What *gain*, what *hopes*, could make me in this way
To tempt the fury of the *waves* that foam,
Antartick colds, Heats of the *burning line*,
Where *Aries* hangs, the *Equinoxial ſign?*

68.

If on great *Gifts* of eſtimation high
The *credit* due to me thou pin and caſt;
My comming now was onely to deſcry
Where NATURE hath thy ancient *Kingdome* place:
But to my *Countrey*, and *Dread Leige*, if *I*
Through *Fortune*'s goodneſs get, long *Seas* re-paſt;
At my return I promiſe thee (O *King*)
That ſuch CREDENTIALS never man did bring.

69.

If unto *Thee* an uncouth thing it ſhow,
That, where her fartheſt Arm HESPERIA flings,
A *King* ſhould ſend me to thee, *Thou* ſhould'ſt know
That nothing poſſible is hard to *Kings*.
Then *Kings* of PORTUGALS (if *this* be ſo)
May be allow'd, for ſpreading of their wings,
Something of greater, and of larger ſcope,
Then what is giv'n for *common Kings* to hope.

Know

70.

Know, that for ſev'ral *Generations* paſt
Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,
With all thoſe *Toyles* and *Dangers* to contraſt
Wherewith *Heroick* deeds whole NATURE thwarts:
And (Enemies to *ſloath*) of th'OCEAN vaſt
Piercing into the undiſcover'd Parts,
Aſpir'd to know the end of it, and where
The fartheſt *Countreys*, which it waſhes, were.

71

The *worthy Project* of the *learned Branch*
Of that *victorious King*, who, to diſplant
From his dear *Neſt*, did through the Sea firſt lanch,
Of AVILA the laſt Inhabitant
He joyning *one* unto *another* planch,
(As far from *Idle* as from *Ignorant.*)
Diſcover'd all thoſe Parts, which lighted are
By *Argo*, *Hydra*, th'*Altar*, and *the Hare.*

72.

Gath'ring freſh courage *then* from the event,
In that thoſe firſt endeavours prov'd not vain,
Diſcov'ring farther new *Advent'rers* went
Succeſſively the ſecrets of the *Maine.*
Th'*Inhabitants* of AFFRICK, That frequent
Her SOUTHERN CAPE, and never ſaw CHARLS WAYN,
Were ſeen by *Theſe*: leaving behind each *Iſle*,
And *Continent*, which Both the *Tropicks* broyle.

73

With this ſo high *Reſolve*, and fixt therein,
Our *Nation* quell'd, and triumpht over *Chance*:
Till *I*, now ending what Thoſe did begin,
The fartheſt *Piller* in thy *Realm* advance.
Breaking the Element of molten Tyn,
Through horrid ſtorms *I* lead to *thee* the Dance;
From whom (to carry to my *King*) I ask
Onely a *ſign* that I have done my Task.

74.

This is Truth (*King*) For, for ſo *doubtful gain*
So *inconſiderable* a *Content*,
As (were it other) I could hope; ſo vain
A *lye*, and formal, I would ſcorn t'invent.
No, on the *reſtleſs Boſome* of the MAYN,
To ſet my *Reſt* up, I would firſt conſent
Forever; and by *Iyracy* to get
An unjuſt living out of others ſwet.

So

75.

So that, O KING! if my great *Veritie*
Thou hold (as 'tis) for ſingle and ſincere;
Diſpatch me to my *Prince* with brevitie,
Hold me no longer from my *Country* deare.
But if the ſcruple ſtill remain in thee,
Ponder the *Reaſons* I have render'd *Here*;
I lay them in thy piercing *judgements ſcale*
Secure: "For *great* is *Truth*, and will prevail.

76.

The *King* markt all along the *Confidence*
Which DE GAME ev'n proved his diſcourſe.
A full aſſurance of his *Innocence*,
A perfect credit did this ſpeech inforce.
He weighs the copious *Words*'s magnificence,
Th'authoritie with which they fetch their ſource:
Thinks now the CATUALL *deceived* is;
But He is *brib'd*: and ſo he thinks amis,

77.

Added to this, his avaritious Eye
Upon the gainful Trade of PORTUGALL
Makes him obey; and rather to comply
With the brave *Captain*, then the *Mooriſh* gall.
In ſhort, he bids DE GAMA preſently
Get him aboard his *Fleet*; and, without all
Suſpect of harm, whatever *Merchandice*
To ſend aſhore to ſell, or truck for Spice.

78.

In fine, he bids him ſend of every thing
That in *Gangetick Kingdoms* is not met;
If ought that fits them from that *Land* he bring
Where the *Land* ends begins the *Ocean* great
Now, from the awful preſence of the *King*,
Illuſtrious GAMA parteth; to intreat
The CATUALL, That of the *Ports* had charge,
(His *Own* from ſhore) to order him a *Barge*.

79.

A *Barge* he prays from this illuſtrious Lord:
But this is more, then he is well content
(As ruminating miſchiefe) to afford:
Pretending this and that impediment.
Yet (as in order to his going abord)
Far from the *Royal Court* with *Him* he went,
Where *he* (unnoted by the *King*) may write,
To *Avarice* what *malice* did indite.

80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He
Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn;
Or that to morrow it may better be,
If he till then his going will adjourn.
Now did abuſed GAMA plainly ſee,
By this *put off* unto another morn,
The *great one* too is in the *Mooriſh* plot:
Which t'l that inſtant he ſuſpected not.

81.

This CATUAL was *one* (and *firſt*) of Thoſe
That were corrupted by that crooked *Sect*:
And whom the SAMORIM (that lov'd him) choſe
Th' Affairs of all his *Empire* to direct.
In *Him alone* thoſe *devils* now repoſe.
To bring their plotted Treaſon to effect.
He (who conſents to break his *Maſter*'s faith)
Steps not an inch beſide *their* chalked path.

82.

To be diſpatcht DE GAMA begs, and prays,
But begs in vain, in vain he pray'rs lets fall:
Proteſts th' *Embargue*; now will this pleaſe (he ſays)
The noble *Succeſſor* of PERIMAL.
Why theſe *Impediments*, why theſe *delays*,
When he ſhould fetch the *Goods* of PORTUGAL?
Since, what commands the *Sov'raign* of a *Land*,
None hath authority to countermand.

83

The bribed CATUALL ſmall reck'ning made
Of this *Proteſt*: rather in ſpightful mood
Some never-heard of *Treaſon* (to be waigh'd
Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.
Or, how he may imbrew his curſed Blade
In thoſe deteſted veins, conſid'ring ſtood:
Or, how the *Ships* he may blow up, or burn.
That they may never into SPAINE return.

84.

That's it (ev'n that they never ſee SPAINE more)
For which the MOORS infernal *Funta* bribe:
That ſo they may not wealthy INDIA's ſhore
Unto the *King* of PORTUGAL deſcribe.
In fine DE GAMA goes not: the REGIDORE
Forbids, in favour of that barb'rous *Tribe*.
Nor without his permiſſion can it be:
For a ſtop laid on all the Boats had He.

To

85.

To all the *Captain*'s importunities,
The *Paian* bids him in a word, command
(For the more ready truck of Merchandize)
To have his *Ships* brought cloſe up to the Land.
It is the way of *Thieves*, and *Enemies*
(He ſays) at diſtance with their *Fleets* to ſtand.
"No ſign ſo ſure of one that *Ill* intends
"As to ſuſpect *ill dealings* from his *Frends*.

86.

Wiſe GAMA underſtood by half a word,
The Cauſe the CATUAL did ne'er deſire
To have the *Ships*, was, that with *fire* and *Sword*
He *openly* might wreake on them his Ire.
'Twas time (he thought) he *now* himſelf beſtir'd,
That he aſſemble *now* his Wits intire.
His *Fancy* muſters, to defeat all plots:
All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a *Mirrour*, the reflected light,
Of burniſht *Steel*, or *Criſtal* without ſtain,
Which ſtruck by SOL (as if in fell deſpight)
Strikes the next *man* it meets, or *Thing* again:
And (mov'd by nimble Hand of ſome young *ſpright*
About the Houſe, who is in gameſome *vain*)
Skips on the *Floor*, the *Roof*, the *Wall*, the *Chaire*;
And has you *here*, and *There*, and *ev'ry where*.

88.

So ſhot the wav'ring *Fancy* to and fro
Of circumſpect DE GAMA; imagining
That poſſibly the Boats, CORILLIO
Might to the ſhore (as he had order'd) bring.
Back to the *Navy* (if that were) to row,
He ſends to Him forthwith advertiſing;
On *Him*, or *That*, leſt ought attempted be
By the MOORS cruel *Infidelitie*.

89.

Such ſhould be *All*, who in *war*'s Trade profound
Would imitate and match illuſtrious men;
Fly like the *Needle* all the *Compaſs* round,
Firſt divine *Dangers*, and prevent them *then*,
With martial skill try ev'ry depth, and ground,
And for the *Foe*'s *one* fence play ſhew Him *ten*;
Believe all *is*, that *may be*: For (in briefe)
"To ſay, *I thought* is ugly in a CHIEFE.

90.

The MALABAR proteſts, that he ſhall rot
In priſon, if he ſend not for the *Ships*.
He (*conſtant*, and with noble *Anger* hot)
His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.
All, that baſe *malice* dares or *do*, or *plot*,
When her black trailing bowels forth ſhe rips,
A lone hee'l bear, e're he will diſ-enſure
His *King*'s *Armada* which he hath ſecure.

91.

All that long *night*, and *part* he *there* was held
Of the next day, when to the SAMORIM
He means again to go: but was withheld
By a ſtrong *Guard* plac't in the entry dim.
The *Pagan* (ſeeing how he ſtill rebell'd,
And fearing leſt the *King* ſhould puniſh *Him*
In caſe he knew, as know he muſt e're long,
If this reſtraint proceed, the barb'rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then ſend for, and expoſe to ſale,
Not *ſome*, but *all* the *Merchandiſe* he brought;
That men may buy and truck in open ſcale:
"For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is ſought,
DE GAMA (though he pierce through this thin vaile
And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thought*)
Conſents thereto: becauſe he well doth ſee
That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*.

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find
Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandiſe*,
For to ſend *his* the *Captain* doth not mind
To be *embarqu'd*, or *ſunk* by Enemies.
To fetch ſuch *Spaniſh wares*, as *Vend* in YND,
Are ſoon diſpatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.
The *Captain* to his Brother writes, to lade
The *Goods* with which his *Ranſom* muſt be payd.

94.

Landed they are: which wondrouſly doth pleaſe
The CATUAL's infamous *Avarice*:
Therewith doth DIEGO ſtay, and ALVAREZ:
With pow'r to truck, or ſell them at a price.
That (*more*, then KING, *Pray'rs*, *Honor*, or *All* theſe,
Upon a ſoul infected with that *Vice*)
A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* heer doth ſhow:
Who, for the *Goods* did let DE GAMA go.

For

95.

For *Thoſe*, he lets *Him* go: before he quit
The *Pawn*, on which he *now* hath layd his hand,
Meaning a better penny thence to git
Then if he kept the *Captain* ſtill on Land.
He (ſcapt out of the Trap) thinks it no wit
On t'other ſide, to come within command
Again: but (ſafely got aboard his *Fleet*)
In his own *Neſt* takes ſleeps ſecure, and ſweet

96.

At leiſure *then* he walks upon his *Decks*
To ſee what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.
No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex:
Imperious, brib'd, without or *ſhame*, or *worth*.
Now let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*
The *Idol Gold* (which all the World ador'th)
Plays both in *Poor* and *Rich*: by *Money*'s Thurſt
All *Laws* and *Tyes* (Divine, and Humane) burſt.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian* King, to ſeize a vaſt
Intruſted Treaſure, POLIDORO was.
When ſtern ACRYSIUS thought his *Daughter* faſt,
A *Show'r* of *gold* did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Braſs*.
The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did caſt
Such tempting beams on the TARPEIAN LASS,
That ſhe, for Thoſe, the *Tow'r* of ROME unbarr'd:
Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98

This ſtrongeſt *Forts* ſubverts, and overthrows:
Makes Kindred, *Kindred*; and Friends, *Friends* betray.
This noble-men *ignobly* doth diſpoſe:
Delivers *Captains* to their Foes a Prey.
This blaſts of pure *Virginitie* the Roſe:
Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.
This bribes ev'n LIB'RALL ARTS (it's pow'r is ſuch)
Makes JUDGEMENT have no *ſight*, CONSCIENCE no *touch*.

99.

This, in unheard of Sences *Text* doth take:
This makes and unmakes *Laws* in the ſame caſe:
This perjures *Subjects*, and *This* KINGS doth make
Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.
Ev'n *golden minds* (of *thoſe* That *All* forſake
For GOD) this *Antichimiſt* doth debaſe
To vileſt mettle: with this *Diff'rence* though,
That ſtill *Theſe* gliſter with a *holy ſhew*.

End of the eighth Canto.

Ninth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

LOng in the *City* the Two *Factors* lay,
Without diſpatching *off* the *Merchandize.*
So many *rubbs* are ſcatter'd in their way
By the falſe INFIDELS, that no man buyes.
All, *Theſe* deſign thereby; is to delay
INDIA'S *Diſcov'rers* There (whom *they* call *ſpyes*)
Arriv'd till they the Fleet of MECHA ſee,
With which this *other* overwhelm'd may be.

2.

At the far end o'th'ERITHREAN SEA
Where (calling it by his dear *Siſter*'s name)
The goodly *City* of ARSINOE
(Which afterwards to be call'd SUEZ came)
Was founded by EGYPTIAN PTOLOME,
The Port of MECHA lyes: which hath it's fame
From MAHOM'S ſuperſtitious *Lavatory*,
Promiſing *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory.*

3.

GIDDA the *Port* is call'd, in which did meet
The *Trade* of that RED SEA and flouriſht moſt:
The *Gain* whereof was not a little ſweet
To EGYPT'S *Soldan* who then rul'd that *Coaſt.*
From *hence* to MALABAR a warlike *Fleet*
Of INFIDELLS the *Indian* Ocean croſt
Each yeer; in that EMPORIUM to find
Health-giving *Drugs*, and *Spices* of each kind.

4

The *Ships* expected by the MOORS, are *Theſe*,
With which (not onely *great*, but built for *Fight*)
Them, who ſupplant their *Traffick* in thoſe Seas,
To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.
In this Sure *Card* themſelves they ſo much pleaſe,
That, all they wiſh to gorge their Appetite,
Is, that the *Strangers* will but ſtay ſo long
Till from fam'd MECHA come this *Navy* ſtrong.

But

5.

But the GREAT GOVERNOR of *Heav'n* and *Earth*
(Who, for what *He* before all Time did doom,
Likewiſe decreed fit means, which to the birth
Should bring the ſame when the full Time ſhould come)
Kindled unlikely love on the cold Hearth
Of a MOOR's breaſt (MONSAYDES) ſending whom
Before, He to DE GAMA gave advice
Of *All*, and for his payns had PARADICE.

6.

This man (of whom the MOORS had no ſuſpition,
Being *one* himſelf, but on the contrary
To all their ſecret *junta*'s gave admiſſion)
Did to the *Captain* this *foule play* deſcry.
He viſits oft the *Fleet*, and repetition
Makes of his viſits oft, though far it lye:
To heart he lays the danger it is in,
Through the black *Project* of the SARACIN.

7.

He tells the cautious GAMA of the *Fleet*.
Which from ARABIAN MECHA comes each yeere.
And how thoſe Countrey men do thirſt to ſee t,
As a ſure *Engin* to deſtroy him there.
That it comes ſtuft with *Soldiers*, and in *It*
Doth horrid *Thunderbolts* of VULCAN beare:
So that conſid'ring, how his own is bruſht.
It may thereby be overpowr'd and cruſht.

8.

DE GAMA, beſides *this*, conſidering
That now the time it ſelf calls him away;
And that for better anſwer from the *King*
(Who loves the MOORS) he may till doomſday ſtay:
Sends one aſhore, the *Factors* ſummoning
To come aboard forthwith; and, leſt that *They*
Be ſtopt, if their intent perceiv'd ſhould be;
Commands them do it with all ſecreſie.

9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went
(And it fell out to be a rumour true)
That the two *Factors* were to priſon ſent,
'Cauſe from the *City* they by ſtealth withdrew.
The *Captain*, ſeeing which way the world went,
Seiz'd (by *Repriſal*) without more ado
Some, That were then aboard his *ſhip*, lin'd well
With *Precious Stones* which they deſir'd to ſell.

Grave

10.

Grave *Citizens*, and wealthy were *Theſe* all;
Well known, and well allide in CALICUT:
Therefore, to ſee them bound for PORTUGALL,
Into an *uproare* did the *City* put.
For ſtreight to work the ſturdy *Sea-men* fall:
The *Capſtone* roles, their *ſev'ral* ſtrengths ſet to't
In *ſev'ral* manners: *ſome* the *Cable* halling,
With the *Bar* others their hard *boſoms* galling.

11

This, hangs by the *main-yard*; and now untyes
The flowing *Saile*, with a great *cry* diſplayd:
When to the SAMORIM with greater *cryes*
Is told how haſtily the CAPTAIN waigh'd.
Their Wives and *Children* (truſt up in this wiſe
That are) a noyſe, as they were murther'd made
In the KING's hearing; ſcreaming they ſhould loſe,
Theſe their dear *Fathers*: their deare *Husbands*, Thoſe.

12.

The *Luſitanian Merchants*; with the *Ware*,
(There's no delaying) freely he remands,
Although thereat the MOORS do ſtamp and ſtare,
Or elſe his *own* muſt viſit uncouth Lands.
With all *excuſes*, to make things look faire,
Sends to *his* King. DE GAME (who underſtands
The *Reſtitution*, better then the *Cringe*)
Returns ſome BLACKS, and gives the *ſhips* their ſwinge.

13.

He *coaſts* it homewards, fully ſatisfy'de
That he in vain ſolicits with *that* King
A *peace* and *friendſhip*, to be ratify'de
By mutual Trade, as he propos'd the thing.
But, having now that noble Land deſcry'de
Which lay much hid under the *Morning*'s wing,
For his deare *Countrey* with this *news* is bound:
Carrying ſure *ſignes* of that which he hath found.

14.

He carries MALABARS, retain'd by Him
Perforce, of Thoſe, who the ſtopt *Factors* brought
Aboard from the inforced SAMORIM.
He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought;
Nutmegs (the whichtheir own dry'de flow'rs up trim)
From BANDA; the black *Clove* (for which is ſought
MOLUCO's ISLE) and *Cinnamon*, through which
CEYLAN is noble, beautiful, and rich.

All

15.

All *theſe* provided by the diligence
Of good MONSAYDE, whom he carries too:
Who fir'd with *Evangelick* influence
To have his name writ in CHRIST's book doth ſue.
O happy AFFRICAN! whom PROVIDENCE
DIVINE, out of *infernal darkneſs* drew;
And, ſo far from thy *Countrey*, found a way
To thy *true Countrey* to reduce thee, ſtray.

16.

Thus vaniſh from the ſpicy Territory
The happy *ſhips*, whoſe *Prows* directly ſtand
OF GOOD HOPE pointing at THE PROMONTORY
(*South-Bound* of NATURE fixt by her own Hand);
Bearing the evidence and welcom ſtory
To LISBON of the *Oriental* Land:
Once more committed to the rude annoy
Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt *fear* and *joy*.

17.

That they are going to their *Countrey* deare,
To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboads* at laſt,
To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,
The various *Nations* ſeen, and *Dangers* paſt;
That now the *Harveſt* of their *Toyles* is neare,
The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to taſt;
Is ſuch a *joy* as cannot be *expreſt*
By their faint *Tongue pent* in their narrow *Breſt*.

18.

But CYPRUS's *Queen*, who by the *King* of HEAV'N
Was made the LUSITANIANS's *Patroneſs*,
And for a *Guardian Angel* to *them* giv'n,
To whom ſhe many yeers hath prov'd no leſs;
Glory, for which they have ſo *bravely* ſtriv'n,
Amends for their ſo *well indur'd* diſtreſs,
Means them by way of *earneſt* beforehand;
And in ſad *Seas* the *Pleaſures* of the *Land*.

19.

Having a while revolved in her thought
The world of *Sea* which they have back to paſs,
The world of Woes, *that* God on them had brought
In AMPHIONIAN THEBES twice-born that was!
It is her purpoſe, *joys*, ſo dearly bought
With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glaſs;
To cook them ſome *delights*, find them ſome neſt,
Where in the rolling *Empire* they may reſt.

20.

In fine an *Inn* of *pleaſure* by the way
To *bait* and *ſtrengthen* tyr'd *Humanity*:
To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their *Pay*,
But) the uſe *here* of fair ETERNITY.
She means to tell't her *Son*, and well ſhe may;
For, with *his ſhafts* it is, ſhe makes the *high*
GODS, ſtoop to the *baſe ground*: and, with *his fire*,
Unworthy mortals to *bright Heav'n* aſpire.

21.

This well digeſted, ſhe reſolves in fine
There, in the middle of the *briny froſt*,
To have in readineſs an *Iſle* Divine,
With flow'rs on green inameld and imboſt:
For ſhe hath many in thoſe *Seas*, which joyne
To that *bleſt Land* which our *firſt mother* loſt;
Beſides thoſe ſweet ones in the *Midland Seas*,
Impounded by the Gates of HERCULES.

22

There will ſhe have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare
To theſe rare men their graces to impart;
All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*
(The *glory* of the *Eye*, *Bane* of the *Heart*)
With *Balls*, and *Banquets blithe* and *debonayre*:
For ſhe inſpires into their breſts the dart
Of ſecret love, that *they* with all their might
Of their *Gallants* may ſtudy the delight.

23

Such once her *Project*, for the man ſhe bare
To TROY'S ANCHISES neer to SIMOIS's flood;
To get him *welcome* in that *City* fair
Which in the compaſs of an *Oxe-hide* ſtood.
Her *boy* ſhe ſeeks (for, without *Him*, her rare
Beauty is nothing) CUPID giv'n to blood:
That, as to Him *of yore* ſhe recommends
Her *ſayling ſon*, ſo *now*, her *ſayling Frends*.

24.

She yoaks thoſe *Birds* unto her Coach of gold
Which ſing their own ſad *Dirge* with long white necks:
And *thoſe*, into the which was turn'd of old
PERISTERA, That gather'd flow'rs by pecks.
The flying Goddeſs *Theſe* in Rings enfold,
Exchanging kiſſes with laſcivious Beaks.
She, where ſhe paſſes, makes the *Wind* to lye
With gentle motion, and ſerenes the *skye*.

25.

Over *Idalian* Mountains *now* ſhe hung,
The *winged Boy* reſiding in that Land,
To get an *Army* up of *Bow-men* young.
For a great *War* which he hath then in hand
Againſt the rebel WORLD; where late have ſprung
Much *Weeds*, as he is giv'n to underſtand:
Loving thoſe things, wherewith 'tis richly ſtor'd,
To be made uſe of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He ſees ACTEON hunting, ſo inclin'd
To that mad *ſport*, and brutal *exerciſe*,
That a deform'd *wild-beaſt* to follow (blind)
The Beauty of a *humane* Face he flyes:
And (to torment him with a *Fair Unkind*)
Shews ſtript DIANA to his gazing eyes.
Now, let him take good heed he do not prove
A *Prey*, ev'n to thoſe *Hounds* he doth ſo love.

27.

He ſees the *great ones* of each Land, that none
Have *Publike Good* ſo much as in their *Eye*:
Sees they love nothing but themſelves alone;
Which is part *Intreſt*, and part *Philautye*.
Courtiers he ſees (men That beſiege a *Throne*)
How for *true Doctrine* they vent *Flattery*.
'Tis husbandry *theſe* like not in a *King*
To weed the *Flow'rs* out of his *Corn* in *Spring*.

28.

He ſees, how *Thoſe* that owe a *vowed* love
To *Povertie*, and *Charitie* to *Men*,
Love *Riches* onely, and to floate Above,
Pretending *juſtice*, and a *Conſcience* clean.
They tell the *People*, what doth *Them* behove;
OBEDIENCE, in the *deed*, the *Tongue*, the *Pen*.
Laws they ſet up in favour of the CROWN,
Laws in the *People*'s favour they pull down.

29.

He ſees, in fine, none love that which they ſhould
But onely what complies with ſome vain luſt:
Therefore his hands can *he* no longer hold
From *puniſhments* that may be *ſharp*, yet *juſt*.
His *Captains* prickt, his *Soldiers* are inrol'd
Fit for a *War* which undertake *he* muſt,
With the miſgovern'd *World*: whereby to quell
All that perſiſt againſt him to rebel.

30.

Swarms of theſe little *Hov'rers* (newly flown)
At ſev'ral *works*, buſie as *Bees*, are all:
Some whetting *Arrow-Heads* on *bloody Hone*,
Others the ſhafts of *Arrows* ſhaving ſmall.
Working they *ſing*, and *ſing* of *love* alone,
And then that *Love* it is *Seraphical*:
In *Parts*; and in the *burthen* all do joyne;
The *Ditty* excellent, the *Tune* Divine.

31.

On the immortal *Anviles* (where their Arts
They uſe, the *ſteeled points* to forge, and fit)
Inſtead of *Embers* there are burning *Hearts*,
Which bring their *Bellows* with them (panting yit):
The *ſtreams*, with which they *temper* their *ſteel'd darts*,
Tears, which from miſerable LOVERS flit:
The ſparckling *flame*, the never-quenched *fire*,
(Which *burns*, and not *conſumes* them) is *deſire*.

32.

Some of theſe *Archers* exerciſe their *Hand*
On the hard Boſomes of the *Vulgar* rude;
The *bor'd* Ayre *hiſs't* (by this we underſtand
The *ſighings* of the wounded *multitude*);
For *Sugeons*, *Nymphs* to *Cure* them ready ſtand,
With *Sov'raign Vertue* to this end indu'd:
Who, to the *Hurt* not onely life can give,
But make, ev'n *them* that ne're were *born* to *live*.

33.

Some of theſe *Nymphs* are faire, and ſome are not,
According to the Nature of the *Wound*:
Into the *blood* if once the Taint be got,
Oft ugly *Treacle* gives the *Patient* ſound.
There are, whom *Spells* and *Philters* do beſot;
Nayl'd to their *Seates*, they wiſs not how and *bound*:
Where *this* is, LOVE hath us'd againſt fraile *Hearts*
Unlawful weapons, ſhooting *poyſon'd darts*.

34.

From theſe *raw Soldiers*, out of *ranke* and *life*,
A thouſand raſh, and ſenceleſs *Darts* are ſped:
A thouſand ſenceleſs *loves* are born the while
In the low People, to be pitied.
Ev'n amongſt *Thoſe* in *higheſt Forms*, of *vile*
And *horrid Love* are thouſand *patterns* read:
BIBLIS, and MYRRA, for *one ſex*; for *t'other*,
Th'ASSYRIAN SON, and the JUDEAN BROTHER.

And

35.

And *you* (Great *Lords*) by *ſhepherdeſſes* meane
Under the *yoke* of LOVE have oft been brought,
And *you* (great *Ladies*) with rude *Clowns* uncleane
In VULCAN's ſubtle *Nets* have oft been caught:
Some, watching the dim fall of the *Serene*;
Some, pitchie *Night*, o're *Tiles*, or *Walls* to vaut.
Though for theſe *ſordid fires* (if *right* we *did*)
More then the *Son* the *Mother* ſhould be chid.

36.

But the ſwift *Coach* now ſoftly on the *Green*
The white *Swans* (ballanc't in their Harneſs) put;
On which DIONE (in whoſe *Cheek* is ſeen
The Snow-mixt *Roſe*) ſets light her milky foot.
The *Archer* meets her with a jocund meen
Who ſhoots at HEAV'N, and doth not miſs the *But*.
With *Him* in *Squadron* his SUB-CUPIDS move,
To do their *Homage* to the QUEEN OF LOVE.

37.

She (not to ſpend the pretious time in vain)
Snatching her Child up, confidently ſaid;
Dear Son, in *whom*, and whoſe ſtrong *Arm*, I raign;
And the Foundations of my *Pow'r* are laid;
Son, in *whom* all my *ſtrengths* always remain;
Who feard ſt not *Them*; That made great JOVE afraid;
I have a ſpecial buis'neſs to be done,
In which I greatly need *thy* pow'r *my* Son.

38.

The LUSITANIANS, haraſt out, behold!
Who are *my Care* of long Antiquity;
Becauſe my Friends (the *Fates*) to me had told,
Wheree're *They* go, my worſhipt name ſhould fly.
And, for they imitate my ROMANS old
In all *Heroick* Actions, therefore *I*
Reſolve, for them to do a *Guardian*'s duty,
And raiſe the *Poſſe* of the *Realm* of *Beauty*.

39.

And, ſince the malice of the God of Wine
Spun them new troubles upon *Indian*-ground,
When from the furies of the ſwelling *Brine*
They crope out weather-beaten, and half-drown'd;
Therefore in middle of the *Sea* (in fine)
Which they their bitter enemies have found,
And neer that INDIA, I would have them breathe,
And of their *Labours* the *firſt-fruits* receave.

As

40.

As wanton *Fiſhes* then therein are ſtrook,
So do *Thou* ſtrike the fair NEREIDES;
That on theſe LUSITANIANS they may look
With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys
Of their diſcover'd World. Sick with the Hook
Let them on ſhore an *Iſle*; an *Iſle* (in *Seas*
Immenſe) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'rs
Or ZEPHYRUS breathes, out; or FLORA, pow'rs.

41.

There with a thouſand *diſhes* delicate,
With oderiferous *Wines*, and *Roſes* ſweet,
In cryſtal *Palaces* immaculate,
In *lillie ſheets* (they whiter then the ſheet)
In fine with thouſand joys paſt Vulgar rate,
Let the obliging *Nymphs* their *Heroes* meet
(wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature*'s treaſure,
To be all ranſackt at the *Victor*'s pleaſure.

42.

In NEPTUNE's *Realm* (to which I owe my birth)
A fair and manly *Off-ſpring* would I have;
To ſerve for *pattern* to the Baſtard-Earth,
Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave:
That men may know, From *Thee*, the Foe of mirth
Hypocriſie, nor *walls of braſs* can ſave.
Ill can it be reſiſted on the *Land*,
If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son
Prepares himſelf to do as he was told:
Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, ingrav'd upon,
Whoſe *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.
Raviſht with joy the CYPRIAN PARRAGON
Sets the *Boy* by her, in her Coach, which troll'd,
The reins enlarged to thoſe *Birds*, whoſe *Song*
The death of PHAETHON laments ſo long.

44.

But we do want a certain neceſſary
Woman, to broke between them CUPID ſaid;
Whom, though to *Him* ſhe had been oft contrary,
Yet, of his ſide, he had as often made:
Raſh Boaſter, who both *Lyes* and *Truths* doth carry,
Siſter to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,
Who with a *thouſand Tongues* ſpreads where ſhe flyes,
That which ſhe ſaw but with a *hundred eyes*.

45.

Her find they out, and make her go before:
Who with a ratling *Trumpet* doth proclame
The *Praiſes* of the *Navigators* more
Then of all elſe ſhe e're vouchſaf't to name.
Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,
And the hoarſe *Waves*, the piercing voice of FAME.
Truth ſhe relates, and *Truth* eſteem'd to be,
For with the *Goddeſs* went CREDULITIE.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praiſe*, this excellent *Report*,
The *Gods* (whom BACCHUS ſo inflam'd had erſt
Againſt theſe gallant men, in NEPTUNE's *Court*)
With paſſion for them are a little pierc't.
The *female Breaſts* (that quit with leſs *effort*
The prejudices *they* receiv'd at firſt)
Now call it an *ill Zeale*, a *cruel mind*,
Which to ſuch *Vertue* made *them* prove *unkind*.

47.

The bloody *Boy* ſtrikes while the Iron's hot.
Shafts, follow ſhafs, the *Sea* roares with his ſhoots.
Some, through the fickle *Waves* point blanck are ſhot:
Some, hit on *Rocks*; nor, to be rocks, it boots.
Down drop the *Nymphs*, *each* hath her deaths wound got,
All dart out burning *ſighs* from their heart-Roots;
No *Face* yet ſeen: " For Shafts, which LOVE lets flye,
" Kill in the *Eare* as ſure as in the *Eye*.

48.

With *doubled* force the *Lad*, that tam'd was never,
Makes the two *horns* meet of his Iv'ry *Moon*.
More, then of *All*, he ayms at THETYS's Liver:
For more then *All* hath ſhe againſt him done.
Now not *one ſhaft* is left in *all* his *Quiver*,
In all the *Sea* NYMPH left alive not one:
Or if (being hurt) they *live*, it is for *This*,
That they may feel how ſweet ſuch *dying* is.

49.

Make room, ye azure Billows of the DEEP:
Loe! VENUS comes, and brings the *Med'cine* with her!
The pregnant *Sayles* on NEPTUNE's ſurface creep,
Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, *out-cheſt*, and *Fether*.
That their *deſires* like *equal* pace may keep,
And *neither* to great LOVE complain of *either*,
The *Mens* bold *fires* ſhall preſs chaſte HYMENS bands;
The *Female-Bluſh* do BEAUTIE's QUEENS commands.

All

50.

All the faire *Quire* of the NEREIDES
Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty Dance
(After their *loving* cuſtome) through the *Seas*
To th'*Iſle* by VENUS ſhew'd, *at once* advance.
The skilful *Goddeſs* there erudiates *Theſe*
In all *ſhe* did, when LOVE her Breaſts did lance.
They, whom the *Son* had conquer'd, are not nice
To liſten to the *Mother's* ſweet advice.

51

The lofty *ſhips* went cutting the vaſt Sea
In their long *Voyage* to their *Countrey* deare,
Leaſt *that*, they had, ſhould fail them by the way,
Prolling about for water *freſh*, and *cleare*.
When (to their ſuddain joy) at break of day
Th'*inamour'd Iſle* doth to them *All* appeare.)
Streight MEMNON's mother, delicate and faire,
Spread all her ſweetneſs through the purged Ayre.

52.

They ſee *Aloofe* the *Iſland* freſh, and green,
Which VENUS carries floating on the *Main*,
Juſt as the *Wind* does their white *Sayles*; and ſeen
The *ſhips* are from the *Iſle* too, but not plain.
For, leſt by *Them* o'reſhot it ſhould have been,
Making her *Wiſh*, and *Preparations*, vain;
(What cannot VENUS ACIDALIA do?
She mov'd it *plum* in the *Armada's* view.

53.

But fixt it; when ſhe ſaw, *They* ſaw, and ſought
The *Iſland* with their Keels: ſo, on the *Floods*
Was DELOS fixt, when forth LATONA brought
APOLLO, and the GODDESSE OF THE WOODS.
Thither through ſliced *Seas* their way they wrought
Where a calm *Bay* the crooking *ſhore* includes,
Whoſe gliſs'ning *Sands* with interfuſed *vains*
Of purple *Cockles* CYTHEREA ſtains.

54.

Three goodly *Mountains* with a graceful pride
Thruſt their majeſtick *Heads* into the Ayre
(With green imbroydred *Hangings* beautify'de)
In this gay *Iſle* delicious, freſh, and faire.
From their three *Tops* three cryſtal *Springs* did glide,
Lacing the *Liv'ry* their rich *Margents* ware.
Jumping on *Pebbles* while their *Cryſtals* brake:
Such *Muſick* never *Water-works* did make.

In

55.

In a pure *Valley* which thoſe *Hills* divides,
As by appointment the three *Currents* meet,
Shaping a *Table* with proportion'd ſides,
Broad, and beyond imagination, ſweet.
A *Frenge* of *Trees* hangs over it, and prides
It ſelf, in ſo cleer *Glaſs* it ſelf to greet:
Now prancks its *locks* therein, and *now* retires;
Now looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thouſand gallant *Trees* to *Heav'n* up-ſhoot
With *Apples*, odoriferous, and faire:
The *Orange-tree* hath in her ſightly *fruit*
The colour DAPHNE boaſted in her *Haire*:
The *Citron-tree* bends almoſt to her Root
Under the yellow burthen which ſhe bare:
The goodly *Lemmons* with their *button-Caps*,
Hang imitating *Virgins* fragrant *Paps*.

57.

The *ſavage-trees* (That doe the *Foreſt* there
With *leavie-Haire* innoble and adorn)
Are, *Poplars* of ALCIDES; *Laurels*, deare
In vain unto the GOLDEN GOD UNSHORN;
Myrtles of VENUS; the proud *Pine* ſevere,
That CYBELE for meaner love did ſcorn.
The ſpeared *Cypreſs*, from this *vale* of *Vice*,
Stands pointing at CELESTIAL PARADICE:

58

The fruit POMONA gives, NATURE beſtowes
Heer lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;
Better then *elſewhere* it in *Gardens* growes,
'Tis *heer* undreſt, unplanted in the *Wood*;
The *Cherry*, that begs *outſide* from the *Roſe*;
The *Mulberry*, ſtain'd with *true-Lovers* blood;
The *Peach*, tranſlated from its *Mother-ſoile*
In PERSIA, and made better by *Exile*.

59.

Th'ingenuous *Pomgranat* ſhews his Heart,
With which Thou, *Rubie*, loſeſt thy eſteem:
From her lov'd *Elme* the *Vine* doth not depart,
Her Cluſters loading *Him*, ſome red, ſome green:
And, *Pear* pyramidall, if loth thou art
To dye before thy time, hide thee between
The Leaves; for to anticipate thy Fate
Ten thouſand *feather'd-Minſtrels* lye in waite.

60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which *there*
Lye to be trod on by the meaneſt Plant)
Make thoſe of PERSIA, *courſe*; and *pleaſanter*
Theſe of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.
NARCISSUS, there, over the water cleere
Hangs his ſick head, who what he had, did want.
There flaunts the *Grand-child-Son* of CYNARAS,
For whom Thou, PAPHIAN QUEEN, cry'ſt yet, *alas*!

61.

It was not eaſie to be underſtood
(The ſelf-ſame *colours* ſeeen in *Skyes*, and *Bow'rs*)
Whether AURORA lent the *Flowers* blood,
Or borrowed *complexion* of the *Flow'rs*
There, ZEPHYRUS and FLORA painting ſtood
The *Vi'let*, with the *Pale* of *Paramours*;
The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Roſe*,
Juſt *ſuch*, as in a *Virgin's cheek* it blows.

62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whoſe pure ſnow the print
Sits of the *Morning's* Tears: and *Marjoram*:
The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacint*;
A Flow'r LATONA's ſon loves for the name.
FLORA bets high POMONA knows no ſtint,
She Vyes with *Flow'rs*, with *fruits* This ſees the *Game*:
Nor *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;
The Earth hath *Beaſts* beſides, and the Ayre *Birds*.

63.

Along the *Lake* the ſnowy *Swan* did ſing,
Him PHILOMELA anſwers from a *Bough*;
ACTEON drinks out of the cryſtal *Spring*,
Nor fears the *ſhadow* of his *horned* Brow.
Here the cloſe *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)
Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row*:
The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Neſt*
Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feaſt.

64.

The *ſecond* ARGONAUTS now diſembarke
From the tall *ſhips* into an EDEN green.
There, in this *Iſle*, this *Foreſt*, or this *Parke*,
The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpoſe to be ſeen.
Some touch the grave *Theorba* in ſhades darke,
Some the ſweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeen*:
Others with golden *Croſs-bows* make a ſhow
To *hunt* the *Bruits*, but do not *hunt* them though.

Thus

65.

Thus counſell'd them *their Miſtreſs*, and her *Art's*:
That ſo, the more their own deſires they Maſter,
And ſeem *a flying prey* to their *ſweethearts*,
It might make *them* to follow on the faſter.
Some (who are *Conſcious* that their *skins* have *darts*,
And put their truſt in *naked Alablaſter*)
Bathe in *Diaphane* ſtreams, their *Roabs* by-thrown,
And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* ſetting on the ſand
Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.
(For not a man of them but came a land
To ſee what *Savage Game* might there be found)
Dreamt not to finde Game ready to their hand,
In that ſweet *Foreſt* (without ſnare, or Hound)
So *Debonayre*, ſo *tender*, ſo *benigne*,
As was *there* hurt by means of ERICINE.

67.

Some (who with *Guns* and *Croſs-bows* make account
The *Royal* Stag, and *Lordly Buck*, to ſlay)
Through the ſharp *Buſhes* reſolutely mount,
And lofty *Foreſt*; where no *Foot-path* lay.
Others in Shades (which PHEBUS's Arrows blount)
Walking, or reſting, *while* the *Heats* away
By thoſe ſweet *Brooks*, which (ſtumbling as they paſt
Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did haſt.

68.

When ſuddainly, thorow the Green-wood leaves,
Variety of *Colours* they deſcry;
Colours, which ſoon the judging eye perceives
Are not of *Roſes*, or freſh *Flow'rs* the *dye*:
But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:
Of which LOVE makes his *Lure*, and Sawces *high*;
Of which their Garments *Humane Roſes* make,
To make the *Bird* ſell for the *Feathers* ſake.

69.

Amaz'd VELOSO with a lowd voice cry'd;
Strange *Game* (my maſters) in this *Foreſt* riſe:
The ancient *Poets Tales* are verify'd,
And this *Iſle* s ſacred to the DEITIES.
Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd
To hope, or comprehend, ſee with your *Eyes!*
And ſee, what *wonders*, what great *bleſsings* then,
The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar* men!

70.

Chaſe we theſe *Goddeſſes*; it ſhall be ſeen
If they be *Real* or *Fantaſtical.*
This ſaid (more ſwift then *Bucks* o're *Paſtures* green)
Through the rough *Brakes* and Woods darted they *All.*
The *Nymphs* went flying the thick boughs between,
Yet not ſo *Swift*, as *Artificial.*
Skreeking, and laughing ſoftly in the cloſe,
They let the *Greyhounds* gain upon the *Does.*

71.

One's golden *Treſſes* up the wind did blow,
The light *coats* of *Another* as ſhe fled:
The *deſire*, kindled by the *naked Snow*,
Upon the dainty *Proſpect* (greedy) fed.
This falls on purpoſe, and whilſt ſhe doth go
To riſe (with *kindneſs*, more then *Anger*, red)
He that *purſues*, falls over her; like *one*
That rubs the *Miſtreſs* when his *Bowle* is *gone.*

72.

Others (who *Game* in other Parts did ſeek)
Chop on the *Goddeſſes* that bathing were.
Theſe ſuddainly begin a fearful ſhreek
As if they wonder'd to ſee *Mortals* there.
Some (ſliding through the *Laund* their Bodies ſleek,
As who ſhould ſay; *ſhame* leſs, then *force* We fear)
Scud to the *Cops*, expoſing to the *Eye*
What to the greedy *Hand* they did deny.

73.

There *is*, That (hiding with a *Veile* of *Glaſs*
(DIANA-like) if not her *Lims*, her bluſhes)
Sinks where ſhe ſtands: There *is*, That (on the graſs
Snatching her *Cloaths* that lye) ſhoots through the Ruſhes.
Amongſt the Reſt, an eager *Lad* there *was*,
Rayments and all, into the *Bath* that bruſhes
(For, whilſt he ſtript, he feard to loſe the *Game*)
To quench in *water* his tormenting *flame.*

74.

As a rough *Water-dog*, to fetch and ſeek
That's us d, and wait upon his *Maſter*'s *gun*,
Seeing *him* lay the *Steel-Cane* to his Cheek,
Aym'd at a *Duck*, or *Teal*, to *him* well known;
Before the *blow*, into the *ſtream* or *creek*
(Sure of the *Quarry*) doth impatient rnn,
And, barking, ſwims: The *Lad* ſo, from the ſhore
Swam to the *Nymph* whom *Love* had ſhot before.

Another

75.

Another (LEONARD) whom *Books* adorn,
Stout, noble, handſom, amorous, and young;
On whom GOD CUPID had not caſt *one* ſcorn,
But *all* his *gall* into *his potion* wrung;
So that he well might think, he was not born
To any luck in loving; yet, among
His *faults*, 'twas *one*, that *on* he ſtill would play
(As *Gameſters* uſe) in hope 'twould turn one day.

76.

'Twas *here* his fortune, in purſuit to fall
Of fair EPHYRE (LOVE's own *ſiſter-Twin*)
But *one*, who would give dearer then they *All*,
What *Nature* gave to *Her* to give *agin*.
On Her, *He* (ſpent with running) lowd doth call.
O *Cruelty*, lodg'd in too fair an *Inn*,
If to thy *Shrine* (quoth *he*) I'm vowed whole,
Stay for my *Body*, ſince thou haſt my *ſoul*!

77.

All (out of breath, and weary) *Nimph* divine,
Are yielding to the preſſing *Enemy*.
Through Bryers and Thorns *Thou* onely ſtill fly'ſt *Thine*:
Who told thee, I am *I*, that follow thee?
If thou were't told it by that *ſtar* of mine,
Which, whereſoe're I fly, *ſhoots* after me;
Ah! do not credit *That*: For when as *I*
Did ſo, thou canſt think how it would lye.

78.

I tire with tyring *Thee*, my *ſpirits* waſt;
And if thou *fly*, thereby to flye my touch,
I can aſſure thee (fair one) *ſtay* thou may'ſt,
And yet I ne're the neer, my *ſtar* is ſuch.
Stay, if thou pleaſe; and ſee but (if thou *ſtay'ſt*)
The *ſlight of hand*, the which my *Fate* (ſo much
In vain deplor'd) will finde at laſt, to reare
A *Wall*, between the *Sickle* and the *Eare*.

79.

O flye me not! So may *Time* never flye
Thy *Beauty* out of ſight. For, do but turn;
Daſht with the beams of thy *Majeſtick Eye*,
No *ſawcy* fire in me will dare to burn.
What KING could break the force of *deſtiny*?
What ARMY conquer it? and *mine* hath ſworn
To thwart *me* ſtill. Yet ſtay: I'm happy than:
And thou ſhalt do what KINGS, nor ARMIES can.

With

80.

With my *malignant ſtar* doeſt *Thou* take part?
To help the ſtranger is not *nobly* done.
Carrieſt *Thou* with thee my *Grief-loaden* heart?
Send it me back, and thou wilt faſter run.
That *Soul* of mine, grown heavy with long ſmart,
Hang'd in thoſe *Treſſes* which out-ſhine the *Sun*,
Does it not *clog* them? Or, ſince it came *there*,
Hath it chang'd *mood*, and weighs but for one *Here*?

81.

With this *hope* onely thy white feet I trace,
That either *Thou* her weight will not indure,
Or *ſhe*, by being in that *heav'nly* place,
Will change her *luck*, and *better ſtars* procure.
And, if *that* change, flye never ſuch a pace,
LOVE can hit *flying* I am very ſure;
And, if he hit, Thou't ſtay; and, on *this* ſcore,
If thou do ſtay, of *Heav'n* I ask no more.

82.

The fair *Nymph* now fled not ſo much to ſell
The *Jewel* dear, for which the *Lad* purſu'd her;
As, the ſweet *Tunes* to *hear*, that from him fell,
And amorous *laments* with which he woo'd her.
Her *Eyes* (now bath'd in *ſmiles* and *tractabell*)
Turn'd upon *Him*, who with his *charms* ſubdu'd her;
All melted in pure *love*, languidly *ſweet*,
She lets her ſelf fall at the *Victor*'s feet.

83.

O what *devouring Kiſſes* (multiply'd)
What *pretty whimp'rings*, did the *Grove* repeat!
What *flatt'ring Force*! What *Anger* which did *chide*
It ſelf, and *laught* when it began to *threat*!
What more then this the bluſhing MORNING ſpy'd,
And VENUS (adding *Her*'s to the NOON's heat)
Is better *try'd*, then *gueſs'd*, I muſt confeſs:
But *Thoſe* who cannot try it, let them *gueſs*.

84.

For firſt with all the *Rites* of *wedlock* joyn'd
Were the *lov'd Sea-men* to th'AQUATICK POW'RS:
What gentle *Tongue*, and what white *Hand* could bind,
The *Nymphs* had added in thoſe *ſacred Bow'rs*.
And now their *Lovers* heads they crowned (kind)
With *gold*, and *Lawrel*, and abounding *Flow'rs*:
Promiſe, to keep them company for ever;
Whom *life*, or *death* with *honor*, ſhall not ſever.

The

85.

The *Chief* of them (whom all the *reſt* went after,
And did obey in all things her beheſt,
Of URANUS and Holy VESTA Daughter,
As by her Face was eaſie to be gueſt,
Filling with wonderment both *Earth*, and *Water*)
Th'illuſtrious *Captain*, worthy of the Beſt,
With *grave* and *Royal Ceremonies* took:
Shewing her *Greatneſs* in her *Pompe* and *Look*.

86.

HIM (whom ſhe firſt acquainted with her *name*,
Then, in a kind *exordium* mixt with ſtate,
Gave him to underſtand ſhe *Thither* came
By the immutable decree of *Fate*;
To *Him* of the promiſcuous *Globe* and *Frame*
Of the *vaſt* EARTH, and OCEAN, to relate
Parts undiſcover'd, by *Prophetick* Spirit:
Which *He* alone, and his brave SPANIARDS merit)

87.

Taking up with her by the hand, ſhe led
Unto a *Mountain*'s top, high and divine;
Where a rich *Pyle* erected the prowd head,
Of cryſtal all, with maſſive gold and fine.
Here all the live-long day they rioted
In full delight. and ſports to ſports that joyn.
Within the *Palace* ſhe injoys *her* love:
The others *theirs* within the flow'ry *Grove*.

88.

Thus, the fair *Bevy*, *thus* the Valiant *Crew*,
Divide the *How'rs* by innocent, by chaſt
Delights, and ſuch as *Mortals* never knew,
In recompence of ſo long labours paſt.
And *thus* the *meed*, to ſuch high Actions due
Of noble *Proweſs*; ev'n the *World* at laſt
Pays (in deſpight of *Envy*) with the ſound
Of a great *Name*; which *Time*, nor *Place* ſhall bound.

89.

For theſe fair *Daughters* of the OCEAN,
THETYS, and the *Angellick* penſil'd ISLE,
Are nothing, but ſweet *Honour*, which *Theſe* wan;
With whatſoever makes a *life* not vile.
The *priviledges* of the MARTIAL MAN,
The *Palm*, the Lawrell'd *Triumph*, the rich *ſpoile*;
The *Admiration* purchac't by his ſword;
Theſe are the *joys*, this *Iſland* doth afford.

90.

So thoſe *falſe Godſhips* which ANTIQUITIE,
To all *illuſtrious Men* a zealous Frend,
In *Starry Heav'ns* created, to which *ſhee*
Made them on towring wings of *Fame* t'aſcend,
For honorable *Acts* they did, for free
And noble *Suff'rings* (VERTUE's *path*, the *end*
Whereof, is *ſmooth* and *pleaſant* like our *Iſle*,
Though it ſelf *craggie*, *ſteep*, and full of *toile*.)

91.

What meant they, but an *Immortality*
Giv'n by the *World* for Actions Soveraign,
To *ſuch* as ARTS, or ARMS, advanc'd t'a high
And *heav'nly* pitch, being born of *humane* ſtrain?
For JOVE, APOLLO, MARS, and MERCURY,
ÆNEAS, ROMULUS, the THEBANS TWAIN,
JUNO, DIANA, CERES, PALLAS; *All*
Dwell (as *you* doe) in brittle *Earthen* Wall.

92.

But FAME (the *Trumpet* of deeds great and good)
Gave them *new* Names and *Titles* on the Earth;
GODS of the *whole*, and GODS of the *half-blood*,
GODS by *Adoption*, and GODS by *Birth*.
If ye love *Fame* then, if make *Theſe* ye wou'd,
(As *Men*) your *patterns*, though (as *Gods*) your *Mirth*,
Fly Sloath; by *which* the SOULE, which *Heaven* gave
To be the BODY's *Queen*, becomes its *Slave*.

93.

Curbe, with a *Bit* of *Iron*, AVARICE;
AMBITION curb, to which y'are too too prone;
And curb the black and deteſtable *Vice*
Of TYRANNY, and baſe OPPRESSION.
" For theſe *vain Honours*, this *falſe Gold*, give price
" (Unleſs he have it in *himſelf*) to *none*,
" Better *deſerve* them, and to goe *without*;
" Then *have* them *undeſerved*, without doubt.

94.

Either in *peace* promote *impartiall Laws*,
That ſo *great Fiſh* devour not the *ſmall Fry*;
Or (armed) tear out of the *Great* TURKS jaws
The *Chriſtians prey*, on which he ſtretcht doth lye.
The *Kingdom's greatneſs*, by this means ye'll cauſe;
Nor *leſſen*, but *augment*, your *own*, thereby.
In *Riches merited* ye will abound;
And with *true Honor* have your Temples crown'd.

And

95.

And to your KING ye ſo pretend to prize,
Ye ſhall bring honour; *now*, with *Councels* grave:
Now, with your *Swords*, which will immortalize
You, as they have done your *Fore-Fathers* brave.
I ask you not *Impoſſibilities*:
" *He* That *will*, always *can*. Then, *each* ſhall have
A HERO's place: or (if *that* more may move)
Be *Denizen'd* into this ISLE OF LOVE.

End of the ninth Canto.

Tenth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

BUt now the *Lariſſean* Laſſes Frend
(Who for a wealthier *Lover* did foregoe
The *God* of *Verſe*) his ſetting Steeds did bend
O're the great *Lake* of ſilver MEXICO;
SOL's burning Rays FAVONIUS did ſuſpend
With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow,
Becalmed *Jeſamines* erect their heads,
And naked *Lillies* ſit up in their *Beds*:

2.

When the fair *Nymphs* and *Lovers*, two abreaſt,
Now Frends and well contented, hand in hand
Towards the *Palace* bright their ſteps addreſt,
Which upon *Pillars* of pure *gold* did ſtand;
To a moſt ſplendid and *Opiperous Feaſt*
All ſummon'd thither, by the *Queen*'s command
Who had prepar'd it for them, to repaire
Conſumptive *Nature* with delicious Fare.

3.

There, in rich *Chaires* of ſubſtance *cryſtalline*
They ſit by *Two*s and *Two*'s, *Gallant* and *dame*.
At th'upper end, in *other* of *gold* fine,
Sits the fair GODDESSE with renown'd DE GAMI.
With *Viands* delicate in *ſawce* divine
(Such as to CLEOPATRA's *Board* ne're came)
Are heapt the *diſhes* of red burniſht *gold*:
Part of the *Treaſure* which *their Seas* infold.

4.

The *fragrant Wines* not onely are above
Falernian Liquor of *Italian* growth,
But that *choice-Nectar* ſent about by JOVE
When Rebel *Gyants* felt IMMORTALS wroth.
In *Di'mond-Cups* (tempting to *mirth*, and *love*)
The *Ruby* ſparckles: bubbles the curl'd froth
With the powr'd ſpring. Thus, of their *Lovers* true
The greateſt *Foe*, the *watry Nymphs* ſubdue.

5.

A thouſand pleaſant *Arguments* they touch,
Still-laughters paſs, quick witty *Repartees*,
'Twixt *diſh* and *diſh*; whereby, without too much
Of *Thoſe*, to whet the appetite to *Theſe*.
Muſical Inſtruments not wanting (ſuch,
As to the *damned ſpirits* once gave eaſe
In the dark Vaults of the *Infernal Hall*)
Joyn'd with a SIREN'S *Voice Angelical*:

6.

The fair MUSE ſang, and with her ſhrill *Accents*
(Which from the lofty Battlement rebound)
In equal harmony the *Inſtruments*,
Keeping juſt time, their ſofter *Notes* confound.
A ſuddain *Silence* curbs the *Winds*, indents
With the hoarſe *waves* to whiſper under ground.
And the *bruit Creatures* in their Houſes (made
By *Nature*'s hand) aſleep are *ſung* and *playd*.

7.

With a ſweet Voyce ſhe raiſes to the skies
Rare men to come into the world; whoſe cleare
Ideas were beheld by PROTHEUS wiſe
In a *Diaphane* and *Phantaſtick Sphere*,
Which in a *Dream* JOVE ſhew'd to his ſhut Eyes;
And after, *He*, by *Prophecy* appeare
Made it *humid Realms*: where this *Nymph* (took
Therewith) got the brave ſtory without book.

8.

Matter for *Buskin* 'tis, and not for *Sock*,
In the VAST LAKE that which the *Mermaid* heard;
Beyond what POPAS knew, or DEMODOKE:
This King ALCINOO's, *That* Queen DIDO's *Bard*,
Now, my CALIOPE, I *Thee* invoke
To my *laſt Labour*: begging, for reward
Of all I write (which I in vain pretend)
I may come off with a good *tang* ith' end.

9.

I ſink into the *Vale* of *years*; and, paſt
My *Summer*'s pride, to *Autumn* ſpeed amain.
And my *Wit* (more then *years*) MISFORTUNES blaſt;
Which *Wit* I own not *now*, nor boaſt my *Vein*.
Sighs blow me to that *Port*, where all muſt caſt
The *Anchor* never to be *weigh'd* again.
Yet, great *Queen* of the MUSES, grant that *I*
May cloſe my NATION's *Poem* e're I dye.

10.

The SIREN ſang, how from the *Tagan* ſhore,
Through *Seas* firſt open'd by *De Gama*, now
Should *Navies* come; which all within the Rore
Of *Indian Seas* ſhall to that *Empire* bow:
And how each *Pagan King*, who the ſweet *Lore*
And *yoak* thoſe *Gueſts* will bring, ſhall from them throw;
With *fire* and *ſword* by their brave Arm ſo bit
Shall be, that they ſhall yield to *Death*, or *It*.

11.

She ſang of *One*, who (being dignify'd,
With the *High-Prieſthood* of all MALABAR)
Becauſe, the knots of Friendſhip he had ty'd,
He would not break with men ſo ſingular;
Shall let his *Fields* and *Cities* be deſtroy'd
With *fire* and *ſword*, and all the rage of *war*,
Before him, By the potent SAMORIM:
So hateful ſhall thoſe *ſtrangers* be to *Him*.

12.

And ſings, in BETHLEM there, how ſhipt ſhall be
The Sov'raign *remedie* of this *Diſeaſe*;
The great PACHECO knowing not, that He
Carries with *Him* the *Pelian Lance* through *Seas*.
But the *Sea* ſhall; when, to ſuch great *Gueſts* ſhe
Unus'd, ſhall feel his *weight*: The *groaning* Trees
Of his *prowd ſhip* ſhall know't, which two foot more
Shall draw of water, then it did before.

13.

But, treading now the *Oriental* Strand,
And left, the *Pagan King* of ſpoyld COCHIM
Toeyd, of PORTI-NGALS with a ſmall Band,
Upon the ſalt and crooked *River*'s Brim;
Rout ſhall he, at the paſs of CAMBALAND,
Th'infernal NAYRES, That *there* ſet on Him:
Turning with fear the burning ORIENT cold,
So much done with *ſo little* to behold.

14.

The SAMORIM ſhall raiſe an Army new;
The *Kings* ſhall come of BIPUR and TANORE
From Highlands of NARSINGA; what they'll do
For their *chief Lord*, making large Brags before.
All the arm'd NORTH he ſhall aſſemble too,
Which lyes 'twixt CALICUT and CANANORE,
Of both *Religions*, 'gainſt the *True* that band,
The MOORS by *Sea*, the PAGAN POWR's by *Land*.

15.

And once more *All* defeats on *Land* and *Mayn*
The bold PACHECO, Thunderbolt of War;
The multitude unnumberd of the ſlain
Amazing all the *Realms* of MALABAR.
The undeſpairing *Emperor* again
Shall haſt to try his Fortune militar;
Rating his *Men*, pouring vain *pray'rs* and *tears*
To his vain *Gods* That have nor *eyes* nor *ears*.

16.

Your Troops ſhall *paſſes* now no more defend,
But burn the PAGAN's *Houſes*, *Towns*, and *Fanes*.
The *Dog* (inrag'd to ſee they make no end
Of laying flat his goodly *Towns*) ordains
His Men, whom he doth prodigally ſpend,
PACHECO's then divided in two Lanes,
To charge between them. *He* together brings
His *Jaws*, and makes two *Pincers* of his *Wings*.

17.

In perſon then the SAMORIM ſhall come
To ſee what's done, and reinforce his men.
Daſht (by a ſhot which through the Aire doth humme)
In his high *Chair* with blood he ſhall be then.
That *Force*, nor *Policy* can overcome
This *Warriour*; now he ſhall to ſee begin.
Treaſons, and *Poiſons* baſe he ſhall invent;
Which *Heav'n* (PACHECO's keeper) will prevent.

18.

That a *ſev'nth* time he ſhall return, ſhe ſings,
To fight the brave unconquer'd PORTINGALL;
Whom no Toyls tyre, who dreads no dreadful Things,
Yet this a little *diſcompoſe* him ſhall.
To horrid battail the fell *Tyrant* brings
Engines of *Wood*, dire and unuſuall,
To board the *Caravels* upon the *Mayn*,
Which he till then ſhall have aſſay'd in vain.

19.

Mountains of *Fire* ſhall on the water float
The little *Navy* to conſume with flame.
The great PACHECO (like himſelf) this hot
And fierce *Bravade* ſhall in a trice make vain.
No *Maſter* in the *Art* of War (That got
Never ſo high upon the wings of *Fame*)
With all his *Palms* can neer this WORTHY come:
Pardon me noble GREECE, and nobler ROME.

20.

For with a hundred men, or little more,
Unto the end ſo many Battails fought;
With ſuch high *Stratagems* unſeen before,
On *Warlike-Hoaſts* ſo many wonders wrought;
Seem either *Fables* dreamt by men that ſnore,
Or that *celeſtial Quires* (with *Pray'rs* down brought)
Their *Champion* in thoſe Exigencies Ayd
With *Wit*, *Sleight*, *Force*, and courage undiſmayd.

21.

He, who in *Marathonian* Fields of old
O're vaſt DARIUS's pow'rs victorious was;
Nor *He*, who, with three hundred SPARTANS bold,
Of fam'd THERMOPILEE maintain'd the *Paſs*;
Nor ROME's young COCLES, who at bay did hold
All the prowd *Tuſcan* pow'r, till cut he has
The *Bridge* behind him: nor old FABIUS is
Or *wiſe*, or *valiant*, when compar'd with *This*.

22.

But at this point, her high and ratling tone
The *Nymph* abaſing, made it hoarſe and ſad;
And with low *Voyce* (drown'd in her *Tears* did moan
Of ſo ſtrange *Valour* a Requital bad.
O BELISARIUS (ſaid ſhe) That art *One*
Who by the MUSE will ſtill in price be had;
If MARS himſelf *affronted* were in *Thee*,
Here is a man that may thy *Comfort* be.

23.

Here thou a *Rival* haſt, as in thy *Deeds*,
So in their cruel and unjuſt *return*;
In *Thee*, and *Him*, miſuſed VERTUE bleeds:
In *Thee*, and *Him*, doth begging VALOUR mourn:
Both Bulwarks of your KINGS, *Both* of your CREEDS:
Both dye in HOSPITALS ragged and torn.
This thoſe *Kings* do, whoſe *juſtice* is their *will*;
Their *Evidence* what MALICE ſhall inſtill.

24.

This thoſe *Kings* do, who (with ſmooth Tales miſled
Of *Flatterers*, by whom aſleep th'are ſung,
Give the *Rewards* by AJAX merited
Unto the fraudulent ULYSSES's *tongue.*
But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,
They deal their *Boons* thoſe SYCOPHANTS among:
By *whom*, of their ill choice they will be made
Aſhamed firſt, and afterwards betraid.

25.

But *Thou*, That ſuch a man couldſt leave, to SCORN
And WANT, O KING unjuſt in *this alone*!
If *Thou*, to build *his Fortunes* were't, not born;
He was, to give to *Thee* a potent *Throne.*
And (credit me) whilſt PHEBUS's locks unſhorn
To light the *Earth* and *Heaven* ſhall be known,
Like that *Sun* glorious ſhall PACHECO be,
And *Thou* in *this* Eclipſe thy *Majeſtie.*

26.

Another, loe! (proceeding in her *Song*)
Comes, with a *Regal Title*, and his *Son*;
Who, on the *Sea* ſhall do ſuch things e're long,
As by no antient ROMAN were out-done.
They *Both*, ſhall *win* by armed Hand and ſtrong
Wealthy QUILOA, and ſhall ſack it, *won:*
Placing therein a mild and loyal *King*
For a falſe *Tyrant*, whom they out ſhall fling.

27.

Alſo, the City of MOMBASSA (Crown'd
With ſumptuous *Houſes*, and aerial *Spires*)
Shall by them *Both* be levell'd with the ground,
For an *old fault* which a *new rod* requires.
But, afterwards, upon the INDIAN SOUND
(Cover'd with *Ships* and *Artificial Fires*
T'o'rewhelm the PORTINGALLS) with Oare, and Sayle,
Alone the *young* LORENZO ſhall prevaile.

28.

The CARACKS of the potent EMPERORE
(Peopling the ſcorched Ayre with *Iron Ball*
Which from the burning Braſs, like Thunder, roare)
Tear ſhall he, *Canvas*, *Rudder*, *Maſt* and all.
His *grappling-hooks* thrown reſolutely o're
Her lofty Decks, *Himſelf* their *Admiral*
Shall enter firſt; and cleer, with *Lance* and *Sword*
Four hundred MOORS ſhe will have then aboard.

But

29.

But GOD (whoſe ſecret *doom* is over *All*:
Beſt judge, of what's his ſervice, and *Man*'s good)
Shall bring him *then*, where *Wit* not *Proweſs* ſhall
Have pow'r to ſtop his Foes prevailing Flood.
Neer CHOUL (where cheaply yet he ſhall not fall:
The purpled Sea *there* boyling o're with blood).
He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,
By *Fleets* of EGYPT and CAMBAYA joyn'd.

30

There ſhall *ennumerable* Enemies
(Who, with *great* force alone, great *Vertue* tire)
The *Wind* that fails. *Danger* that multiplyes,
Upon the *Sea*; againſt him *All* conſpire.
Now from their *Graves* let all the *Antients* riſe,
A *pattern* to *behold* of *noble Ire*:
They ſhall *behold* another SCEVA, ſkill'd
How to *dye* piece-meal, but not how to *yield*.

31.

Rob'd of a *Thigh* (which an unlucky *ſhot*
In ſplinters with it through the ayre ſhall beare)
Still does he uſe his *Arms*; Theſe fail him not,
Nor his great *Heart*, uncapable of Feare:
Until another *Bullet* breaks the knot
Wherewith his *Soul* and *Body* marryed were.
The *priſon* open, *ſhe* eſcapes: and ſtraight
Doth find her ſelf in a triumphant ſtate.

32.

SOULE, go in *Peace*; from furious *War* retire,
In midſt of which *Thou* inward *Peace* ſhalt find.
The BODY, *Him* who got it will inſpire
With *high revenge*, when he ſhall ſee't diſjoyn'd.
I *hear* a rumbling *ſtorm*, I *ſee* the *fire*
Of *Sacres*, *Drakes*, and *Baſilisks*, combin'd
With fell and home-deſtruction to rebuke
The fierce CAMBAYAN and black MAMALUKE.

33.

Behold! the *Father* comes a mad man like,
In whom for ma ſt'ry *Grief* with *Fury* vyes;
Whilſt at one time paternal love doth *ſtrike*
Fire on his *Heart*, *pumps water* from his *Eyes*.
A noble *Anger* whiſpers him, his *Pyke*
Shall blood his *Foes*, ſo that the *Tyde* ſhall riſe
In their drown'd *Decks* knee-deep: NYLUS ſhall bear,
INDUS ſhall *ſee* his *Blows*, and GANGES hear.

34.

As a *Corrival'd Bull*, That (practiſing
For a fierce *duel*) fences with the *Oakes*;
Or, at the Trunck of a broad *Beech*, doth fling
In Thruſts, and with his *Horns* the Ayre provokes:
So DON FRANCISCO (e're his *Fleet* he bring
In ſwoln CAMBAYA's *Gulph* to deſp'rate ſtrokes)
On DABUL's wealthy City whets his Blade,
The *Mountain* of her *Pride* a *Level* made.

35.

Then enters (horrid with *her* blood) the *Bay*
Of DIO: fam'd for *Sieges*, and *pitcht-Fields*.
The *great* but *Coward-Fleet* his *look* doth fray
Of CALICUT: which *Oars* for *Lances* weilds.
That of MELIQUE YAZ (which makes away
More ſlow) with *Bolts* of VULCAN he unbuilds;
To the low *bottom* of the OCEAN ſent:
Cold *mattrice*, of the *humid Element*.

36.

But *that* of MIR HOZEM (which with cloſe *bords*
The rowzed wrath of the *Avenger* ſtands)
Shall ſwimming ſee, ith' *Ocean* of their *Lords*,
Hands without *Bodies*, *Bodies* without *Hands*.
The rage-blind *Victors*, waving their bright *Swords*,
Shall ſeem to toſs ſo many *flaming Brands*.
What *there* ſhall be perceiv'd by *Ears*, and *Eyes*,
Will be *Smoke* onely, *Iron*, *Fire*, and *Cryes*.

37.

But ah! Of a defeat great MARS might boaſt
(Bound for his Native-*Tagus* back again)
The Fame and glory ſhall he loſe almoſt:
By a ſad traverſe I foreſee too plain.
The CAPE OF STORMS (which in it's Deſert Coaſt
His *Bones* and *Memory* ſhall ay retain)
Shames not to raviſh from the world a *Soule*
Whole INDIA could not, and EGYPT whole.

38.

By ſavage CAFRES, there, ſhall *that* be done
Which dext'rous *Enemies* could not perform:
And by rude *Clubbs* (hardned with fire) alone,
What *Arrows Show'r* could not, *Bullet*'s ſtorm.
GOD's ſecret *judgements* are not to be known.
Vain GENTILES (being a *Book* above their *form*)
Call it ill *Fate*, croſs *Fortune*, *ſtar* maline;
Being ſolely, purely, PROVIDENCE DIVINE.

39.

O! What *new light* beginneth *there* to bud
(The SIREN ſaid, and rais'd her Voyce thereat)
From the *Melindian* Sea, dy'd with the blood
Of LAMO, OCHA, BRAVA, all laid flat
By great DE CUNIA; who through all the *Flood*
Which laves the *Southern-Iſles* and *ſhores* (but *That*
Of MADAGASCAR chiefly) the wide mouth
Of FAME ſhall fill, and threat the unknown *South*.

40.

This *light* is of thoſe *flames* and glitt'ring *Arms*
Wherewith the ſtubborn PERSIANS of ORMUZE,
Spurning the *yoake*, and valiant to their harms,
Fierce ALBUQUERQUE afterwards ſubdues.
There ſhall the hiſſing *Shafts* (like living ſwarms)
Turn'd in the Ayre, their *ſhooters* Helmets bruize;
That they may ſee, with Eyes though ne're ſo dim,
How GOD will fight for *Them*, that fight for *Him*.

41.

The MOUNTAINS then of SALT will not be able
To keep thoſe *Bodies* from corruption
Which on the *Coaſts* ſhall lye out (miſerable)
Of CALAYAT, MASCATE, and GERUN;
Until the eaſie *yoake* and honorable
They learn (with all their fierceneſs) to put on:
Forc't by the *Conquerours*, to pay to *Them*,
Rich Tribute of their *Pearles* of BAHEREM.

42.

What glorious *Palms* do I ſee weaving *There*,
With which his forehead VICTORY will crown
When without ſhadow or leaſt touch of fear
He ſhall win GOA's Iſle of bright renown!
But then (the *Storm* obeying) will not bear
So great a *Sayle*, and takes that *Bonet* down:
To reattempt the thing in fitter ſeaſon.
"FORTUNE and MARS fear *Valour* joyn'd with Reaſon.

43.

And (ſee) he does it; charges undiſmay'd
Through *walls*, through *Pykes*, through *Bullets*, and through *fire*:
Opens the quilted *Squadrons* with his *Blade*
Of MOORS and PAGANS knit in *Leagues* intire!
His gallant *Soldiers* in more blood ſhall wade
Then *Lyons* pin'd, *Bulls* prickt with love and Ire;
Upon the *Feaſt* (as pat as by deſigne)
Of EGYPT'S *Virgin Martyr*, KATHERINE.

44.

Nor *Him* ſhalt *Thou* (though potent) ſcape, and flye,
(Though ſheltred in the Boſome of the *Morn*)
MALACCA (and the Apple of her Eye)
Prowd of thy wealthy Dow'r as her *firſt-born.*
Thy *poyſon'd Arrows*, thoſe *Auxiliary*
CRYSES I ſee (thy *Pay* That do not ſcorn)
MALACCANS amorous, valiant JAVANS,
Shall all obey the LUSITANIANS.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the SIREN in the praiſe
Of the illuſtrious ALBULQUERQUE ſung;
But ſhe remembers one harſh Act, which weighs
Him down, though through the *world* his *Fame* be rung.
"A *great Commander* (whom to crop bright *Bays*
"On precipitious *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)
"Should to his *Men* a *Camrade* rather be,
"Then a *Judge* made up of *Severitie.*

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,
Of *Sickneſs*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,
Of *Seaſon ſad*, of *diſcommodious ſoyle*,
And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;
It ſeems to me of *Savage Breaſts* the ſtyle,
Of an *inhumane* and *inſulting* Gall,
To make a *Man* for ſuch a fault to dye
As *Love* and *humane frailty* qualifie.

47.

Inceſt's deteſted Brand it ſhall not be,
Nor boyſt'rous *Rape* upon a Virgin pure,
Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,
But with a *Slave* laſcivious and obſcure.
Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealouſie*,
Or elſe to keep his bloody hands in Ure,
Againſt his *own* he give his rage the reins,
With a *black Action* his *white Fame* he ſtains.

48.

With his CAMPASPE ALEXANDER ſpy'd
APELLES took, and upon *Him* beſtows
Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier try'd*
Nor ſerving at a *Siege* of deſp'rate Foes.
That ſowr ARASPAS in the Rays is fride
Of his fair Charge PANTHEA, CYRUS knows;
Having profeſt to be her *Guardian* true,
And that no ill deſire ſhould *Him* ſubdue.

But

49.

But the illuſtrious PERSIAN, ſeeing love
Is in the fault ('gainſt whom there's no defence)
Acquits him ſtreight, and onely doth remove,
Where he may ſerve him well in recompence.
The *Iron* BALDWIN (much his Rank above)
By ſtealth Eſpouſes JUDITH; yet th'offence
Her great *Sire* pardons (needing ſuch a man)
And gives them FLANDERS, whence thoſe *Earls* began.

50.

But her long *Song* the *Nymph* continuing,
Of SUAREZ (who his *Standard* doth diſplay
On the *red coaſt* of ARABIE) did ſing:
ABASIAS hindmoſt ſhore, and BARBORA
(Neighb'ring ZEYLA's *Emporium*) fear the Thing
She feels; nor leſs then *Mecha*, and GIDDA,
Filthy MEDINA quakes, where MAHOMET
In his *Steel-Hamac* lies in a cold ſwet.

51.

Alſo the noble *Iſle* of TAPROBRANE:
For by *that name* it was as fam'd *of yore*
As by *another now* 'tis *Soveraign*
Of the hot *fragrant Barke*, of which 't has ſtore.
Of which, ſhe to the STANDART LUSIANE
Shall pay ſweet Tribute: when (percht prowdly o're
COLUMBO's higheſt ſteeple) *that* ſhall be
More fear'd by *Her*, then by her *Neighbours*, *ſhe*.

52.

Through the *Red-Sea* SEQUEYRA a new way
To *Thee*, vaſt Land of PRESTER JOHN, ſhall ſhow;
CANDACE's Neſt, and *Her*'s, who, to ſurvay
The *Wiſdome* of great SOLOMON, did go.
From *Ciſterns* water'd, *He*, ſhall ſee MACUA:
Shall ſee her neighb'ring *Port* of ARCHICE:
And cauſe *new Iſles* to be diſcover'd, which
With *Modern wonders* ſhall the *World* inrich.

53.

MENESES comes the next, whoſe *ſword* ſhall ſerve
In AFFRICK for the *wreaths* he here ſhall weare.
He prowd ORMOOZ (That from her faith will ſwerve)
A double Tribute ſhall conſtrain to beare.
Thou GAMA too (who wilt it well deſerve
Which two *exiles*) the third time thou com'ſt there
(An *Earl*, *Vice-Roy*, and *Admiral*) the *Land*,
Which thou haſt now *diſcover'd*, ſhalt *command*.

54.

But then that rude *Neceſsitie* (which none
Can ſcape, who from a humane womb doth ſpring)
Arreſts thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,
Where thou ſhalt out the perſon of thy *King*.
Streight will another MENNES (old alone
In *wiſdome*) have the *Sov'raign* managing
Of the *Affairs*: (And *Happy* HENRY ſhall
Behind him leave a name perpetual.

55.

For he ſhall quell not onely MALABARS,
Razing PANANE and COULET's walls,
Incountring *Cannon*, clapping on *Petars*,
And hurling *wild-fire* in ſulphureous Balls;
But (arm'd with *Vertues* paſt the *Sphere* of MARS,
Quell the SOULE's *Enemie*'s ſev'n *Generals*:
Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,
In a *young man* the ſum of excellence.

56.

His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,
Thou, valiant MASKARENIAS ſhouldſt ſucceed:
But (if uſurpt on) know, a *Diadem*
It ſelf, thy *brighter honor* will not need.
Thy courage, *Admiration* and *Eſteem*
(Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* ſhall breed,
If unjuſt FORTUNE ſhall deny the *might*,
VERTUE will give the *merit*, LAW the Right.

57.

Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of BINTAN
Thou ſhalt perform, MALACCA's Foe: her *ſcore*
Of *Ills* in one day *paying*, which *That* ran
Into, for many a hundred year before.
With patient courage, more then of a man,
Dangers, and *Toyles*, ſharp *Spikes*, *Hills* always hoare,
Spears, *Arrows*, *Trenches*, *Bulwarks*, *Fire and Sword*,
That thou ſhalt break, and quell, I paſs my word.

58.

Meane while *Ambition*, *Avarice* to boot,
In INDIA ſetting up with open face
Againſt GOD, and his *juſtice*, are a Root
Of *diſcontent* to thee, but not *diſgrace*.
"To trample on *weak Right* with a prowd Foot,
"Preſuming on the pow'r, and upper place,
"No *Conqueſt* is: *He* conquers with Renown
"Who dares be juſt ev'n though it loſe a CROWN.

Yet

59.

Yet I deny not, but SAMPAYO ſhall
Be of rare Valour for all this; on *Seas*
Shewing himſelf a thund'ring GENERALL,
Which he ſhall people with Foes Carcaſſes.
In BACANORE begins he to appall
The MALABAR, that he may after teaſe
(Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to ſubmit)
Bold CUTIALE, and his num'rous *Fleet*.

40

Ev'n *that* of DIO (ſo *reſolv'd* and *great*
That *his* at CHOUL will give it ſelf for loſt)
By HECTOR OF SILVEYRA ſhall be beate,
And to *peccavi* turn their furious boaſt.
The LUSITANIAN HECTOR: who ſhall get,
Upon the always-arm'd *Cambayck* Coaſt,
A name, that *He* doth GUZARATS annoy,
No leſs then GREEKS the HECTOR did of TROY.

41.

CUNIA is fierce SAMPOYO's ſucceſſour.
The *Ship* of *State* he long doth wiſely ſteer.
Of CHALE he erects the lofty Tow'r,
Whilſt famous DIO quakes to be ſo neer.
The ſtrong BAZAIN ſhall render to his pow'r,
But with much blood; MELIQUE groaning here
To ſee a way o're his prowd *Rampire* made
By the ſole dint of *Luſitanian* Blade.

42.

After *Him* comes NORONIA, whoſe good *Star*
From DIO the fierce RUMES packing ſends:
DIO, which the through-practis'd Breaſt in War
Of ANTHONY SILVEYRA well defends.
Death's Writs upon NORONIA ſerved are:
When a brave Branch of Thine (O GAMA!) bends
His ſhoulders to the *Government*; the fright
Of whoſe great name ſhall turn the *red Sea* white.

43.

Out of thy STEPHEN'S hand ſhall take the rain
One in BRASILE before high fame that wan;
The great *French Pyrat* overcome and ſlain,
Who ſhall be terrour of that *Ocean*.
Made after *Gen'ral* of the INDIAN MAIN
The no leſs prowd, then fortifide DAMAN,
He enters firſt: where, having made a *breach*,
'Tis clos'd with *Flames*, and *Shafts*, his way t'impeach.

To

64.

To *Him* CAMBAYA's King, prowd above meaſure,
Of wealthy DIO gives the famous *Fort*;
Againſt the GREAT MAGUL, mighty in treaſure,
To ayd him his *Dominions* to ſupport.
Then doth he in his yet unquencht diſpleaſure,
The Pagan King of CALICUT take ſhort
That would have paſt him: with no little loſs
Sending him home again by weeping croſs.

65.

Deſtroy ſhall *He* the City REPELIM
Making her *King* with many quit the place,
And after by the *Cape* of COMORIM
Perform a deed that ſhall the *Nine* diſgrace.
The *Navy Royal* of the Samorim,
That thinks it may to all the world give chace,
With fire and ſword he overcomes, and breaks.
In BEADALA ſhall his *Blade* play *Rex*.

66.

INDIA, thus weeded with his *Sword* of Foes,
He comes to rule with *Scepter* afterward;
Finds dangers *none*, finds none ſo bold t'oppoſe.
All huſh, *All* tremble like a Lark that's dar'd.
Onely BATICALA a longing ſhows
To fare as well as BEADALA far'd.
She's fill'd with blood and Trunks in dead heaps caſt:
With *fire* and *Ball* diſfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This ſhall be MARTIN, or a little MARS,
From whom his *Deeds* he'l take, as well as *name*:
As *ſtout* for execution in all *wars*,
As *wiſe* to play the faireſt of his Game.
CASTRO ſucceeds; advancing to the ſtars
Of PORTUGAL the *Standart* and the *Fame*.
Fit ſucceſſour to MARTIN: DIO's *Fort*
The *one* ſhall *raiſe*, the *other* ſhall ſupport.

68.

Fierce PERSIANS, *Abaſsins*, RUMES (who boaſt
Their name from ROME) complexions various,
And various *Modes* (for to this *Leaguer* poſt
A thouſand *Nations* keen and furious)
Heav'n to the *world* accuſe with labour loſt,
That ſo few men ſhould neſtle in their Houſe.
In blood of PORTUGALLS, by their *no faith*
They ſwear, their turn'd up whiskers they wil bathe.

69.

Drakes, horrid *Baſilisks*, *Engines* of *Wood*
As bad as *either*, ſecret *Mines* and *Plots*,
Hath MASCARENIAS with his Men withſtood,
Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:
When, in the utmoſt ſtreſs of Fleſh and Blood,
CASTRO (their *Freer*) his two Sons devotes,
That everlaſting Honour they may gain,
And *Sacrifices* to their GOD be ſlain.

70.

FERNAND (this lofty *Cedar's* higheſt *Bough*,
Where with a hideous crack a cloſe *Mine* ſprung
Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)
Shall in a ſheet of Fire to *Heav'n* be flung.
ALVAR, when *Winter* ſwathes the Earth in Snow,
And hath on humid Gates cold Padlocks hung;
Theſe burſt, through dangers to ſeek dangers goes,
And fights the *Elements* to fight the *Foes*.

71.

Loe, *now* the *Father* follows with full ſail,
And the Remainder of the *Luſian* force!
He with ſtrong *Hand* and *Head* of more avail,
Gives a brave lucky Battail to the MORES.
Where no way is, he makes one with his Flail;
And where there is, the *Rampires* are his *dores*.
Such that day's *Feates*, ſo terrible the *Blowes*,
They will not *ſtand* in *Verſe*, nor *lye* in *Proſe*.

72.

Then (loe!) he to the great CAMBAYAN KING
Preſents himſelf a *Victor* in the Field:
Pale *Fear* into the *Face* of him doth fling,
And of his furious *Horſe*, which ground ſhall yield.
Nor HYDALCAN ſhall from the Conquering
Army, with all his might, his Country ſheild.
DABUL ſack'd on the *Coaſt*; *In land* PONDA
Scapes not it ſelf, by being out of the way.

73.

Theſe, and the like, into all *Quarters* hurl'd,
(All worthy *wonder*, and *Fame's* ſtrongeſt blaſt)
Making themſelves brave MARSES in the *World*,
The joyes of VENUS's Iſle ſhall fitly taſt;
Trayling triumphant *Standarts* through the curl'd
Amphitheater of the *Ocean* vaſt:
And they ſhall find thoſe *Nymphs*, theſe *furniſht Bards*,
Which are the Harveſt of Victorious Swords.

Hoſt,

74.

Heer the NYMPH ended: And the others *All*
Give their applauſe with an Harmonious noyſe;
Congratulating this grand Nuptiall:
Where, look how many *Hearts*, ſo many *joys*.
THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOTT'RING BALL
(They all reiterate as with one Voyce)
RENOWNED PEOPLE YOU SHALL NEVER LACK,
WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HINGES CRACK:

75.

When now Corporeall Neceſſity
Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;
And ſeen the Acts the *Nymph* did prophecy
In *Muſicall Poetick Raptures* clad:
THETYS, adorn'd with grace and gravity,
(That ſhe of *glory* may new *quilats* add
To the high bliſs of that triumphant day)
Unto the *Happy* GAMA thus did ſay.

76.

The SUPREME WISDOME hath vouchſaf'd thee, *Knight*,
The grace to ſee with thy corporeall Eyes
What the *vain Science*, what the *erring Light*,
Of miſerable *Man* cannot comprize.
Thou, with the reſt, up this dark *Cops* forth-right
Follow me, ſtrong and conſtant, ſtout and wiſe.
This having ſaid, ſhee hands him through a *Wood*,
Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to fleſh and blood.

77.

They marcht not long, when of the arduous *Hill*
They gain the top; where an inameld *Flat*
(In a *Field Em'rauld*) *powdred Rubies* fill,
Making them think old PARADICE was *That*
Heer, in the Ayre a GLOBE, (by wondrous skill
So fram'd with *Thorough Lights*) they contemplat,
That th'unreſiſted Eye the *Center* ſees,
As plainly as the *ſuperficies*.

78

The matter of it did their Eye-ſight poſe:
That it conſiſted yet diſcern'd they well
Of *Orbs*, which the *Divine Hand* did compoſe,
And in the middle did the *Center* dwell.
Rouling, it *ſometimes fell*, and *ſometimes roſe*,
And yet it *never roſe*, it *never fell*:
Throughout *one Face*, throughout its *period*,
Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of GOD.

Infinite,

79.

Infinite, perfect, uniform, ſelf-poiz'd;
Brief, like the ARCHITECT that made the ſame.
Seeing this admirable *Globe*, ſurpriz'd
With wonder and deſire was our DE GAMA.
To whom the GODDESS thus; Epitomiz'd
I ſhew thee heer the UNIVERSALL FRAME,
That thou maiſt read, in *Print* and *Volume* ſmall,
Whether Thou *goeſt*, and *ſhalt* goe, and Thine *ſhall*.

80.

The WORLD's great *Fabrick* thou doſt *heer* deſcry
Heav'nly and *Elementall*: for juſt ſo
'Twas made, by that *All-wiſdome*, that *All-eye*,
Which no *beginning* knew, no *end* ſhall know:
Which *interweaved* in each *part* doth lye,
And round the fair *Work* like a *Border* goe:
'Tis GOD: But what GOD is, poſes *Man's* wit,
Nor can *ſhort Line* fathome the INFINIT.

81.

This, which is *firſt*, and doth (as in a *Neſt*
of Boxes) all the other *Orbs* comprize,
Darting ſuch radiant Beames, as Mortall *Breſt*
Cannot *conceive*, much leſs *behold* Mans *Eyes*;
Is call'd the EMPYREAN, where the *bleſt*
Enjoy that *good*, the *World* wants *ſimilies*
To caſt a ſhadow of, and which *good* None
Can underſtand, except *it ſelf* alone.

82

There is no *true*, no glorious GOD, but *There*:
For SATURN, JANUS, JUNO, JOVE, and *I*,
Vain *Creatures* only, and blind *Figments* were
Betwixt *Mans pride*, and *Mans Idolatry*,
To ſtick as *Stars* in the *Poetick Sphere*:
From whence again w' are borrow'd, by and by,
For to diſtinguiſh the *true Stars* in *Heav'n*,
To which ASTRONOMERS our Names have giv'n.

83

As likewiſe becauſe HOLY PROVIDENCE
(Which ſhadow'd is by JUPITER in Verſe)
Doth by a thouſand *Miniſters* diſpence
His *Gifts* to the ſupported UNIVERSE,
And ſacred *Prophets* oft impart their ſence
In myſtick *Parables* which they reherſe;
And tell us Men are favoured by the *good*,
By the *ill ſpirits* hurt, unleſs withſtood:

84.

Now comes THE POET, who would *teaching please*,
And *pleasing teach*, and mix *variety*;
And *He* the self-same Names bestows on *These*
The HEATHENS did upon their *Genii*
And *feigned* Gods; for I can shew with Ease,
That ANGELLS ev'n in *holy* Poetry
Are called *Gods*; nor *Sacred Writ* denyes
That ev'n the *Ill* this *glorious Name* belyes.

85.

In fine ALMIGHTY GOD (who rules the round
World, by his *Second Causes*) He commands.
But (to return to open the profound
And heav'nly *Operations* of his *Hands*)
Within this *Spheare*, where the *pure Soules* abound
In endless Bliss (which sphere *unmoved* stands)
Another runs so *swiftly*, and so *still*,
'Tis not perceiv'd: 'Tis the FIRST MOVABIL.

86.

The *motion rapt* of this FIRST MOBIL draws
All the rest after, which with it are linkt.
The hurried *Sun* from his own bent and laws
Makes *Night* and *day* by this RAPT ORB's instinct.
The NINTH moves next, so curb'd, with so great pawse,
That whilst SOL's lamp (which never is extinct)
Ends it's *true* course about the ZODIAKE
Two hundred times, *This* but one step doth make.

87.

Behold the EIGHTH goes under *That*, imboss't
With *Sleek* and *radiant Bodies*! These likewise
Besides the *motion rapt* with which they post.
Move on their *proper Axe* with twinckling Eyes.
See with how rich a *Belt* this *Orb* is cross't!
How broad, how glitt'ring with *Embroyderies*!
Where the twelve *Starry Animals* do make
The *Sun's twelve Houses* in the ZODIAKE.

88.

Behold in other Parts what knots of Gold
This FIRMAMENT displays! the DRAGON there
Behold! CHARLES-WAYN, and CYNOSURA cold!
ANDROMEDA, and her old *Sire* severe!
CASSIOPEA's sparckling eyes behold!
And turbulent ORION, Sea-mens feare!
Behold the SWAN, which dying is not mute,
The HARE, the DOGS, the SHIP, and the sweet, LUTE.

Under

89.

Under this great and ſpangled Canopy,
Loe, in the SEV'NTH dull SATURN takes his place!
Propitious JOVE inthron'd in the SIXT sky:
Next (Foe to *Man*) MARS rides with fiery Face:
Plac't in the MIDDLE is the WORLD'S GREAT EYE:
The QUEEN OF BEAUTY the THIRD ORB doth grace:
Eloquent HERMES rules the SECOND SPHEAR:
Three-ſhapt DIANA marches in the *Rear*.

90.

In all theſe PLANETS motions different
Thou maiſt perceive, ſome *ſpeedy*, and ſome *ſlow*:
Now climbing nearer to the FIRMAMENT,
Now ſtooping cloſer to the *Earth* below,
As ſeemed beſt to the OMNIPOTENT,
Who made the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the Wind and Snow:
Thoſe (clos'd within the *Heav'ns*) each other enter,
And *both* the *Waves*, and *Earth*: the common *Center*.

91.

Upon this *Center* is the ſeat of MAN:
Who, not content in his preſumptuous pride
T'expoſe to all *Earth's* Miſchiefs his life's ſpan,
Truſts it to the unconſtant *Ocean* wide.
Behold the various *Parts* that *Ocean*
With interfuſed dangers doth divide!
Where various *Nations* dwell, various *Kings* raign,
Who various *Worſhips*, various *Laws* maintain.

92.

See CHRISTIAN EUROPE, higher by the head
In *Arms* and *civill Arts* then all the reſt!
See untill'd AFFRICK, covetous, ill-bred,
Wanting ev'n things whereof ſhee is poſſeſt,
With her great CAPE (by *you* diſcovered)
Which NATURE towards the *South-Pole* addreſt:
See all this *Neck* with People infinite
Almoſt, who neither *doe* nor *know* what's right!

93.

See the great *Empire* of MONOMOTAPE,
With naked ſavage People black and grim;
In which the good GONSALVO ſhall not ſcape
A cruell death for CHRIST, who dy'd for *Him*!
In this blinde HEMISPHERE (ſhort of the CAPE)
The *Mettle* grows for which pale *Mortals* ſwim
Through Seas of *Sweat*, and *Blood*. See that great *Lake*
From whence, with QUAMA, NYLE this way doth make!

94.

Behold the NEGROES Houſes, without doores,
Whom both the Poverty of their *Straw-neſts*,
The *Laws*, and *juſtice* of their King ſecures,
And the black *Candor* of their Neighbours Breſts.
Loe, a vaſt Army of theſe brutiſh MOORES,
Like a dark Band of *Stares* (devouring Gueſts)
Againſt SOFALA's batter'd *Fort* will bend
Their ſtrength, which NAYA bravely ſhall defend.

95.

See *there* the very *Spring*, and *Head* of NYLE,
Which fled (though dearly ſought) the ANTIENTS eys!
See how it laves (ſpawning the CROCODYLE)
The ABBASIN, who upon CHRIST relyes!
See where (a better Fence then *Walls*) a File
Of *Hills* they *man* againſt their Enemies!
See MEROE, an *Iſle* of antient Fame:
Which now NOVA the *Natives* of it name!

96.

In this *In-land* a *Son* of *Thine* great fame
Shall win againſt the proud CIRCASSIAN;
And DON CRISTOVAL ſhall be *that Son's* name:
But againſt *Fate* can ſtand no mortal man.
See, ſee, that way thy ſhatter'd *Navy* came
MELINDE's dear and hoſpitable ſtran!
Mark well the RAPTO (Natives call't OBE)
Which at QUILMANCE rouls into the *Sea*.

97:

See the *Cape* call'd of old AROMATA,
But GUARDAFU which now the *Dwellers* call;
Where the RED-SEA (ſo famous) doth Embay,
Dy'd with her Bottome's ſhade! This is the *Wall*
Or running *Boundarie*, which ASIA
Divides from AFFRICK: And the principal
Cities, that on the *Affrick-ſide* are ſeen,
Are ARCHICHO, MACUA, and (chief) SUANQUEN.

98.

See fartheſt SUEZ, HEROPOLYS of old,
City of Heroes (ſo do ſome conceave)
Others, that this was the ARSINOE hold:
But EGYPT'S *Navies* it doth now receave!
The very place great MOSES paſt, behold,
When with his *Rod* he did the *Waters* cleave!
ASIA begins. Her ſelf ſhe doth preſent
In *limits* vaſt, in *Kingdoms* opulent.

Mount

99.

Mount SINAI ſee, and tremble ev'ry lim,
From whence when MOSES came his face did ſhine!
See TORO, and GIDDA, in *wealth* that ſwim,
Yet want *Spring-water* pure and cryſtalline!
See the *Streight*'s other jaw, having for Brim
The Realm of dry ADEN; which doth confine
With *Mountains* of ARZIRA, which (they tell)
Are all one Rock, whereon *Raine* never fell.

100

Behold the THREE ARABIAS, ſo wide-ſpred,
All *Tawny-Moors*, All *Thieves* therein that dwell:
Whence come the *Horſes* for the *Warriour* bred,
Of noble Race, Fleet, laſting, terrible.
Behold the *Coaſt* by which thine Eyes are led
T'another *Gulph* (the *Perſian*) there to ſwell
Into a CAPE; which by FARIAQUE's name
(Ow'd to the *there* known *City*) ſhuts the ſame!

111.

See famous DOFAR, which did ever boaſt
The ſweeteſt *ſmoke* to make the *Altar* ſteam.
Mark *here* (where ROSOLGAT your eye hath loſt
And barren ſhores) begins ARMUZA's *Ream*!
It lyes extended all on the *Sea-Coaſt*,
And ſhall fit FAME with an immortal Theam,
When TURK's fierce *Fleet*, and bluſhing *Moons* diſmayd,
Shall ſee unſheathed CASTELBRANCO's Blade.

112.

Behold the CAPE OF ASAROR, they call
At preſent MOSANDAN who ſail that way;
At bottom of the *Gulph*, which hath for wall
Rich PERSIA here, There BLEST ARABIA!
Mark well BAREM, an *Iſland* bord'red all
With *Pearls*, whoſe colour mocks the ſpringing day.
In the ſalt waves commanded by her eye
The famous TIGRIS and EUPRATES dye.

113.

The noble *Empire* of great PERSIA ſee,
Always on horſe-back, always in the War:
Who think it baſe to have *Artillerie*,
Or Hands not hardned with the *Cymetar*!
But mark the Iſle GERUN, what a proof *ſhe*
Is of the pow'r of TIME to *make*, and *mar*!
Of ORMUZE City (which was once elſewhere)
She *now* the *glory* and the *name* doth beare.

Here

104.

Heer Don Phelipe Of Menesis ſhall
Approve himſelf a glorious *Man at Arms*,
When with a very few of Portugale
He ſhall at Lara quell whole *Perſian* ſwarms.
Likewiſe ſhall Sousa on their Quarters fall,
Give them bold *charges*, give them ſharp *Allarms*,
And the *Reverſion* of that *Sword*, whoſe dint
Struck fire before, on raz'd Ampaza's flint.

105.

But let us leave the *Streight*, and *Cape* well known
Of Jasques (call'd Carpella anciently)
With all that *Land* (which *Nature* doth not own
By any Act of Liberality)
Whilom Carmania, Habitation
Of the old Itiophagues. Now wipe thine Ey,
And ſee fam'd Indus, born in yonder Mountain,
Near which flows Ganges from a higher Fountain.

106.

See *heer*, where *Nature* prodigall hath bin,
The *Kingdom* of Ulcindes; and the long
Bay of Jaquete, where the Waves flow in
With ſpeed incredible, as faſt out-throng!
Cambaya ſee, where this *Gulph* doth begin,
In *wealth* and *people* infinite and ſtrong!
A thouſand *Cities* here un-nam'd I leave,
Which ſhall the *yoake* of Portugall receave.

107.

See where the celebrated *Indian* ſhore
Runs *Southward* to the Cape of Comorie
(Call'd in old time Corie) which lyes right ore
Againſt Ceylan (Traprobane anciently)
Along this Sea the Lusian (who, with more
Forces ſhall be diſpatched after Thee)
Lands, Victories, and Cities ſhall obtain,
In which they many *Ages* ſhall remain.

108.

Behold in various *Countreys* (plac'd betwixt
Theſe Rivers) *Nations* almoſt infinite:
Some *Pagans*, ſome *Mahumetans* (well mixt)
To whom the *Devil* did their Laws indite!
Behold Narsinga's Realm, to which is fixt
A *holy Relique* of a bleſſed Wight,
St Thomas's body, who was not deny'de
To thruſt his Fingers into Jesus's ſide!

Here

109.

Heer ſtood the *City* call'd MELIOPORE,
Beautifull, wealthy, and magnificent;
The *Idols* ancient ſhe did adore
As ſtill doe thoſe of her prophane deſcent:
Farr was ſhe ſeated then from the Sea-ſhore,
Whenas the *Goſpel* through the whole *world* ſent,
THOMAS came preaching *there*; and did the ſame
In all the *Provinces* through which he came.

110.

Arrived *preaching*, and adminiſtring
Life to the *dead*, and *health* unto the *ſick*;
The *Sea* chanc'd hither on a day to bring
A floating *Tree*, unmeaſurably thick.
For a vaſt *Pyle* in hand deſires the *King*
To frame a *Beame* of this *prodigious ſtick*;
And makes accompt on ſhore to drag it then,
By force of *Engines*, *Elephants*, and *Men*.

111.

So *heavy* 'tis, *All theſe* have not the might
To ſtir the *Log* that on the Water lyes.
But the true CHRIST'S true *Nuntio* hath a ſlight
To doe it without trouble, without noyſe.
He draws it to him like ſome Matter light
With a ſmall *Cord*, which to the *Trunk* he tyes:
Wherewith a *ſumptuous Houſe* for GOD to raiſe,
To ſtand a *pattern* for ſucceeding days.

112.

Full well he knew, with lively *faith* if Hee
Should ſay unto a Mountain deaf, *Remove*;
Ev'n that *deaf Mountain* would *removed* bee:
As CHRIST once ſaid, and THOMAS now doth prove.
This doe the *people* ſtand aghaſt to ſee,
The BRAMENS know it muſt be from *Above*:
Seeing his *Miracle*, ſeeing his *life*,
Theſe fear the fall of their *prerogatife*.

113

They are the HEATHENS PRIESTS, in whom alone
Envie the bowels of her *Gall* hath ſhed.
A thouſand plots and Trains they think upon,
How THOMAS may be *ſilenc'd*, or be *dead*.
A horrid Act performs, as ere was known,
The *Chief* of *Theſe* That wear the *Triple-thred*:
Which proves, "No *Foe* ſo *bloody*, ſo *ſowre*,
" As *Hypocritick Vertue* to *ſincere*.

114.

He murthers his own Son, and charges it
Forthwith on THOMAS who was innocent:
False witness brings (*There* nothing hard to git)
Through which, the *Man*'s condemn'd incontinent.
The *Saint* (having no way to be acquit,
But by *Appeal* to the OMNIPOTENT)
Resolves, in presence of the *King* and *Court*,
To work a *Miracle* of the great sort.

115.

He bids the *Corps* be laid in view of *All*,
That it may rise and be examin'd There
Touching the question'd Fact, and whom *that* shall
Accuse, let *him* be held the *murtherer*.
In name of JESUS crucifi'd, i' th' *Hall*
They see the *Youth* stand up, record to bear:
Who (thanking THOMAS for his life) descride
His *Father* to have been the *Homicide*.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his *Christendome*
The *King* receives, and *many* with the *King*.
Some kiss the *Hem* of THOMAS garment, Some
The praises of the *God* of THOMAS sing.
The BRAMENS swell with such an *odium*,
Through *Envy*'s now imposthumating sting,
That (thereunto perswading the blind *Rout*)
They vow to put so bright a *Taper* out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,
They feign'd a quarrell 'mongst the multitude
(For CHRIST himself hath sign'd him now his *Pass*
To climbe to *Heav'n* by way of *Martyr-hood*)
A showre of Stones, which GOD's commission has,
Flyes in his Face: who all their Tempest stood.
One (whose *Bloud-thirstiness* could not abide
Delay) with cruell *Spear* did broach his side.

118

GANGES and INDUS did Thee, THOMAS, weep;
Wept thee the Countreys all which thou hadst trod:
But, *holy Shepherd*, wept thee most thy *sheep*,
Whom thou didst deck with *Faith*, (the *Cloth* of GOD).
Only the ANGELS holy-day did keep
For *Thee*, whom God did comfort with his Rod:
Laughing, and Singing, These thy *Soule* transport
With *golden sailes* to her *celestiall Port*.

119.

You then, who claim the honor (like this *Saint*)
To be the great *Ambaſſadours* of GOD;
(Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,
When with your *Errand* ye ſhould go abroad?
If, *y'are the Salt oth' Earth*, and at home taint
(No *Prophet* being eſteem'd in his *Aboad*)
Who now ſhall ſalt (I bayte you *Paganiſm*)
So much of *Hereſie*, ſo much of *Sciſm*.

120.

But tread we light a bog ſo dangerous,
Returning to the *Coaſt* from whence we ſtray'd.
With this great *City* and illuſtrious,
Begins the GULPH GANGETICK to be made;
NARSINGA, next, lies rich and populous;
Next ORYXA her cloth of gold doth lade;
Fam'd GANGES at the bottom of the *Bay*
To the *Salt Realm* doth *Silver Tribute* pay:

121.

GANGES, in which his Borderers dye lav'd;
Holding it as a certain principle
That (be they ne're ſuch *Sinners*) they are ſav'd,
Bath'd in thoſe ſtreams that flow from *Sacred Well*.
The City CATHIGAN would not be wav'd,
The faireſt of BENGALA: who can tell
The plenty of this *Province*? but *it's poſt*
(Thou ſeeſt) is *Eaſtern*, turning the *South-Coaſt*.

122.

The *Realm* of ARRACAN, *That* of PEGU
Behold, with *Monſters* firſt inhabited!
Monſters, which from a ſtrange commixtion grew:
Such ill effects oft *Solitude* hath bred.
Here (though a barb'rous misbegotten Crew)
Into her way was erring *Nature* led
By an invention rare, which a *Queen* fram'd,
To cure the *Sin*, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the City of TAVAY, with which
The ſpatious *Empire* of SIAN begins!
TENASSERI! QUEDA: with pepper rich
For which the praiſe ſhe from all other wins!
MALACCA ſee before, where *ye* ſhall pitch
Your great *Emporium*, and your *Magazins*:
The *Rendezvous* of all that *Ocean* round
For *Merchandizes* rich that *there* abound.

124.

From *this* ('tis ſaid) the Waves impetuous courſe,
Breaking a paſſage through, from *Main* to *main*,
SAMATRA's noble *Iſle* of old did force,
Which *then* a Neck of Land therewith did chain:
That *this* was CHERSONESE till that divorce,
And from the wealthy *mines*, that *there* remain,
The *Epithite* of GOLDEN had annext:
Some think, it was the OPHYR in the *Text*.

125.

But, at that *Point* doth CINGAPUX appeare:
Where the pincht *Streight* leaves *Ships* no room to play.
Heer the *Coaſt*, winding to the *Northern Beare*,
Faces the fair AURORA all the way.
See PAN, PATANE (ancient *Realms* that were)
And long SYAN, which *Theſe*, and *more*, obay!
The copious *River* of MENAM behold,
And the great Lake CHIAMAY from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vaſt *Tract* ſee an Infinitie
Of *Names* and *Nations* to your WORLD unknown!
LAOS, in *Land* and *men* That potent bee!
AVAS, BRAINAS, in thoſe long Hills o'regrown!
In yon far MOUNTAINS other *Nations* ſee
(GUEOS they're call'd) and ſavage ev'ry one!
They eat *Mans fleſh*, and paint their *own* in knots
With *fire*, as ye doe *Rooms* with *watring-pots*.

127.

The River MECON (which they *Captain* ſtyle
Of Waters) ſee; CAMBOYA on his brink!
He overflows the *Land* for many a mile:
So many other *Rivers* doth he drink.
Set times he hath of *flowing* (like cool NYLE):
The near Inhabitants *brutiſhly* think,
That *pain* and *glory*, after this Life's end
Ev'n the *brute Creatures* of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his ſoft and charitable Brim
The wet and ſhip-wrackt SONO receive ſhall *Hee*
Which in a lamentable plight ſhall ſwim
From ſholes and Quickſands of tempeſtuous *Sea*,
(The dire effect of *Exile*) when on *Him*
Is executed the unjuſt Decree:
Whoſe repercuſſive LYRE ſhall have the Fate
To be *renowned* more then *Fortunate*.

Heer

129.

Heer, (mark it!) runs the Coaſt that's call'd CHAMPA,
Whoſe *Groves* ſmell hot of *Calambuco* wood:
Heer CAUCHINCHINA, and heer AYNAM's Bay;
Both *One* and t'*Other* little underſtood.
Heer the great *Empire* (famous for *large ſway*,
And its vaſt *Wealth*'s unfathomable Flood)
Of CHINA runs: calling *all this* her *Owne*
From *burning Cancer* to the *frozen Zone*.

130.

See the ſtupendious *Monſter* of a WALL
'Twixt *this* and the TARTARIAN EMPIRE ſet:
A witneſs to the World perpetuall
Of *Regall Pow'r* immeaſurably great!
The KING theſe have, was *born* no *Prince*; nor ſhall
Reign after him the *Children* he ſhall get:
But one choſe by the People of Renown
For *qualities* proportion'd to a CROWN.

131.

Much of the WORLD being now conceal'd from *You*
A time will come when it ſhall *all* be ſhow'd.
But by all means the *Iſlands* thou muſt view,
Where *Nature* ſeems moſt coſt to have beſtow'd.
This, ſhadow'd *half*, which CHINA anſwers to,
(By which, at diſtance flanking it, 'tis Wood)
JAPAN is, yeelding the beſt *Silver-mine*:
Which th' *Evangellick Furnace* ſhall *refine*.

132.

Through all theſe *Orientall* Seas behold,
Sown infinite of *Iſles* that have no name!
TIDORE ſee! TERNATE, whence are roll'd
(Holding black *Night* a Torch) thick *Plumes* of *Fame*!
See *Trees* of burning *Cloves*, that ſhall be ſold
For LUSIANS blood, and water'd with the ſame!
Heer are thoſe *golden Birds*, which to the ground
Never deſcend, and only *dead* are found.

133.

See BANDA's *Iſles*, inameld curiouſly
With various *Colours* which the *red fruit* paints;
With various *Birds*, from Tree to Tree that fly,
To take their *tribute* of the NUTMEG-PLANTS!
Behold BORNEO likewiſe, in which dry
Coagulated Liquor never wants
From a fat Tree which CAMFORA they name,
For which this *Iſle* is in the *Book* of FAME!

134.

There (look you!) is TIMOR, that ſends the Wood
Call'd *Saunders*, *Phyſicall* and *Odorous*.
See SUNDA, painted at half face, ſo broad
That the *South-ſide* lies now quite hid from *Us!*
The *Natives* here (and *Thoſe* who from abroad
Travail the *Land*) of a miraculous
River report; which, where it ſlides alone,
The *wood* that falls therein, converts to *Stone*.

135.

In *that* (which TIME, I told you, made an *Iſle*;
Which likewiſe trembling flames with ſmoke expels)
Two wonders ſee, a *Fountain* that runs *Oyle*;
And *Balſamum* that from *Another* wels,
Sweeter then *that*, ADONIS Mother vile
Weeps in the BLEST ARABIA where ſhe dwels.
And ſee, how having *theſe* (which none elſe have)
Shee with ſoft *ſilk* too, and fine *Gold* is brave!

136.

See in CEYLAN a *mountain* whoſe proud Head
Above the Cloudy Region doth appear!
The *Natives* count it *holy* for the tread
Of a *Man's* foot which on a Stone is *there*.
In the MALDIVA ISLES a *Plant* is bred
(Of vertue under-water) which doth bear
The COCO-APPLE, againſt working *Bane*,
An *Antidote* approved Soveraign.

137.

Againſt the RED-SEA's mouth SOCOTORA
Fam'd for the bitter *Aloes* behold!
See other *Iſles* of ſandie AFFRICA,
Whoſe Coaſt too *ye* ſhall conquer! Hither roll'd
That *Lump* is, which Divine PANCHAYA
Out-ſmels: of unknown birth, more rare then Gold.
Behold St LAWRENCE his renowned *Iſle*,
Which otherwiſe they MADAGASCAR ſtile!

138.

Thus haſt thou all the *Regions* of the EAST,
Which by *Thee* giv'n unto the WORLD is now:
Opening a way with an undaunted Breſt
Through that vaſt Sea which none before did plough.
But it is likewiſe reaſon, in the WEST
That of a LUSIAN too *one* Action Thou
Shouldſt underſtand; who (angry with his *King*)
Atchieves a great and memorable Thing.

139

See *there* another WORLD, which from the *North*
Extends it self to the opposed *Pole*,
And shall be one day proud to have brought forth
The *Ore*, that imitates the beams of SOL!
Your Friend CARMEL (as guerdon of her worth)
Shall throw the *Collar* on this ragged *Foale*:
Where various *Nations* dwell, various *Kings* raign,
Who various *worships*, various *Laws* maintain.

140

But PORTUGALL shall have her share there too,
Mark't with *red wood*, and SANTACRUZ call'd than;
Descry'd by the first Fleet, *she* after *you*
Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that strand.
Alongst this *Coast* (to find out, and to view
The end thereof) shall wander MAGELLAN;
Who in reality of *Fact* shall be
A PORTINGALL, but not in *loyaltie*.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way
Towards the POLE ANTARTICK from the LINE;
Men of *Gigantick* bulk he shall survay,
Inhabiting the *parts* which *there* adjoin;
And (farther on) that STREIGHT, which shall for ay
Be honor'd with his name. *This* leads in fine
To *a new Sea*, and *by a new Land* brings,
Which the *South-wind* will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O PORTINGALS ye are allow'd
Your *Nation*s future Actions to survay,
Which through the *Sea* by *you* left ope, her prowd
And never wearied *Ensigns* shall display.
Now then, since ye have found not to be bow'd
Under *Herculean labours*, is the way
To please your *Angell-Spouses* bright and fair,
That knit immortall Garlands for your Hair.

143.

Ye may embarque (for Wind and Weather fit,
And the Sea courts you) for your *Country* dear.
Thus said *shee* to them; and *they* forthwith quit
The *Isle* of *Love*, the *Harbour* of good chear.
Noble *Provisions* they take out of It;
Take their desir'd desirous *Nymphs* to bear
Them company: Whom nothing shall divorce,
Whilst in the *Heav'ns* the *Sun* shall run his course.

Thus

144.

Thus went *They* ploughing the appeased MAIN
With always *prosp'rous Gale*, and always *fair*;
Till sight long wisht, much long'd for, they obtain
Of that dear *Earth* where first they suck't the *Aer*.
Sweet TAGUS's Mouth they enter once again:
Where to their *King*, and *Master* (whom they *fear*
And *love*) for having sent them, the *Renown*
They give; and add *new titles* to his CROWN.

145.

No more, my MUSE, no more; my *Harp*'s ill strung,
Heavy, and out of tune, and my *Voyce* hoarse:
And, not with *singing*, but to see I've sung
To a deaf people and without remorse.
Favor (that wont t'inspire the POET's *tongue*)
Our Countrey yeilds it not, she minds the *Purse*
Too much, exaling from her *gilded Mud*
Nothing but *gross* and *melancholy* blood.

146.

Nor know I by what *fate*, or duller *Chance*,
Men have not *now* that *life*, and gen'rall *gust*,
Which made them with a cheerfull countenance
Themselves into perpetuall *Action* thrust.
You then, O KING! whom *Heav'n* reserv'd t'advance
At this time to the *Throne* to scoure our Rust;
Behold (mark else what other *Nations* doe)
The Best of *Subjects* doe belong to *You*!

147.

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,
Like *fearlesse Lions* and *wilde Bulls* they run;
Expos'd to *watch* whole *Nights*, to *fast* whole *days*,
To *fire* and *sword*, the *Arrow* and the *Gun*:
To *torrid Regions*, and to *frozen Bays*,
To MOORS, and People that adore the *Sun*;
To unknown perils a *new* World to find;
To *Whales*, to *shipwracks*, to *tempestuous Wind*!

148.

To *doe* and *suffer* All for *You* prepar'd;
And to obey in the remotest *Land*
(Though ne'r so *bitter*, and though ne'r so *hard*,
Without *Reply*, or *stop*) what *You* command.
With *You* they'll charge the *Devill* and his *Guard*
Ev'n to the Gates of *Hell*, did You but stand
A meer *Spectator* by: and never feare
But they will make you too Victorious *there*.

149.

Then warm and glad them with your *preſent* Rayes,
Sweetly majeſtick, and ſeverely kind:
Their ſhoulders of their heavie *Taxes* eaſe:
Thus, thus, the path to *Honour* you ſhall find.
Men of *Experience* to your COUNCELL raiſe,
If with *Experience* they have goodneſs joyn'd:
For ſuch have a more certain *Rule* to tell
The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to do things well.

150.

In their reſpective PLACES count'nance *All*;
But chooſe Men rightly qualifi'd thereto.
Let REV'REND CHURCHMEN to their *Prayers* fall,
That GOD would bleſs the *Government* in *you*;
And (for the NATION's ſins in generall)
To *Diſciplines* and *Faſtings*: for the true
CHURCHMEN (exempted from *Ambition's* heat)
Seeks neither to be *Rich*, nor to be *Great*.

151.

Your NOBLES and your GENTRY highly prize,
For *they* their boyling blood undaunted ſpend,
Thereby not only Chriſtianitie's,
But ev'n your *Empire's* limits to extend:
And *He* who to a *Clyme* ſo diſtant flyes
Your *Royall Service* duely to attend,
O'recomes *two* Enemies; the Living *firſt*,
Exceſſive Toile the *ſecond* and the worſt.

152.

Great Sir, let never the aſtoniſht GALL,
The ENGLISH, GERMAN, and ITALIAN,
Have cauſe to ſay, the fainting PORTUGALL
Could not *advance* the GREAT WORK he *began*.
Let your ADVISERS be *experienc'd* All,
Such as have ſeen the *World*, and ſtudied *man*.
For, though in SCIENCE much contained bee,
In ſpeciall Caſes PRACTICE more doth ſee.

153

PHORMIAN (an elegant *Philoſopher*)
You may have read how HANNIBALL did foole;
When, in *his preſence*, of the ART OF WAR
He made a long Diſcourſe by Square and Rule.
No, no, the brave PROFESSION MILITAR
Is not learnt, SIR, by *Fancy* in the *Schoole*,
Dreaming, *contemplating*, to *ſpelling* held;
But *ſeeing*, *ſweating*, *fighting* in the FEILD.

154

But *I*, who ſpeak in rude and humble *Ryme*,
Not known nor dreamt of by my LIEGE at all;
Know yet from *mouths of little ones* ſometime
The *praiſe* of GREAT ONES doth compleatly fal.
I want not *honeſt ſtudies* from my *Prime*;
Nor *long Experience* ſince to mix withal;
I want not *Wit* (ſuch as in *this* you ſee)
Three things, which rarely in *Conjunction* be.

155.

An *Arm* (to ſerve you) trayn'd in *War* have *I*,
A *Soul* (to ſing you) to the *Muſes* bent:
Onely I want acceptance in your *Eye*,
Who *owe* to VERTUE fair encouragement.
If HEAV'N afford *me*, This; and *you*, ſome high
And brave EXPLOYT; worthy a *Monument*
Of Verſe, as my *prophetick* Thoughts preſage
By what I ſee now in your tender Age:

156

Making MOUNT-ATLAS tremble at your ſight,
More then at *that* of dire MEDUSA's Head;
Or putting in AMPLEUSIAN FIELDS to flight
The MOORS in FEZ and black MOROCCO bred;
I'l gage my MUSE (then in *eſteem* and *plight*)
You in ſuch manner through the WORLD ſhall ſpred,
That ALEXANDER ſhall in *you* reſpire,
Without envying the MEONIAN LYRE.

FINIS.